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MISCELLANEOUS
WORKS,
IN
VERSE and PROSE,
OF
JOHN BANKS.

Adorned with Sculptures,
AND
ILLUSTRATED with NOTES.

THE FIRST VOLUME.

*Majores majora sonent: Mibi parva locuto
Sufficit in vestras saepe redire manus.*

MARTIAL.

L O N D O N

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M DCC XXXVIII.

MISCELLANEOUS

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THE HISTORY OF THE
ARTS AND MANUFACTURES
OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
FROM THE EARLIEST
TIMES TO THE PRESENT
PERIOD
BY
JOHN HUME
OF THE BARRISTERS AT LAW
IN SCOTLAND
AND
JOHN MILLAR
OF THE BARRISTERS AT LAW
IN SCOTLAND
IN TWO VOLUMES
THE FIRST VOLUME
CONTAINING
THE HISTORY OF THE
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O N

Mr. *B A N C K S*'s

MISCELLANEOUS

W O R K S.

WHEN Genius to Maturity attains,
Without the Parent's Care, or Tutor's Pains,
Its Works more forcibly affect the Heart,
And vig'rous Nature claims the greatest Part.

'Tis in this Light, O *BANCKS*, I view thy Lays,
Whose native Excellence I chiefly praise :
Not that thy Mind with Science is unfraught,
But—for that Science was acquir'd, not taught.
The Arts and Languages which lend thee Aid,
By Industry were thy Auxiliars made :

Hence, tho' no College blest thy youthful Days,
Thy Vein the *GREEK* and *ROMAN* Taste displays.

✠ To follow the Title of Vol. I.

VERSES to the AUTHOR.

Let none severely chide, because thy Muse
Does Themes of Mirth, and not Devotion chuse:
More solemn Precepts others may convey,
'Tis thine to make us innocently gay.

There are—let Shame such Practices attend!
Who ape the Saint, and counterfeit the Friend;
Whose fervid Lays breathe Extacy divine,
Faith, Truth, and Virtue, sanctify each Line:
Yet join their Converse, and too soon you'll find,
The Man and Author are of diff'rent Kind;
The Book an almost faultless Picture draws,
The Life is all Deformity and Flaws.

Not thus, my Friend, — whose Life unblam'd
Tho' his free Muse a looser Cov'ring wears: ^{appears,}
Like some fair Nymph whom none can charge with Ill,
Tho' seen unlac'd sometimes—in Dishabille.
'Tis true our Faults and Foibles she displays;
Yet hints the Ills to which each Vice betrays:
And none will sure by those their Manners rule,
Whose just Award is Shame or Ridicule.
Thus in the Scene dramattick Bards expose
The Wiles of Rakes, th' Impertinence of Beaux,

VERSES to the AUTHOR.

Th' intriguing Mistrefs, and the gamesome Wife,
Not to corrupt—but to correct the Life.

Our Author's Aim then, candid Readers, crown,
And join to smile all vicious Follies down.

JOHN DUICK.



TO

Mr. JOHN BANKS,

ON HIS

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

LOV'D and unblemish'd wear thy purchas'd Bays:
Unburt by Censure, as unswell'd by Praise.

All Themes you reach, in your extensive Vein,
With Sense instruct, with Humour entertain;
Not sunk when low, not clouded when you soar,
In Fancy much you please, in Judgment more:
Blest with Conception clear, Expression strong,
Like Prose you reason, while you charm in Song:

VERSES to the AUTHOR.

Of Genius *both Extrems* your *Lays* impart,
Labour with *Ease*, and *Negligence* with *Art*.

O live! with *varied Strains* our *Breasts* to *move*,
What *Youth* so well has learnt let *Years* improve.
I, tho' of *Hope* forlorn, with *Gloom* oppress,
In *Life's* cross *Maze*, deep *wilder'd*, long *unblest*,
(*Pleas'd*, yet *awhile*, thy *wish'd* *Success* to see,)
In *Woes* can feel one *generous Joy* for *Thee*.
With *happier Bards* I press to greet thy *Fame*,
Proud in the *Number* to enlist my *Name* ;
Unturn'd to judge, *unskilful* to commend,
An *artless Critic*, but a *willing Friend*.

MOSES BROWNE.



PREFACE.



P R E F A C E.



OTWITHSTANDING it is become fashionable to ridicule the Custom of writing Prefaces, even in Prefaces themselves, and by Authors who never omit them; yet I have not been able to find any Thing truly ridiculous in this Custom, provided the Preface be what in Reason it ought to be,—a Discourse that has an immediate and manifest Relation to the Work it precedes, serving either to illustrate the Writer's Design, to obviate any Difficulties he may foresee, or to defend the particular Method he has followed in treating his Subject, or Subjects. For as to the vague and extravagant Rhapsodies that are frequently put under this Title, consisting of little Pertnesses, wild unconnected Thoughts, and trite vulgar Observations, exhibiting a Neglect, or rather an Ignorance of all Method, at the same Time that they express a Contempt of it; I am so far from thinking the Insignificancy of these to be any Argument against the Usefulness of Prefaces in general, that I conceive they have nothing to do with a Name that implies Order and Design. If I am wrong in my Interpretation of the Word *Preface*, I shall be right at least in follow-

ing my Opinion, and composing one in the methodical Way ; which cannot but be the best, even supposing the other in any Case allowable ; because Method and Form give an additional Beauty to every Work of Genius, from the smallest to the greatest, and are so far essential to make it a Work of Art, that nothing else can entitle it to that Denomination : For Art itself is nothing but true Method, such as the Nature of any Work requires.

I am aware, that by what I have already said, I have laid open the following Compositions to a very severe Criticism ; and that I must expect to be condemned in the most shameful and mortifying Manner, out of my own Mouth, if they should want this Quality, which I have laid down as the fundamental, and first essential Part of every just Performance.---Well ! there is no receding in my present Circumstances ; I must abide by a Test which I have acknowledged to be rational ; and I make no Scruple to declare, that I am not under much Apprehension on this Head. Whatever Fault besides I may be charged with, I have always endeavoured to avoid the Absurdity of writing with no other View but that of making so many Lines, to such and such Rymes, in the * MENAGIAN Manner. The Moral, Scope, or Point, has not perhaps always been happily

* *MENAGIAN Manner.*] The celebrated M. MENAGE informs us, that when he wrote Verses, his Custom was, to put down a Row of ryming Words at the Extremity of the Paper, and then to fill up the Lines with such other Words as he could find for his Purpose. *Menagiana*, Vol. I.

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chosen : But, such as it was, I have pursued it in the best Manner I was able.

The Poetry of these Volumes, I believe, may be ranged under the following Titles : Odes, Songs, Stanzas, Ballads, Tales, Fables, Epistles, Occasional Verses, Epigrams, and Inscriptions. If the Copy had been intirely ready when the first of it was put to the Press, I should have divided them into Books in this Order, or something like it : But I found it difficult to confine myself, for several Days together, to the revising of Pieces of the same Kind, and therefore had recourse to the miscellaneous Way, which allow'd me to introduce the several Compositions as they came thro' my Hands, either by Accident or Choice.

As I purpose, however, to say something in this Preface of all the Species here mentioned, I shall follow my original Idea, which leads me to begin with *Odes*. The Praise of the Gods and Heroes is usually laid down as the proper Subject of this Poem ; because PINDAR, the most elevated of all the Lyricks, has confined himself to it. But ANACREON and HORACE may inform us, that Love, Wine, Friendship, a moral Reflection, a sublime Thought, or even a natural Turn of Gaiety, are all included in its complete Definition. The Soft and the Pathetic, as well as the Grand and the Marvellous, enter into its Character, and it is no less delighted with the Charms of CELIA, than with the Majesty and Thunder of supreme Jove. But whatever be its Theme, it never descends to any Thing low or vul-

gar, either in Sentiment or Expression. A noble Justness of Thought, that conveys new Dignity to the Subject, the utmost Purity of Language, a clear, strong, nervous Diction, and an uninterrupted Harmony of Numbers, judiciously varied, are all essential to its Perfection. If the Pieces that I have written under this Title, are defective in all, or any of these Particulars, it is not because I did not aim at them, but for other Reasons, which I need not here mention.

The Constitution of the *Song* is less noble and majestic than that of the Ode, but then it is more delicate and tender : As female Beauty, tho' less commanding, is more soft and attractive than manly. The single Thought which constitutes a Song, must be wrought up with the utmost Nicety and Exactness, till it strikes the Imagination in an agreeable Point, altogether free and natural. No Transpositions of Words, no affected Phrases, in short nothing but what has the Air of familiar Prose, should enter into its Composition, at the same Time that it consists of the most elegant Versification. As to its Subject and Character, the Song will admit of the greatest Variety : It may treat of Love, Gallantry, Drinking ; it may be tender, passionate, expostulatory, ironical ; it may reproach, rally, lash, address, or compliment, provided it keep within the proper Bounds, which Nature and Custom have prescribed.

In a magnificent Building, our Attention is so fix'd on the Grandeur and Proportion of the Whole, that we seldom, at least immediately, examine di-

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stinctly its several Parts ; whereas in a small Piece of Mechanism, every little Flaw, or Irregularity, is obvious to the first Inspection. The two Kinds of Lyric Poetry, of which we have been speaking, have much the same Diversity in their Effects. But then there is another Species, different from them both, which has never, that I know of, been mentioned by the Criticks : I mean, those Copies of Verses, written in Stanzas, and which therefore may be adapted to Musick, that have neither the Elevation, Purity, or Force of the Ode ; nor the Simplicity, Brevity, or epigrammatic Turn of the Song. They are a Sort of GOTHIC Structures, which, tho' not according to the acknowledg'd Rules, are yet far from being destitute of Agreements. The FRENCH Poets, who I think are more curious in the Titles of their Pieces than the ENGLISH, have prefix'd the Name of *Stanzas* to many of their Performances, which they could not tell how to distinguish by any of the establish'd Denominations : And this Method of theirs, in my Opinion, is not to be rejected ; because it is better at least than that of blending together Pieces no way alike, under the indefinite Term *Miscellanies*, and with no other Distinction but a Rehearsal of their Subjects. For my own Part indeed, I have not made use of the Title here recommended ; but the Reason of it was, because I did not reduce this Collection into distinct Classes, according to my first Intention.—If the Ode and the Song will admit of such a Variety of Subjects and Manners, certainly we are not here under a greater Restriction.

Might I be allow'd to offer my Conjectures, after what has been said in Favour of Pastoral by many learned Men, I should tell the Reader, that I imagine the first Essays in Verse were of the Nature of our old *Ballads*: A Sort of historical Compositions, rehearsing some memorable Action or Event in unpolished Numbers, which the People sung in a Manner no less rude and uncouth. What I have heard or read concerning the most remote Traces of Antiquity in every Nation, confirms me in this Opinion. The Rhythms of the GOTHs, and other Northern Nations, the Poetry of the antient Bards and Druids, that of the AMERICANS on their first Discovery by the SPANIARDS, that, in a Word, of ITALY and GREECE themselves in their primitive State, what was it but a Register of the remarkable Facts, Doctrines, and Institutions of their Heroes and great Men, which were transmitted from Generation to Generation, before the Use of Letters was invented? There is too much Appearance of Art in Pastoral Poetry, if we may judge from the * Models of it that are now remaining, for us to suppose that the first Attempts were of that Kind. Besides, the Plan of it is too much confined, too simple and weak, for it to have been the Foundation of all the other beautiful Structures. But from the Ballad might result the Epic, as it contained a Narrative of great Events; the Lyric, as it rehearsed the Praises of Legislators and Deliverers, and was sung by the Commonalty;

* *Models.*] The Pastorals of THEOCRITUS and VIRGIL.

the Ethic, as it included those Precepts of Morality, that were delivered by the Sages it commemorated; and even the Pastoral, as it could not, among other Things, but touch frequently upon Love, Friendship, Flocks and Herds, (which were the Riches of the Times) and the various Accidents of a rural Life.

Tales in Verse, however, more than any Thing else, seem to be the legitimate Offspring of the old Ballads; from which they differ, as having more Art and Delicacy, more Regularity of Conduct, and Correctness of Expression; as they do from the true Epic by being less complex, and hastening to their Catastrophe without Episodes: Besides that they admit of all Subjects, comic as well as serious, and the former preferably to the latter; whereas the Subject of the Epic Poem must be grand and interesting, the Language elevated, and the principal Events of it marvellous.

I am now come to that Part of my Preface which most nearly concerns me, and where it will be expected that I should be more particular than on any other Head. The *Tales* I have written are not a few in Number, and the Liberty I have taken in some of them will require an Apology with many People, who may not have seen, or, which is worse, may have seen and not approved, what the celebrated LA FONTAINE, ROUSSEAU, and others, have said upon this Subject. With these Latter, I mean they who have read and disapproved the Apologies of so great Masters, I have not, I confess, much

Hopes of coming to Terms of Accommodation ; it being unlikely that I should start any Thing, either more or better than they have offered. But as for the Former Sort, I hope to have some Chance with the Good-natured among Them, when I have shewn, that it is not necessary an Author should be either vicious himself, or an Encourager of Vice in others, because he describes the Gallantries and Intrigues of both Sexes with less Reserve than many of his Brethren. On the contrary, that by so doing, he renders That ridiculous, which Others make only criminal, and has therefore a better Chance of succeeding against it: For such is the Temper of the human Mind, that People are more easily laugh'd than terrified out of their Follies and Irregularities.

I make no Question but it will be allowed in general, that the bare rehearsing of a merry Story, in the most agreeable Manner that one can, is far from being esteemed a Crime : So far from it, that it is countenanced, and even practised, by Men of the severest Morality, when they indulge a little to Mirth ; as every Man of a sound Mind must now and then do. What more recommends a Person to the Familiarity of the Great, the Learned, and the Wise, than his being happy at enlivening Conversation with Entertainment of this kind ? And if this be so innocent a Thing in Prose, according to the Sense of all Mankind, can it be less innocent only for being in Verse ? For as to obscene Expressions, that may shock the Ear, and command a Blush instead of a Smile, they are no more to be admitted

by the Poet, than by him who simply relates in the most modest Company.

But when I mention obscene Expressions, it must not be understood that I have any Intention of reducing the Tale to the severe Chastity of the Ode. In all Compositions of Wit, the Language must be suited to the Subject, and to the Character of the Piece. Now when the Subject of the Tale is Gallantry, the true Character of it is to be licentious to a certain Degree, that is, as far as it can be so without being fulsome and unmannerly. Of this we are to judge by the Effect it produces on the Imagination; for Works of this Nature are subject to no other Test. While that is only tickled and enliven'd, while the Reader pursues the Thread of the Narration with good Humour, Sprightliness, and Pleasure to himself, the Writer may be assured that he has not exceeded the Duty of his Province. Thus the Relish of Meats is heighten'd and improved by a proper Degree of Seasoning; but becomes nauseous when the same Ingredients are laid on, as we say, with too heavy a Hand: And of the true Medium in this Case, the Palate is the only proper Judge. In different Persons indeed, and even in the same Persons at different Times, there will be some Diversity both of Palate and Imagination: But this is never very considerable, unless where the one or the other is greatly debauch'd, and incapable of performing its due Offices.

Every one must perceive, who reflects on the Impressions which Writings of this Nature have made

on himself, that it is not so much the Terms made use of, as the Manner of using them, that renders any Passage either grossly obscene, or innocently pleasant. There is a peculiar Humour, consisting of a kind of ingenuous and open Simplicity (for I know not better how to express what the FRENCH mean by *Naiveté*, when they speak of such Writers as MAROT and DE LA FONTAINE) that above all recommends the Stile of these Performances, and makes even those very Expressions, which in any other Work would be highly improper, perhaps immodest, to appear altogether decent, natural, and the best that could be chosen on the particular Occasion. A Writer who is Master of this Art, may with the greatest Propriety and Elegance make use of Words and Phrases, that would be either very low, or very impure from any other Pen. Excepting a very few Terms, which Decency has banished from the Mouths of all polite People, he may introduce the whole Compass of his Language into his Compositions.

Nor need we be under any terrible Apprehensions, concerning the Effect of all this Licentiousness on the Morals of young People: It diverts them indeed, but it goes no farther. The Impressions it makes are very slight and transient, and never sink deeper than the Head. As the Imagination is the only Judge we appeal to, so is it the only Object we level at. The Reader perceives we have no ill Design on him, and accordingly abandons every Thing of real Concern, and trusts his Fancy to the Management of the Poet, when he takes up a Piece of this

Nature. The Opinions he brings to the Lecture, he is sure to carry away with him: Nor is he apprehensive of being either a better or a worse Man himself, because he has read that all Wives, and all Priests, are not so good as they ought to be. The Mischief is done where the Poison is directed at the Passions, as in the Writings of OVID and his Imitators. All the most tender Sentiments, in Language equally moving, are here insinuated into the Soul: And on this Account ROUSSEAU gives it as his Opinion, that the Elegies of OVID, and the Operas of * QUINAUT, are capable of doing more harm than the Tales of LA FONTAINE, or even than his own Epigrams. Much the same has been observed concerning Romances, both by ROUSSEAU and LA FONTAINE himself; and I believe with a great deal of Justice. Those bewitching Amusements, so adapted to the Foibles of our unguarded Years, usually convey, in a pathetic Manner, a very dangerous Moral. At a Time when we are susceptible of the most tender Passions, they lull us into a pen- sive Melancholy, and betray us to the Tyranny of an unconquerable, and sometimes a tragical Inclination. Very often they teach us not merely to ridicule, but even to condemn, the most sacred of all social Virtues, the mutual Integrity and Confidence of Man and Wife. Whereas the Reflections in a ludicrous Tale, as well as the Tale itself, are only intended to create a Smile,

* QUINAUT.] A FRENCH Author of the last Century.

and contain the most delicate Satire on those Actions, which they seem to recommend.

There ought, indeed, in all of these Tales, to be some Maxim convey'd of the Nature of a Moral: The whole Scope and Drift of the Narration should tend to exemplify and enforce it. And this Maxim may be so far from having an Aspect directly virtuous, that, with a sort of serious Burlesque, it may expatiate on the Justice or Advantage of the greatest Enormities. But who, that has any Taste for Humour, does not perceive this to be an effectual Means of bringing those Enormities into Discredit? The Author's affected Gravity, the Objections he throws in his own Way, the whole Turn and Air of his Versification, sufficiently demonstrate his real Intention.

Every Reader must now judge for himself, whether or no I have vindicated this Sort of Writing to his private Opinion. They who dare not excuse the Authors who have practis'd it, will not, I hope, retain any horrid Idea of their moral Character, because they disapprove their poetical. CATULLUS long ago distinguish'd between a Poet's Verses and his Life, and MAYNARD has left us an Epigram not much unlike the following.

They wrong me much, whoe'er they be,
That by my Writings judge of Me,
Who strive my Morals to attack,
Because I tell them—Black is Black,

It suits a Poet, when he paints,
To strip the Mask from covert Saints,
And follow Nature thro' his Labours:
His Muse may seem a common Whore,
Because she knows as much, or more;
Himself be virtuous as his Neighbours.

I have hitherto been speaking of such Tales only, as have Intrigue and Gallantry for their Subject. There are, besides these, Heroic Tales, such as that of PALAMON and ARCITE, written by CHAUCER, and rendered into modern ENGLISH by Mr. DRYDEN; whose Preface to his Fables may be consulted for the Character of this Piece, and its great Similitude to the true Epic. There are also Love-Tales of a serious Kind, of which Mr. PRIOR's HENRY and EMMA is an excellent Patern. Others there are, which are calculated only to alleviate the Mind, without so much as the mock Appearance of an Application. Of this kind I take to be the BAUCIS and PHILEMON of the excellent Dr. SWIFT: For the Moral of OVID is of too serious a Nature, to be once thought of in a Piece of the ludicrous Kind. There is likewise a Sort of Tale, that partakes much of the Character of the *Fable*, being a Narrative in Verse that conveys a direct and true Moral, like Mr. PRIOR's PROTOGENES and APOLLES. I have attempted somewhat of this kind in the *Modern Judge*, and a Piece or two more. Several of PHÆDRUS's ÆSOPIAN Fables, and, if I am not mistaken, some of LA FONTAINE's, are

in reality Tales of this kind. Both of these Authors had admirable Talents for such Sort of Writings, tho' each of them in a Manner peculiar to himself. The fine and elegant Taste of the ROMAN sufficiently appears in his natural Manner of Thinking, and the extreme Purity and Brevity of his Diction. The FRENCHMAN, as he declares himself incapable to imitate those extraordinary Qualities, has shewn himself no less a Master of others altogether as extraordinary. The inimitable Sprightliness and Gaiety which every where shine in his other Compositions, give him also the Character of an Original in those Fables that he has taken from the Antients. Tho' I have ventured at an Imitation or two of each of these great Men, I am far from thinking I have done it with any Advantage: The utmost I can suppose is, that while I kept them in my Eye, I was able to do better than I should have done without their Assistance.

I shall have said enough concerning Tales and Fables, both by Way of Apology and Criticism, when I have observed, that a Writer in this Way can be either moral or satirical, lascivious or only humorous, pathetic or truly sublime, according to the Subject he chuses, the Turn he gives to his Composition, or his Application of the Story at last; for a Variation in either of these Particulars, may give a new Character to his Performance. But I have not yet done with that indirect Stile, that sort of Mock-serious, which I mentioned in speaking of ludicrous Tales, and which MAROT, VOITURE, DE LA

Fontaine, and our own Prior, have made use of so happily on other Occasions. This Manner is admirably adapted to familiar Epistles, and differs from the low Burlesque, as the Behaviour of a genteel humorous Companion from that of a MERRY-ANDREW, or as polite Comedy from the mean Drollery of BARTHOLOMEW FAIR. There is no Sort of Writing in which it is harder to excel than this. Few, very few that attempt it, are able to keep a true Medium between Stiffness and Affectation on the one Hand, and an injudicious Negligence, a groveling distasteful Barrenness on the other. A native Gaiety of Temper, an honest Openness of Soul (both which are sometimes lodg'd under a reserved and pensive Countenance) join'd with a lively and subtile Imagination, a very considerable Knowledge of Books and Men in general, and a familiar Acquaintance with those of both that are most worthy of Imitation in this Way, must have entered into the Character of each of those excellent Authors, that were last mentioned.

But the Word *Epistle* has a very extensive Signification. There is no Subject, no Stile or Manner whatever, but may be proper to Pieces with this Title. HORACE, BOILEAU, and Mr. POPE, have given us moral and satirical Epistles in great Number. OVID and Old DRAYTON have written Epistles, under feign'd Names, in the amorous Way; and they have had many Imitators in their respective Languages. As to the few Love Epistles that are in these Volumes, they consist rather of passionate

Address than soft and tender Description, and therefore are of a different Kind from the Writings that were censured in a preceding Paragraph. All these, as well as the familiar ones, are reducible to their several Classes, and have their proper and distinguishing Stile. But there may be a thousand Occasions given us of writing to our Friends, and every Occasion may make some Variation in the epistolary Character. Most of the Poems that come out on public Occurrences, or on Matters of Condoleance and Congratulation, are address'd to particular Persons: And do they not, on that very Account, become a Sort of Epistles? Even Prologues and Epilogues, by the same Rule, are they not a Species of Epistles, address'd to the whole Town?

There are in the FRENCH Collections, a considerable Number of Letters in Prose and Verse. Whether or no the Writers of them, like the Author of * *ASTRÆA*, compos'd the Prose Parts merely to introduce and connect Verses which they had already by them, I cannot pretend to say: But as to my own Particular, I freely confess, that if I could have rym'd all I had to say with equal Facility, and in the necessary Time, I should never have attempted any Thing of this mix'd Character. However, when it was done, I thought a Specimen of what had so often been well received in FRENCH, might be sufferable, at least, in ENGLISH.

* *ASTRÆA*.] A celebrated FRENCH Romance,

Epigram, tho' the smallest, and, in the Opinion of many, the least considerable Species of Poetry, is, nevertheless, not the most easy to excel in. So far from it, that the Jesuit RAPIN has declared it so difficult to make an admirable one, as that it is sufficient for a Man to have done it once in his Life. CATULLUS and MARTIAL, among the ROMANS, are the most eminent Paterns in the epigrammatic Way: And as the Manners of these two are widely different, the Criticks have been much divided which of them to prefer. Without entering into the Particulars of the Controversy, it is sufficient to observe, that the most delicate and polite Judges have ranged themselves on the Side of CATULLUS, who makes the Epigram to consist in a natural Turn of Sentiment, but fine and subtle, agreeable to the Practice of the GREEKS; whereas MARTIAL introduced the Point, which concludes a common Thought with an unexpected and poignant Expression. A few Instances of both Kinds will be met with in these Volumes, but most of them Translations or Imitations, and the whole Number too inconsiderable to be more than barely mentioned. I would only observe, that as *Inscription* seems a just Translation of the Word *Epigramma*, it may serve for a Title to such short Pieces, as the Admirers of MARTIAL will not receive under their Definition of an Epigram.

Such *Occasional Verses* in this Collection, as seem not reducible to any of the Species already mention'd, might easily have been brought into the epistolary Class. Perhaps they had been so, if I had metho-

dized the Whole according to my first Intention. But as I have only assumed the Title of *Miscellaneous Works*, there was no Occasion to be so very scrupulous on this Head. Besides, we find in most of our modern Poets, who have ranged their Works into Books, that they have their *Sylvæ*, *Miscellanea*, *Poesies diverses*, as well as their Odes, Satires, Epistles, Elegies, and Epigrams.

The Pieces of *Prose*, at the End of the second Volume, were most of them written without any Deliberation, while I belonged to an ingenious Society, of which every Member was to bring some Composition, in his Turn, that might serve for Part of an Evening's Amusement. There is only one of them, *The Essay in Defence of Priest-craft*, that can seem to require any Thing to be said of it in particular. Of this I would observe, that it was occasioned by my reading, in Conjunction with some Friends, a Discourse, wherein the Priestly Authority was magnified in a very extraordinary, and, as we all thought, a very ridiculous Manner. My Expectations from this Piece are somewhat singular; for the Persons whose Anger I am most apprehensive of, are the very Men I have endeavoured to defend. I should be sorry, heartily sorry, to have my Irony interpreted in a more general Sense than I meant it; for as I would not offend any one worthy Person, much less would I a whole Order of Men, for the virtuous Part of which I have the highest Veneration. But great Abuses cannot be too often, nor too freely exposed; and if I touch none but Those who are guilty of them, their Resentment

shall not make me uneasy. Nor am I at all concern'd about the Effect of those satirical Strokes in some of my Poems, and the Remarks on them, which seem to have a more particular Meaning; because I apprehend, that no Man will be so weak as to apply them to himself, unless he is conscious of the Offence, for which BALAAM is stigmatized.

The *Notes*, with which the Bulk of these Volumes is considerably enlarged, are what come last under Consideration. They consist of some Variety, and on that Account, I would hope, may add a little to the Entertainment. If all of them are not found to be equally pertinent, let it be considered, that it was not possible they should be so; and that the Method of putting them into every full Page, which is observed throughout in the Poetry, was sometimes the Occasion of making them more numerous than might otherwise have been necessary. This, I fear, will be thought a feeble Excuse; but it is such an one as I am now obliged to make, for want of reflecting at first on what would be the Consequence of such a Method. It is best to acknowledge a Truth, which every one is like to discover: And for this same Reason I own, that the Character of a third Person, assumed by the Annotator, was only to give him an Opportunity of acting the Critick, the Droll, the Philosopher, or the simple Historian, as Occasion required, with more unguarded Freedom.

It has long been my Opinion, that if every one who publishes Verses was to give a Commentary on them at the same Time, it would occasion Poetry to

be more universally read. I peruse BOILEAU with a great deal more Pleasure, even in the Places where I before understood him, when with the Text I consult the Annotations at Bottom; which, tho' not written by himself, were compiled in his Life-time, and under his Direction. There is a great deal of Odds, I must own, between the Necessity of such Notes to a critical and moral Satirist, full of Learning and Sentiment, full of Allusions to Persons and Facts not publickly known, and which are in Danger of being utterly lost; and to a Writer of such little detach'd Pieces, as these Volumes consist of, whose greatest Merit lies more in their Turn and Manner, than in their intrinsic Contents. But what I would intimate is, that every Thing of this Kind partakes something of the Nature of a Secret, which insinuates itself into the Reader's Breast, and creates a Sort of mutual Confidence and Familiarity between him and his Author. Even the inserting a Scrap of History, or a Piece of antient Mythology, when alluded to, tho' it communicates nothing new to learned Readers, may yet save them the Trouble of reflecting, or perhaps of turning again to what they have before read; And as to the Unlearned, it obviates the only grand Objection they have against Books of this Kind, by removing those Difficulties, which, for want of a little Knowledge of Antiquity, are perpetually stopping them in the Progress of their Reading.

Thus have I spun out my Preface into a Sort of Dissertation on the several Species of Poetry and Prose of which my Miscellanies consist; and by so do-

ing have laid myself open to a pretty severe Examination. After giving my Readers so much Advantage over me, no one certainly can think it impertinent, if I add a Word or two more in my own Behalf. I have declared in several Notes, that the Poems they relate to were before printed in a small Volume, about five or six Years ago: And in the Preface to that Volume I endeavoured to shew, that the Pieces it contained, for several Reasons there enumerated, must of Necessity want many of those Advantages, which a Miscellany, composed on Purpose to be published, might have had. Now as I intended, in the present Volumes, to make a complete Collection of all the Verses that I had ever preserved, I could not fairly omit any Thing, to which I had before put my Name in that other Collection: And therefore the Apology there made, ought still to stand good so far as it is here concerned; which will be shewn in the Table of Contents, where the Titles of all those juvenile Performances will appear without any Mark prefix'd. Not but that I have altered and amended several Things, and particularly have added Reflections to some of the Tales. —As to the Pieces that are introduced with an Asterisk, and which are now first collected together, most of them first printed, tho' in general they may have less need of an Apology than their Predecessors, yet as they are all far short of the Ideas on which they were conceived, I assure the Reader, that I shall be much more ready to accept of his Pardon, where he may see it necessary, than to dispute with him in my own Defence.

C O N-



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FREEDOM and the MUSE: *

A N

Irregular O D E.

Trabit sua quemque voluptas. VIRG.

I.



N vain, my Friends, would you controul

The bold, licentious Sallies of my Soul!

She rises with elastic Force,

And to her native Skies directs her Course.

* The first Sketch of this Ode, consisting of about an hundred Lines, was written when the Author was very young. It was occasioned by some ill-natured Expressions that were dropp'd by one of his Relations, and designed as an Apology for his Application to the Study of Poetry. He thought it necessary, in a Piece of this Nature, to assume somewhat of that

B

'Tis not for you her Flights to blame,
 Who never felt the sacred Flame ;
 Whose Thoughts, whose Wishes, end, as they com-
 mence,

With the low Objects of familiar Sense.

Nature to me hath giv'n a Mind,
 By short Prescriptions not to be confin'd :
 It roves thro' all th' extended Space,
 Where yet Creation never had a Place.

II.

You bid me Poetry forego :
 Command the THAMES no more to flow,
 Or upwards drive the falling Snow ;
 Bid the Birds forbear to fly :
 When these observe you, so shall I.

Enthusiasm and conscious Dignity, which Poets usually pretend to, and which enables them to treat their Detractors as People of a Rank vastly inferior to themselves. In the Prospect of publishing a general Collection of his Poems, he fixed upon this as a proper Introduction to the rest ; and with that View enlarged it, on the Revival, to what it now appears. What he maintains in it is, " That no Man hath a natural Right to impose a certain Method of Thinking and Living on any other ; " That the Pleasures of Freedom and Study are preferable to those that attend the Pursuit, or Possession, of Riches and Honour ;

An Irregular O D E.

3

Till then, this MUSE, this nobler Part of Me,
Must act obedient to th' inspiring Cause,

(As *they* to Nature's certain Laws)

20

Nor cease to sing, till I shall cease to be.

III.

Would you not laugh, should you be told,

That, in some Fabulist of old,

An home-bred Fowl instructs the Bird of Jove

Whither to fly, and how to move?

25

Trust me, 'tis just the same, when you pretend

To form the System of your Friend ;

Whose bolder Genius calmly can display

Truths, that you tremble to survey ;

Who knows, in Life, the Specious from the True, 30

Dares single out the best, and venture to pursue.

and, " That they who are capable of enjoying the former, are,
in that particular, above the Censure of Persons who can taste
only the latter."

Ver. 11, 12. *It roves thro' all th' extended Space,*

Where yet Creation never had a Place.

Space, considered absolutely, signifies infinite Extension, or
Expansion without Circumference; and therefore the Idea of
it is not necessarily limited by that of Creation. This Passage,
it is hoped, will not appear too bold, in a Species of Poetry that
requires the boldest Thoughts, as well as Expressions.

IV.

What live we for, but wisely to be *free*?

If not in *Choice*, where can this Freedom be?

In your own Case you place it there:

How came you else determin'd as you are? 35

Upon what Principle did you proceed,

When first you plann'd the System of your Creed?

Was it not this? "My Soul is free:

"Who then shall judge, or who decide for me?"

Were you now ask'd, (as properly you may) 40

In what consists the Manhood of the Mind;

"To think and chuse," would you not say?

"To think and chuse distinguishes our Kind."

Well! since to all this Privilege abides,

And you, by this, dare differ from your Guides; 45

Your Modes of Life why should not I refuse,

With equal Right of Choice, and happier Skill to chuse.

Ver. 32—47.] The great Privilege of Humanity consists in the free Pursuit of our rational Inclinations: The Poet and the Philosopher have a Right to this Privilege in common with other Men, and, at the same Time, the Art of turning it, more than others, to their Advantage.

Ver. 48—59.] The Charms of Power and Profit are not equal

An Irregular O D E.

5

V.

The Baits of Dignity and Gain,

Alas! they glitter, but in vain :

No, no, my Friends, your Wisdom cannot find

A Charm, to tempt my *museward* Mind. 50

The MUSE hath Charms more lasting and more true ;

Tho' too refin'd in Theory for you :

Yet whose Effects you oft' perceive,

When Beauty makes the Bosom heave ; 55

When Virtue sets the Soul on Fire ;

When swells Devotion in the sacred Quire :

In each the MUSE, the HARMONY can please ;

And I but *tune* myself, as you are *tun'd* by these.

VI.

Your honest Zeal I pity, but not blame : 60

'Tis your Mistake, and not your Shame,

That while I quit the vulgar Track,

to those of Liberty, Harmony, and Order. The latter, tho' not truly understood, are often felt by those who pursue only the former, in such a Manner as proves that they afford the most sublime Delight.

Ver. 60—68.] 'Tis for want of knowing in what true Pleasure consists, that People of Business are apt to blame those of

6 *FREEDOM and the MUSE:*

You think me wrong, and urge me to come back.
 Back? Heav'ns! to what? To Labour and to Care?
 Ah! would you Things impartially compare, 65
 Soon must your Taste of Pleasure change,
 Soon must you wish at Liberty to range!

VII.

Would you discern the Free-Man from the Slave?
 Regard the *Self*: 'Tis Accident to *have*.
 The Goods of Chance, whatever they may seem, 70
 Have no true Value, but in our Esteem;
 Or as they help us to pursue
 Content and Ease, more worth than INDIA and PERU.

VIII.

But stay, and let's expatiate in this Field,
 And gather all 'tis capable to yield! 75

a more distinguishing Taste. And this they find themselves, if
 ever they are able to compare Things without Prejudice.

Ver. 68—73.] Freedom and Slavery, Riches and Poverty,
 consist in the being able, or not able, to govern and possess
 ourselves: The Goods of Fortune, of what kind soever, being
 merely accidental, and no constitutional Part either of the Man
 or his Happiness: Hence that antient and just Remark, That
 a good and wise Man carries his ALL about him.

Ver. 76, &c.] The foregoing Proposition confirm'd and en-

The Pow'r to purchase, and th' extended Sway,
 Purchase they Peace, or make our Appetites obey?
 Or teach they manfully to bear
 Want, Envy, Pain? or can they calm Despair?
 These Fruits, or nothing, should (methinks) suffice 80
 To make them fought, and valu'd by the Wise:
 These you pretend not ever to have found,
 For one short Hour, in all your busy Round:
 Yet still your Hopes and Labours you renew;
 And still you talk of Happiness in View. 85

IX.

What is it, which thus fondly you miscall?
 This Aim of Action, this mistaken All?
 Is that a Substance, which could never give
 A Pleasure capable to live?

forc'd, by proving that the Goods of Fortune cannot remove
 the usual Obstructions of human Happiness, nor promote the
 common Means of attaining it.

Ver. 79. *Want.*] That rich and powerful Persons should be
 in Want, will not seem strange to those who consider that we
 have more Wants from our irrational Appetites than from Nature.

Ver. 86—97.] Ambitious and covetous People are mistaken
 in their Opinion of true Happiness; which however is to be
 found, if properly pursued.

8 *FREEDOM and the MUSE:*

Ah! no, 'tis a delusive Shade, 90
By your contracted Wishes made!

X.

But dare you say, that none shall know
(Because you miss) true Happiness below?

Ill-judg'd again! Tho' you pursue
The False, yet some possess the True. 95

Nearer than you conceive it lies;
Nor ever mocks th' Enquiry of the Wise.

XI.

Well then! one Moment cast Opinion by,
And trust to Reason's naked Eye:

Let that inform you (for it truly can) 100

Where lies conceal'd this Happiness of Man.
In Wealth, in Honour, seek it as you may,
Still you pursue, but never catch the Prey.

Ver. 98—112] Reason is the proper Guide to a true Notion of Happiness. This informs us that it cannot consist in external Acquirements, but in the Exercise of Virtue, the Government of our Passions, and the impartial Use of our Understanding; from which naturally results an universal Benevolence.

Ver. 105. *The PROTEUS.*] PROTEUS, according to the Poets, was a Sea God, the Son of OCEANUS and TETHYS. He could change himself into what Form he pleased. The

90 The distant Good while Fancy apes,
 The PROTEUS takes a thousand Shapes, 105
 Allures in each, in ev'ry one escapes!
 Where dwells it then, but in the Breast,
 When Virtue wakes, and Passion is at rest?
 When Thought, unprejudiced, can rove,
 95 And tune the Soul to universal Love? 110
 There seek it; and confess, with Me,
 The Virtuous happy, and the Happy free!

XII.

But, ah! the Freedom I pursue,
 (Believe me) was not made for you:
 100 Already you are in your Sphere; 115
 And never, never, must you enter here:
 Tho' close Reflection possibly may teach,
 That what you pant for you can never reach;

Truth is said to be, that PROTEUS King of EGYPT, by changing his parti-colour'd Upper-garment almost every Day, gave rise to this Fable; which serves for a standing Allusion, in speaking either of Persons or Things that frequently vary their Appearances.

Ver. 113—140.] True Freedom of Soul is not to be attain'd by People attach'd to worldly Interest, nor even to be reflect- ed on by them without Pain; because, tho' they see the De-

That Happiness hath not her Birth
 From the dark Entrails of the Earth ;
 Your downward Souls so strongly are inclin'd,
 (The MUSE can read the Temper of the Mind)
 You will but see your Wretchedness compleat,
 And view the Golden Fruit you dare not eat :

Then must, alas! return again,
 To toil, and wish, and suffer greater Pain.

XIII.

Ah! what avails it, that the present Hour
 Shews the great Blessing always in your Pow'r,
 Whilst you avert your wayward Feet,
 And your own Liberty refuse to meet ?
 Yes, my prophetic Soul can see,
 You ne'er will venture bravely to be free !
 Fix'd to this Globe, you dare not rise,
 With Me, to meditate the Skies ;

irableness of it, they want Resolution to throw off their former Engagements.

Ver. 122. *The MUSE can read, &c.*] It is not ascribed to any absolute Necessity of Nature that they cannot attain this Freedom, but only to a strong habitual Propensity, which it is pro

Nor your own Nature calmly to explore, 135

Or start some Truth unknown before.

In one dull Round of Bus'ness and of Care,

From Month to Month, from Year to Year,

Forwards you plod, as Av'rice may controul,

Nor spend one Thought to harmonize the Soul. 140

XIV.

Enjoy your Taste! I never shall repine:

But then forbear to censure mine.

Of Nature's Gift I vindicate the Use,

And but defend the Birthright you traduce.

Know then, that Nature's vulgar Ties, 145

The Name, the Blood, are nothing to the Wise!

These mark the Kindred Genius that inflames,

And claim Alliance under various Names.

Hence I have Brothers, Friends, to you unknown,

One genuine MUSE adopts us for her own; 150.

sumed they will never master, as in Ver. 131, 132.

Ver. 143. *Nature's Gift.*] Her peculiar distinguishing Gift, which is more prevalent in the Choice we make of Associates and Friends, than that common Inclination towards each other, which flows with the Blood, and which is express'd

12 FREEDOM *and the* MUSE:

Whilst you and I, by Nature join'd,
 Have no Similitude of Mind;
 Have Souls infus'd for diff'rent Ends,
 (For Bus'ness yours, for Contemplation mine)
 That can no more be cordial Friends, 155
 Than the two Poles can touch the Line.

XV.

Proceed, amass the shining Ore,
 If possible, till you desire no more:
 I shall pursue a diff'rent Course,
 Observe Events, and sing th' Eternal Source. 160
 Mean while, the Muse will have it known,
 My Soul's beyond your Notice far:
 Your Pity for her wisely you may spare;
 And if you envy, you torment your own.
 Be this a final Answer, why 165

two Lines lower by *Nature's vulgar Ties*.

Ver. 151—156.] *Ad conjungendas amicitias studiorum & naturæ similitudo magnam vim habet. CIC.*

Ver. 151. *By Nature join'd.*] By the vulgar Ties of Nature above-mentioned.

Ver. 155. *Cordial Friends.*] Perfect, hearty Friends, upon such equal Terms as may make the Friendship alike agreeable to both Parties.

I with your Wishes never shall comply :
While Providence more narrowly I view,
I see more Reason to depend thereon, than you.

XVI.

When the bold MUSE attempts to rise,
And swift as Thought directs her Flight, 170
Can you pursue her thro' the Skies,
Or see how Nature opens to her Sight ?
Can you behold the Chain of Love,
Below connecting with Above ?
Hath Meditation tun'd your Ears 175
To the deep Musick of the Spheres ?
How in the vast Creation can it be,
That all Things differ, and yet All agree ?
On the first Laws have you presum'd to look,
As writ in Nature's universal Book ? 180

Ver. 169—186.] The Folly of People who pretend to censure what they do not understand, is here illustrated, by an Enumeration of some of the sublime Topicks on which Poetry is frequently employ'd.

Ver. 176. *Musick of the Spheres.*] The regular and orderly Motion of the heavenly Bodies.

Ver. 178. *All Things differ, and yet All agree.*] All Things differ with regard to one another, as distinct Beings; but agree

24 FREEDOM *and the* MUSE:

Or the small Tomes have you perus'd,
And seen how Vegetation is diffus'd ;
From thence ascending, by Degrees,
To Beasts, to Men, from Elements and Trees ?
Alas ! you hear with ignorant Surprize.--- 185
And yet you judge, and you advise !

XVII.

Mark how the MUSE, in various Strains,
Her native Dignity maintains !
Thro' Fancy's Empire would the Goddeſs rove,
And blend her Songs with Tales of Love ; 190
Down from the Gods to rural Hinds
Her Names and Characters ſhe finds.
Or Deeds of Arms would ſhe rehearſe,
And ſound the martial Clangor in her Verſe ;
Well-choſen Words march in at her Command, 195
And, rang'd in firm Battalia, ſtand.

in filling up their ſeveral Parts in the univerſal System.

Ver. 202. *Her PEGASUS.*] PEGASUS was a winged Horſe, represented as the Son of NEPTUNE and MEDUSA, or, according to others, as riſing from the Blood of MEDUSA, when ſhe was ſlain by PERSEUS. BELLEROPHON was mounted on this Horſe, when he ſlew the CHIMÆRA : But afterwards endeavouring to fly up to Heaven, he was thrown from his

Religion's Charms would she commend,
 She bids the Guardian Deities descend;
 Invites to Joys which Numbers cannot paint,
 And makes all Heav'n a Surety for the Saint. 200

XVIII.

Fain would she now give up the Reins,
 And urge her PEGASUS to rise.
 He too exults; the Curb disdains;
 And views with Joy the Lyric Prize.
 Ideas to the Fancy throng, 205
 And claim Admission in my Song.
 But Reason checks th' audacious Flight:
 She knows his Danger, who presumes
 Too much, like ICARUS, on waxen Flames;
 And keeps the Bounds of mortal Sight. 210
 The MUSE's Birth let this Excursion prove,
 Till regularly high she learns to move;

Back on the ALEIAN PLAIN. PEGASUS, however, was taken up by JUPITER, and placed among the Stars. From the Print of his Foot sprung the Fountain HIPPOCRENE, sacred to the Muses. Hence he is called the Horse of the Muses, and his Name is frequently used by the Poets to express the Force of Imagination.

Ver. 209. *Like ICARUS.*] ICARUS was the Son of DEDA-

16 FREEDOM *and the* MUSE: &c.

Till, conscious grown of her experienc'd Force,
And Skill, to fit the furious Hoſte,
She ſoars aloft; and, as ſhe ſings, 215
Looks down with Pity on the Pomp of Kings.

IUS, a famous ATHENIAN Artiſt. Being imprifoned together in CRETE, the Father made waxen Wings for them both in order to their Escape: But ICARUS flying too near the Sun, melted the Wax, fell into the Sea, and was drowned. That Part of the ARCHIPELAGO which was antiently called the ICARIAN SEA, is ſaid to have taken its Name from the Miſfortune of this Youth.



LYCON



L Y C O N :

A PASTORAL FABLE. *

L O N G L Y C O N liv'd, and aged Honours wore :
 By all the Virtuous none was valu'd more :
 His Wisdom widely o'er the Plain was known,
 And Knowledge from His Lips was sought alone. 1
 Whene'er He spoke, soft Silence reign'd around, 5
 And all the Swains attended to the Sound.
 Not more Regard ev'n Prophecy could find
 Than what He said, nor more affect the Mind.
 To Him, their rural Wranglings to compose,
 The Shepherds came ; and what He will'd, they chose.
 Scarce did the Morning ever gild the Skies, 10
 Till balmy Sleep was banish'd from His Eyes :

* Occasioned by an Affair within the Author's Knowledge,
 which proved a little to the Disgrace of one of those Men
 whom we emphatically call Shepherds, and who is here sha-
 dowed under the Name of DAMON.

Nor this from Habit merely, but Design :
 His first Employments always were divine.
 Either, enraptur'd, would His Fancy fly, 15
 Thro' Nature's Plan, to Worlds that roll on high ;
 Or in the Field he sung His Maker's Praise,
 Where oft' the Lark was waken'd by His Lays.

It chance'd one Summer's Morn, at early Dawn,
 As, deeply fix'd in Thought, He cross'd the Lawn ; 20
 On the still Breeze refounded DAMON's Lay,
 Of lawless Love, and Joys that shun the Day.
 The Mountains echo'd, as it pass'd along,
 With CÆLIA's Name, the Burthen of the Song.

All this the Sage regardless could not hear : 25
 He fought the Swain, directed by His Ear :
 Whom on the Green, with CÆLIA by his Side,
 Supinely stretch'd, and wantonly, He spy'd.
 The Nymph's Surprize a guilty Blush betray'd ;
 Nor less the conscious Shepherd was dismay'd : 30

Ver. 16. *Thro' Nature's Plan, to Worlds, &c.*] Considering that LYCON, as well as the rest, is an allegorical Character, he will hardly be found too much a Philosopher in this Line.

Ver. 33—56.] This Part of LYCON's Discourse, reproaching

Grave LYCON's Presence rous'd up all his Dread ;

Nor durst he speak : When thus the Elder said :

O Swain ! of Reason and Remorse bereft,

In Charge of Flocks unworthy to be left ;

Think, now your lawless Pleasures are disclos'd, 35

Think of your Sheep, unguarded and expos'd.

While rav'nous Wolves are ravaging the Plain,

What can prevent but Numbers may be slain ?

Which (pass the Pain that guiltless they endure)

Will Shame, at once, and Poverty procure. 40

Mark how your Actions penetrate the Sky !

How Vengeance falls, regarded by each Eye !

The Crow rapacious, and the Raven thrives,

While your weak Lambkins sigh away their Lives !

If this convince you not, then look around, 45

And read your Crimes imprinted on the Ground.

The blasted Lawn no juicy Herbage yields ;

No blushing Flowers blossom in the Fields :

DAMON for his Wantonness and Neglect, and describing the unhappy Consequences thereof, it is presumed, will be thought truly pastoral in a strict Sense ; besides that the moral Meaning, for which alone the whole was written, is sufficiently clear.

A dreary Waste o'er all the Plain extends;
And universal Winter never ends.

Yet, bold in Vice, ev'n Judgments you despise:
New Crimes ascend, when Penitence should rise.
Nay more; you glory in the Actions done;
Nor blush to sing them to the rising Sun:
The rising Sun, asham'd to view the Sight,
Witholds his Beams, and sheds but half his Light.

To DAMON this: Ah! was it to no more.
(Yet your Example Virtue may restore.)
The dire Contagion spreads o'er all the Plain,
And guilty Passion preys on ev'ry Swain.
As Yester-night, alone, I took my Way,
A Song surpriz'd me, as did yours To-day:

Ver. 59, 60.] The Author is aware, That the Reflection in these two Lines, upon the Shepherds in general of L y c o n Time, cannot be justly understood in the mystical Sense before pointed out. Doubtless our allegorical Shepherds, in these Days are far from deserving a general Censure either on their Negligence or their Luxury!

Ver 65—80.] In this Manner, and much beyond it, we learn from our Predecessors, the Poets of all Ages, to paint the Times that are past; and the farther distant they are, the better. In OVID's Days, and long before, the World was better'd upon its Iron Age; and, if we believe some Persons,

STREPHON and DAPHNIS, in alternate Rymes,
Sung of their Loves, and boasted of their Crimes.

Oh! could we see such Days the Antients knew, 65
When ev'ry Shepherd to his Charge was true ;

When harmless Songs provok'd to chaste Delight
By Day, and brought on gentle Sleep at Night :

For genuine Virtue when both Sexes strove,

And Friendship form'd the Prelude of their Love ; 70

(Love, such as reign'd in EDEN's happy Shade,
Ere Man rebell'd, and Misery was made.)

The Youth was pleas'd his Pleasure to forbear,

Till Truth and HYMEN gave him up the Fair.

Nor did ev'n Marriage captivate the Mind : 75

Their Kindred Hearts were mutually inclin'd.

been growing worse ever since. It seems to have been the Humour of Mankind, as far back as we have any Memorials of their Humour, to speak ill of the present Time, and give ideal Descriptions, in a very agreeable Manner, of the Days of their Forefathers. These Descriptions however, if they have nothing else in them, contain the Picture of what their Authors imagine human Nature capable of being, and what consequently, in their Opinion, it ought to be: Tho' at present, I believe, with most People, it will hardly amount to a Question, Whether the Golden Age of the Poets ever existed any where but in their Writings?

Then too did Providence delight to bless :
 The fleecy Flocks brought forth a large Increase :
 A lovely Smile on Nature's Face was seen :
 The Sheep were healthy, and the Pastures green. 80
 Oh, DAMON! learn thy Passions to restrain,
 That Halcyon Times may visit us again.

Thus LYCON's Sermon ended, without Art.
 The sharp Reproof pierce'd deep the Shepherd's Heart:
 The Nymph express'd Repentance with her Eyes : 85
 Both stood reclaim'd by Counsel of the Wise.
 And hence we learn, " how greatly may conduce
 A Word in Season, to the noblest Use! "

Ver. 82. *Halcyon Times.*] Times of Plenty and Tranquility,
 such as are before described.

Ver. 87, 88.] This Poem being called a Fable, and an Allegory, it was proper to express the Moral of it, contrary to the usual Custom in Pastoral Writings.





THE
MODERN JUDGE:
A T A L E. *

Inscrib'd to

Mr. ROBERT BROWNE, Painter.

ALLY'D in Blood, while each pursues
The Dictates of His fav'rite Muse,
Methinks, O BROWNE! Thy Art and Mine,
With mingled Rays should ever shine.
The friendly Teint and grateful Lay
The Lustre lent Them might repay!

5

* Written with a View to the Hardships the most excellent Masters in every Science are under, in being frequently obliged to depend for Encouragement on Persons no ways capable to judge of their Performances.

Ver. 2. *His fav'rite Muse.*] The Muses are represented as the Inventresses and Patronesses of all other curious Arts, as well as of Poetry.

C 4

Long have I wish'd a Theme would start,
 With such Allusion to Thy Art,
 As might inspire Me with Thy Fame,
 And in My Numbers fix Thy Name.
 The wish'd Occasion comes at last;
 A meaning Tale, by Fancy cast,
 That shews how Gold o'er Genius rules,
 And Science sinks, contemn'd by Fools.

O may Thy Fate preserve Thee free
 From Fops, who Merit cannot see,
 But chief, from Fops of high Degree!
 And mayst Thou view with friendly Eyes
 An artless Sketch, that shall comprize
 A Moral, for the Skill'd and Wise!

A MODERN Painter had no Peer :
 His Works were purchas'd far and near.
 CLODIO, a Mimick of the Mode,

Ver. 31, 32. Contain a too just Representation of the Taste of many pretended Connoisseurs and Patrons, who confound what is truly curious in any Art with the most mechanical Parts of it. This Thought is more strongly represented a little farther, in the Maid's Discourse to our Painter.

Ver. 40. VANDYKE.] ANTHONY VANDYCK was born at

Whose Wit was light, whose Wealth a Load,
 Because the Man was mention'd so, 25
 Would have some Piece of his to show.

10 He sends. The Painter was at Hand.

What Picture, Sir, would you demand?

CLODIO, in Country Notions nurst,

Answer'd in brief, King CHARLES the First. 30

To paint a King was little more,

15 He thought, than 'twas to paint a Door.

His future King the Man designs,

And boldly traces out the Lines :

The Colours blend at his Command ; 35

And STUART rose beneath his Hand.

20 (With pious Front and pointed Beard

Th' anointed Confessor appear'd.)

He made the Kingly Features strike

With all the Spirit of VANDYKE : 40

Taste of
 and what
 arts of it
 rther, in
 s born at

ANTWERP. He studied under VAN BALEN and RUBENS, travell'd into ITALY, and at last came into ENGLAND in the Reign of King CHARLES the First. His Portraits, in particular, are greatly admir'd; by which he got not only great Reputation, but also great Wealth, much of which he wasted in Chymistry and Amours. He died at LONDON in 1641.

Then carefully retouch'd it thrice ;
And twenty Pieces were the Price.

This Picture crown'd his num'rous Toils :
His former Works to this were Foils.
The finish'd Labour throng'd his Doors
With all the rival Connoisseurs.

A Price is bid by All who come,
And still the last the largest Sum :
But Virtue scorn'd the fordid Thought ;
The Work was his for whom 'twas wrought.

To CLODIO's Door our Artist came ;
Knock'd ; spoke with NAN ; sent up his Name.
My Master's busy, Friend, To-day :
But leave your King, he bid me say ;
And come To-morrow just at Nine ;
Or—about Two, perhaps, he'll dine.

At Nine next Morn our Man attends ;
But finds that CLODIO and two Friends

Ver. 49, 50.] Persons of true Genius are seldom capable
of making any Advantage to themselves by Means which
they esteem dishonourable, though No-body else carries the
Point of Honour to such a Height as they do.

(As they the Night before agreed)

Were gone to BERWICK UPON TWEED.

60

As for the Picture, there it hung.

Think how the Painter's Soul was stung!

Think how he look'd, when by the Maid

The Sense of CLODIO was display'd!

My Master likes your Painting well ;

65

And you'll do more : That I can tell.

He'll have himself, and Parson SABLE,

And Justice BUNCH, behind our Table,

Tossing-off Bumpers of OCTOBER :

(They must be drunk, and Master sober).

70

In Madam's Room he'll have that hung.

The Mill that grinds old Women young,

With JOSEPH's Dream, and ADAM's Fall,

Those you must paint upon this Wall.

Then Master says, All under one,

75

He'll have the Window-shutters done,

Ver. 72. *The Mill, &c.*] At the Time of writing this Tale, such a Print was mightily in vogue among the Vulgar, and copy'd in variety of Sizes. The Humour went so far, that this Mill was hung up for a Sign, and made the Subject of a Shew.

And that new Kennel there for TURK.—
 You'll have, I warr'nt, a Fortnight's Work.

Thy Master, Child, is wondrous kind,
 And thou hast amply told his Mind :
 But wilt thou reach me down the Piece
 That I have done there? — Surely, Yes!

Pleas'd to receive his CHARLES again,
 He tore it thro' with deep Disdain,
 And cast the Fragments on the Floor;
 Then spoke this Fable at the Door:

A SPIDER once so finely wrought,
 That all the wiser Insects bought.
 Fame, Fortune, Friends, flow'd in, and made
 Her Work the Standard of her Trade,
 There was no fashionable Room,
 Unhung with Hangings from her Loom.
 In short, the Notion was embrace'd,

Ver. 98. ARACHNE.] A Virgin of LYDIA, so excellent
 in the Art of Weaving, that she preferr'd herself to PALLAS,
 and even contended with that Goddess for Superiority.
 PALLAS, enraged, destroy'd the Work of her Rival, who
 took the Affront so much to Heart that she hang'd herself.
 After which the Goddess transform'd her into a Spider, and

Who bought no Tap'stry, had no Taste.

Shall mine, a gaudy Cricket said, 95

Be thought the only brainless Head?

I'll have this Weaver at my Will.

He went. ARACHNE try'd her Skill.

Tale after Tale her Web supplies,

Of Insect Wars, and slaughter'd Flies. 100

The Curious swarm'd from ev'ry Part,

And own'd her Master-piece of Art.

The Ants propos'd to rid their Homes,

The Bees of Taste would clear their Combs,

To purchase what, they all agreed, 105

She never match'd, nor could exceed.

By slow Degrees the Work advance'd:

'Twas done: The Value was enhance'd.

She bore it home with conscious Pride,

And PALLAS once again defy'd. 110

her Name is continu'd to that industrious and sagacious Animal. See OVID's *Metamorphoses*, B. vi.

Ver. 100. *Insect Wars, and slaughter'd Flies.*] Proper historical Subjects for a Piece of Tapestry wove by a Spider.

Ver. 110. *Pallas once again defy'd.*] Alluding to the Contention above-mentioned.

Their eager Eyes the Judges cast,
 And envy'd GRYLLUS as she past;
 GRYLLUS, who saw the Work display'd,
 Then tofs'd his Head, and coldly said:

Your Piece is wond'rous pretty Dame: 115

Weave me a Dozen of the same.

I'll hang your Webs on ev'ry Wall,

Down from my Garret to my Hall.

I shall not grudge the Market Price.—

But see the rest be wrought as nice! 120

The Spider swell'd at this Disgrace,

And rent her Work before his Face:

Asham'd to shew that Labour more,

So treated now, so prais'd before.

This ruin'd all her Hopes: By This 125

She lost her Time, the World her Piece.

Yet hence this Maxim to the Wife,

“ The Learn'd alone can Learning prize.”

Ver. 112. GRYLLUS.] The Cricket.

Ver. 122. *And rent her Work.*] This and other Circumstances in the Fable are made exactly parallel to Circumstances in the Story, that so the Application to the Wench might be more

THE PAINTER in this rapturous Mood
 Sung, while the Wench attentive stood, 130
 And thought the Moments mighty long,
 Till thus the Bard made out his Song.

115 Sweetheart, to Thee, who may'st not reach
 The noble Truths my Numbers teach,
 Both Deed and Fable I'll explain.— 135

The Cricket had thy Master's Brain ;
 There lies the Web, of Price so high ;
 120 The skilful Spider, Child, am I ;
 Who wrought to please a wealthy Fool,
 That of no Science knows one Rule, 140
 And sees no Merit but in Gold.—

When CLODIO comes, let this be told.

125 O TELL me BROWNE, who know'st Mankind,
 This Picture, seems it well design'd ?

Maintains not Art continual Strife 145
 With Tastes like These, in real Life ?

easy and natural : Otherwise, a greater Variety had been better.
 Ver. 128. *The Learn'd alone can Learning prize.*] That
 is, Truly and Judiciously prize, so as to give any Pleasure to
 the Person who is complimented with their Approbation.

When Thy free Hand, by Nature taught,
 Has from the Canvas call'd a Thought,
 And bid the blending Tints impart
 A finish'd Work, by Sons of Art
 With Wonder and with Envy seen ;
 Say, would it fail to move Thy Spleen,
 Should then Thy Patron intervene ;
 Who, just from School, untaught to spell,
 Shou'd lisp, " The Picture's mighty well ;" 155
 And guess—for how much it might sell ?
 Such CLODIO's haft Thou not disdain'd ?
 And curs'd a Praise so ill maintain'd ?
 And wish'd the Canvas yet unstain'd ?





O F

M A S O N R Y: *

An O D E.

I.

GENIUS of MASONRY! descend,
In mystic Numbers while We sing:

Enlarge Our Souls; the CRAFT defend;

And hither all Thy Influence bring.

With social Thoughts Our Bosoms fill,

5

And give Thy Turn to ev'ry Will!

* MASONRY.] A famous Art, Science, or Mystery, that, when our Author writ this Ode, was in high Repute; as it had been (according to the Records of its Institution and Progress) for many Ages before, and as it continues to be at the Time of compiling these Notes: Many Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others, in this Kingdom of ENGLAND, and in all other his Majesty's Dominions, at this Day professing themselves of the Order of FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS, and attending at certain Periods of Time at their several LODGES. This Order is governed by a Grand Master, (whose Title is said to be more

D

II.

While grofs BATAVIA, wall'd with Mud,
 Thy purer Joys delight no more ;
 And winding SEINE, a captive Flood,
 Laments Thee wand'ring from his Shore ;
 Here spread Thy Wings, and glad these Isles,
 Where ARTS reside, and FREEDOM smiles.

III.

Behold the LODGE rise into View!

antient and more honourable than that of the Grand Master of MALTA) and two Grand Wardens, of equal Antiquity with, and second in Dignity to, the Grand Master. These are chosen annually out of the Nobility and superior Gentry of this Realm, at the Grand Festival of the Order, which is usually celebrated a Month or two before the Summer Solstice. Every inferior Lodge hath also its Master and Wardens, whose Office is semestrial, and who are elected out of the most worthy and reputable Brethren. As our Author is a Brother of the Craft, and as such will be understood by every True Adept; so he desires every one who is not so, to look upon his Poem as they would upon the Rhapsodies of an antient Priest, when treating of his Oracles, or the Secrets of his Religion. Every Word is to be accounted a Mystery in itself, and every Comment to be esteem'd heretical which is not given by the Author's own Hand, or with his Approbation, as the present, and no other extant, undoubtedly is.

Ver. 1. *Genius of Masonry.*] In the Poetical Theology, it was allowable not only to ascribe a Genius to every Country, River, Mountain, Virtue, Art, but to make Persons of the

The Work of INDUSTRY and ART.

'Tis grand, and regular, and true:

15

For so is each good MASON's Heart.

FRIENDSHIP cements it from the Ground,

And SECRESY shall fence it round.

IV.

A STATELY DOME o'erlooks Our East,

Like Orient PHOEBUS in the Morn:

20

And TWO TALL PILLARS in the West

Things themselves, and introduce them in Character, as the Author has done several Virtues, &c. in the Ode now under Consideration.

Ver. 7—12.] This Stanza is not in the Editions of this Ode that were printed for the Use of the Brotherhood, but was afterwards added on Account of the Placart that was published against Masonry in HOLLAND, and the Discouragement that it lay under in FRANCE.

Ver. 9. SEINE.] The River on which stands the City of PARIS.

Ver. 13. Behold, &c.] Concerning this and the following Stanza, which abound with Mysteries, I am permitted to take notice that our Author, by bidding his Brethren *behold the Lodge rise into View*, and mentioning *a stately Dome that o'erlooks their East*, and *two tall Pillars that support and adorn them in the West*, plainly confutes the Opinion of those learned Men, who maintain that a Lodge is not a material, but merely an ideal Building. But whether or no it be agreeable to the Rules of Architecture, to place the Dome in the East, that we shall leave to the mature Deliberation of the Criticks.

At once support Us, and adorn,
Upholden thus, the Structure stands,
Untouch'd by sacrilegious Hands.

V.

For Concord form'd, Our Souls agree;
Nor Fate this Union shall destroy:
Our Toils and Sports alike are free;
And all is Harmony and Joy.
So SALEM'S Temple rose by Rule,
Without the Noise of noxious Tool.

VI.

As when AMPHION tun'd his Song,
Ev'n rugged Rocks the Musick knew;
Smooth'd into Form they glide along,
And to a THEBES the Defart grew.

Ver. 29, 30.] *And the House, when it was in building, was built of Stone, made ready before it was brought thither: So that there was neither Hammer, nor Ax, nor any Tool of Iron heard in the House, while it was in building.* 1 Kings vi. 7.

Ver. 31—34.] AMPHION was the Son of JUPITER and ANTIOPE. We are told, that his Musick made the Rocks follow him; and that the Stones, which composed the City of THEBES, danced into Order at the Sound of his Harp.

Ver. 35. HIRAM'S Voice.] This is also very mystical to us

unlearned
dan, qua
late Rig
Voice, th
Ver. 4
mis, and
Earth to
justice an
Laws we

So at the Sound of HIRAM's Voice, 35
We rise, We join, and We rejoice.

VII.

Then may Our Vows to VIRTUE move!
To VIRTUE, own'd in all her Parts :
Come CANDOUR, INNOCENCE, and LOVE ;
Come, and possess Our faithful Hearts ! 40
MERCY, who feeds the hungry Poor,
And SILENCE, Guardian of the Door!

VIII.

And Thou ASTRÆA, (tho' from Earth,
When Men on Men began to prey,
Thou fled'st, to claim celestial Birth ;) 45
Down from OLYMPUS wing Thy Way !
And, mindful of Thy antient Seat,

unlearned Reader. *Hiram* quasi *Liram*, quasi *Lyron*, quasi *Ly-*
don, quasi *LOUDON*, (the Right Honourable the Earl of) our
late Right Worshipful Grand Master, at *the Sound* of whose
Voice, the Masons would *rise, join, and rejoice*.

Ver. 43. ASTRÆA.] The Daughter of JUPITER and THE-
MIS, and the Goddess of Justice. She is said to have fled from
Earth to OLYMPUS (the Poet's Heaven) on beholding the In-
justice and Cruelties of Men towards each other. The first written
Laws were the last Will and Testament which she left behind her.

Be present still where MASONS meet!

IX.

Immortal SCIENCE too, be near!

(We own Thy Empire o'er the Mind)

Dress'd in Thy radiant Robes appear,

With all Thy beauteous Train behind:

INVENTION, young and blooming, there;

Here GEOMETRY, with Rule and Square.

X.

In EGYPT's Fabrick Learning dwelt,

And ROMAN Breasts could Virtue hide:

But VULCAN's Rage the Building felt,

And BRUTUS, last of ROMANS, dy'd:

Since when, dispers'd the Sisters rove,

Or fill paternal Thrones above.

Ver. 55, 57. *EGYPT's Fabrick—the Building.*] The PRO-
LOMEAN Library at ALEXANDRIA, which was twice de-
stroy'd by Fire, at first accidentally in CÆSAR's EGYPTIAN
War, after that wilfully, at the Command of the Caliph O-
MAR I. who had conquered EGYPT.

Ver. 58. *Last of ROMANS.*] This honourable Appellation
has been given to CASSIUS, the Collegue of BRUTUS; but in
the Sense it must be here understood, it is more applicable to
this latter, whose Virtue was adorned with more Politeness
and Humanity than that of CASSIUS.

XI.

But, lost to half of human Race,

With Us the VIRTUES shall revive ;

And, driv'n no more from Place to Place,

Here SCIENCE shall be kept alive :

And MANLY TASTE, the Child of SENSE, 65

Shall banish VICE and DULNESS hence.

XII.

United thus, and for these Ends,

Let SCORN deride, and ENVY rail :

From Age to Age the CRAFT descends ;

And what We build shall never fail : 70

Nor shall the World Our Works survey ;

But ev'ry BROTHER keeps the KEY.

Ver. 70, 71, 72.] Mystery again ! But a Confirmation of what was before said, that there is real Building among Masons, tho' carefully concealed from all but the Brotherhood,



Of TRA-



O F

TRAGEDY;

And the Comparifon of

Public and Private CHARACTERS.

To Mr. *L I L L O*. *

IN antient GREECE the Tragic Mufe design'd
 On various Strings to touch the tuneful Mind;
 With well-drawn Characters to image Life,
 And work the Passions to a gen'rous Strife.

* The Title at first was, *To Mr. LILLO, on his Play of the LONDON MERCHANT*. The Piece, at that Time, contain'd little more than what related immediately to that Play, which was almost the first dramatical Performance the Author ever saw. Perhaps this was one Reason of his being so much pleas'd with it, as to make Verses on the Occasion. Be that as it will, several Copies of these Verses were taken, which made it almost necessary for him to print them in his Collection. He thought

For this she first did SOPHOCLES inspire, 5
 And fill'd her own EURIPIDES with Fire.
 Compassion's soft, or Terror's rougher Part,
 Blaz'd in full Strength, when perfect was her Art.
 These well to kindle, thro' the Breast she ran,
 And rous'd up all th' Humanity of Man. 10
 His Friend, his Country, and himself forgot,
 The pleas'd Spectator sinks into the Plot:
 He sees, he feels, he hears in ev'ry Breath,
 THEBES, Furies, Incest, CÆDIPUS, and Death!
 Nor with less Care the Moral was convey'd, 15
 When the deep Scene MELPOMENE display'd.
 ATHENIAN Hearts, warm'd by her noble Fires,
 Ne'er cool'd again to the same low Desires.
 The vulgar Dross, when melted in her Mould,
 Bore the true Stamp, and came out real Gold. 20

they would be more easily pardon'd, if he threw into them some Reflections of a general Nature, than if he let them pass in their Original Form, that of a mere Compliment.

Ver. 1.—14.] The Design and Effect of the GRECIAN Tragedy, in regard to the Passions.

Ver. 5, 6. SOPHOCLES. — *her own* EURIPIDES.] These two are universally esteemed the most excellent of all the ancient Tragic Poets; but which of these we are to prefer, in com-

From sad Catastrophés she bid them know,
 And shun, the Causes, while they shar'd the Woe;
 Or set bright Virtue in the brightest View;
 Show'd the fair Chace, and urg'd them to pursue:
 Or gloomy Vice made odious to the Sight,
 With Guilt attended, and array'd in Night.

On various Minds, her End by various Ways
 She reach'd, and merited the public Praise.
 Here Monarchs mourn'd their Father Monarchs' Fate
 And learn'd the Foibles of the Regal State :

paring them together, is a Point that has not been so absolutely settled. SOPHOCLES, indeed, seems to have the greater Number of Suffrages in general, and in the Article of Skills there is scarce any one of the Criticks who does not give him the Preference. But then, on the other Hand, ARISTOTLE and some of the Moderns, have considered EURIPIDES as the *most tragic of all the Poets*, that is, as having a Genius the most peculiarly turn'd for this Species of Writing. It was necessary to give thus much of the Comparison of their Characters, to shew the Authority on which I have used that Expression, *Her own* EURIPIDES, in speaking of the Tragic Muse. As to other Particulars: They were both ATHENIANS, and flourished at the same Time; but SOPHOCLES was the elder Man. He died at the Age of Ninety-five, about four hundred Years before CHRIST, for Joy of having gained the Prize by one of his Tragedies. EURIPIDES died about the same Time, or according to others six Years before; but in a less agreeable Manner: For he was torn to Pieces by Dogs, after he had lived

There free-born Minds grew jealous for their Laws,
 Resolv'd to bleed when Liberty's the Cause :

Here impious Victims, and licentious Love

Aveng'd, ev'n Youth to Penitence could move :

There virtuous Sons, to jealous Sires a Prey, 35

Touch'd the fond Parent in the tend'rest Way :

Here weeping Nations warm'd the Patriot's Breast :

There groan'd all Hearts for Honesty distrest.

Then not in vain Philosophy was taught :

The Poet copy'd what the Stoick thought : 40

seventy-five Years. The first of these Authors composed one hundred and twenty-two Tragedies, of which only seven are extant: Of the latter nineteen remain, out of ninety-two which he is said to have written. Vid. BAILLET, and LE FEVRE.

Ver. 7. *Compassion's soft, or Terror's rougher Part.*] These two Passions are, by all the Criticks, esteem'd the natural Objects of Tragedy, which endeavours, by operating on these, to rectify the two important Defaults of our Nature, Pride and Cruelty.

Ver. 14. alludes to the OEDIPUS of SOPHOCLES, the most celebrated of all the antient Tragedies, of which ARISTOTLE is continually speaking, as of the most finish'd Model for this kind of Writing.

Ver. 15—38.] The moral Design and Effect of the antient Tragedy, in regard to the Heart.

Ver. 39, &c.] That the Stage antiently was, and might be now made, a true School of Virtue, is a Point that I believe none will contest, who have taken the Pains to consider it, and are free from any unjustifiable Prejudice in Relation thereto.

Each Virtue saw her Image on the Stage ;
 For still the Heroe reason'd like the Sage.
 Youth learn'd at ATHENS, in their Pastime learn'd,
 "Worth lives on Toil, and Fame by Sweat is earn'd."
 The Great Man's Character was social, sweet, 45
 Forgiving, humble, patient, and discreet:
 Finish'd he shone, but shone for public Ends,
 The Gods his Pilots, and Mankind his Friends.
 This noble Art for Ages had been lost,
 (For ROME herself its Beauty could not boast) 50
 When Nature gave us, of her choicest Ore,
 A Genius, form'd its Lustre to restore ;
 Glory of ENGLAND, Wonder of his Age,
 SHAKESPEAR ! the mighty ATLAS of the Stage.
 But BRITAIN fail'd her Treasures to refine ; 55
 While a near Nation seiz'd the opening Mine ;

Ver. 49—70. contain a very short History of the Stage down to our own Time, and a Representation of its modern State. It had been easy to have said a great deal more on this Occasion, but not without repeating what had been observed by others, whose Opinion, however, may justify these few Remarks.

Ver. 50. *For ROME herself, &c.*] That the ROMANS either had little Genius for, or did not sufficiently apply themselves to

Produce'd a Coin more labour'd and more neat,
With brighter Polish, but defective Weight.

Translated thence in the succeeding Age,
Unmanly Strains enervated our Rage. 60

To make us Lovers, not to make us Men,
Was the known Task of ev'ry modish Pen.

A sober Worthy came not in their Way,

But for the Dupe, or Engine of the Play.

Some whining Chief, half Humourist, half Fool, 65

Must move our Passions, or we must be cool.

And when this fail'd, our Folly to prolong,

The motley Scenes were lengthen'd with a Song ;

From Song descending, with more desp'rate Hope,

To Dance, to Farce, to HARLEQUIN, and Rope. 70

Thus stood the Stage, half Drollery and Mask ;

And sure to mend it was an arduous Task ;

the Writing of Tragedy, is universally allow'd.

Ver. 56. *A near Nation.*] FRANCE.

Ver. 61—66. allude chiefly to the Tragedies written in King CHARLES the Second's Reign, and the four following Verses to the Conduct of the Stage in much later Times. Every Reader will make some few Exceptions to the first Part especially of this Censure.

A Task well worthy, for the public Weal,
 Thy Love to Virtue, LILLO, and Thy Zeal.
 The more Thy Praise, who rising in these Times,
 Oppos'd this Torrent of poetic Crimes ;
 Stemm'd with Thy steady Sense the furious Stream
 And in grave Language dress'd a solid Theme.

Let formal Heads have Liberty to rail,
 Who think Your Conduct and Your Diction fail :
 Enough for Me, they fail not to controul,
 And warm, the last Recesses of My Soul !
 Nor think You reach not the Sublime of Things
 Because You draw no Demigods nor Kings :
 For private Characters as well display

Ver. 75. *In these Times.*] The Year 1731.

Ver. 79, &c.] The Play of BARNWELL is not writ according to the Rules of Unity, nor is it in Verse like our regular Tragedies. For this Reason the Design of its Author and the Manner in which he hath drawn his Characters, and the principal Things in it that deserve Commendation.

Ver. 83—100.] The second general Part of the Poem, *the Comparison of public and private Characters.* On the Doctrine here advanced are founded all the remaining Paragraphs, which point out the general Instructions, that may be deduced from the private Character of BARNWELL, and other Characters and Incidents of the Play under Consideration.

Ver. 91. OTWAY'S *rural Scenes*] His ORPHAN.

All the same Passions, but in milder Day ;
 And in the Friend and Master we may see
 What the true Patriot, what the King should be.
 Who knows *within* the Great or Vulgar shines,
 Views scepter'd Slaves, and Monarchs in the Mines. 90

Thus Nature charms in OTWAY's rural Scenes :
 (Each Action tells us what the Passion means.)

ACASTO, or thy THOROUGHGOOD, would shine,
 Enthroned, an ALFRED, or an ANTONINE.
 His warmer Youths, or BARNWELL, on a Throne, 95
 Had wrought a Nation's Ruin with their own.
 Small Things in Greater, Greater in the Small,
 We find, if Nature be the Guide thro' All :

Ver. 93. ACASTO, or thy THOROUGHGOOD.] ACASTO in the ORPHAN is Father of the two Brothers, who, with their Mistress, make the Catastrophe of the Play. THOROUGHGOOD is BARNWELL's Master, and MARIA's Father.

Ver. 94. An ALFRED, or an ANTONINE.] ALFRED THE GREAT, King of ENGLAND, was one of the best Men and best Monarchs that ever lived ; wise, valiant, learned, pious, and just ; constant in Adversity, and moderate in Prosperity. He died A. C. 900. ANTONINUS PIUS, the ROMAN Emperor, deserves an equal Character. Tho' he never sought to enlarge the Empire, yet his admirable Prudence, and strict Reformation of Manners, rendered him as serviceable to the Commonwealth as the greatest Conquerors. He died A. C. 161.

For in feign'd Characters, as in the True,
She forms the Lab'rinth, and She gives the Clue. 100

The Moral's gen'ral, tho' the State be fix'd:
In That, all States, all Dignities are mix'd.
When BARNWELL falls, subdu'd to Love's Controul,
We mark th' unguarded Inlet of his Soul.
To all our Weakness lies one fatal Way, 105
Where waits the fav'rite Passion to betray:
This Way to watch, as bravely as he can,
Is half the Wisdom of the wisest Man.
In vain we guard each Avenue of Sin,
But this: This one lets the whole Tempter in. 110
The wiley Serpent ev'ry Method proves,
Till gain'd this Entrance: Onward then he moves;
Nor finds it hard the Warieft to deceive;
Nor after ceases on the Soul to cleave.

Ver. 103, &c.] From BARNWELL's Character in particular, we learn the Necessity of studying our favourite or ruling Inclination, and the great Danger of indulging it.

Ver. 119. MILLWOOD.] The Courtezan, in the Play treated of, that betrays BARNWELL to his Ruin.

Ver. 122. PHILIP'S Son.] ALEXANDER THE GREAT, whose favourite Passion undoubtedly was Ambition.

Ambition, Av'rice, Love; in Prince, in Slave; 115

Aim right, O SATAN! and the Man you have,

On a true-hearted, am'rous, artless Boy,

New in the Field, and Stranger to the Joy,

MILLWOOD was sure the Engine to be play'd,

A Face to charm, a Tongue that could persuade. 120

The Bait of Nature! on his Soul she won,

(Like PERSTA'S Diadem on PHILIP'S Son)

Till, wand'ring loofely o'er her wanton Charms,

He lost Obedience, Faith, and Friendship in her Arms.

These Scenes attend, and learn, ye BRITISH Youth!

Sacred to keep your Chastity and Truth. 125

The Snares which Beauty, or Persuasion brings,

These are to you what Scepters are to Kings.

Then fly these Tempters, as your Evil Fate,

And with a Conscience dare not to debate. 130

Ver. 127, 128.] The Instances of shocking Effects produced both by Love and Credulity in young Persons, are sufficiently numerous to prove what is here advanced.

Ver. 130—144.] Conscious Reason, if we attend to it, will inform us where our Weakness lies, and when we are betray'd by it into a Crime. The Way to hinder any Vice from becoming habitual, is to observe the first Notice of this internal Judge.

In that impartial Cenfor we may find
 Some lively Traces of the Sacred Mind:
 Too weak to sway, he dictates what is right;
 But if we spurn him, loses all his Light.

That faithful Witness, rousing from his Ease, 135
 (Reason or Conscience, name him as you please)
 Awake'd young BARNWELL from his guilty Trance,
 And, pointing on, forbid him to advance;
 Hung on his Chariot Wheels in mid Career,
 And dash'd his Pleasures with a conscious Fear. 140
 What Throbs, what Conflicts in his Soul he knew,
 When first his Crimes came naked to his View!
 When for a Fault, which seem'd but half a Sin,
 Black Lust, mean Theft, and Falshood hemm'd him in!

See where he lies, distracted and oppress'd! 145
 Expiring Virtue struggling in his Breast.
 Remorse and Love now master him by Turns:
 Repentance melts him, and then Beauty burns.

Ver. 150—162.] The Consequence of once indulging any
 Passion in Defiance of our Reason, is too often no less than
 giving the Ballance of Power to that Passion, and engaging our-
 selves in the Practice of what we must constantly disapprove.

Ver. 153. The SYREN.] MILLWOOD.

Now he resolves— Oh could Resolves be held!
 But Vice, audacious, seldom quits the Field. 150
 A pleasing Sin 'tis fatal once to try:
 For ten to one it pleases till we die.
 Again the SYREN all her Arts renew'd;
 Again as fast the headlong Youth pursu'd;
 His Conscience trampled, all Remorse defy'd, 155
 And blacken'd o'er his Crimes with Parricide.
 Thus Vice, which first deludes, at length controuls,
 (So strong, so desp'rate is the Fate of Souls!)
 An acted Sin too late, alas! we view:
 To fly from Shame, our Follies we pursue; 160
 Till, native Innocence and Freedom lost,
 From Crime to Crime we dreadfully are tost,
 Remarks so pertinent inspir'd to make,
 I praise Thy BARNWELL for the Fable's Sake:
 To Youth a Caution; to mistrustful Age 165
 A Lesson learn'd but seldom from the Stage.

Ver. 156. Parricide.] The Murder of his Uncle.

Ver. 166, &c. allude to the Unwillingness of THOROUGH-
 good to suspect his Servant of such Crimes as he afterwards
 appeared to be guilty of, and his tender Behaviour towards him
 at Conviction.

Well fare the Omen! now successful Plays
 Revive the Morals of our Fathers' Days;
 And speak the manly Spirit of those Times,
 When none suspected undiscover'd Crimes.

Nor fails Thy Muse in the pathetic Part,
 But finds the tend'rest Passage to the Heart.
 For fair MARIA who but melts in Tears,
 When ruin'd BARNWELL wakens all her Fears?
 What Heart but throbs when TRUEMAN'S Soul is torn
 The virtuous Friend of one to Virtue lost,
 O could their Pray'rs his Innocence restore!
 Yet now (and Virtue never can do more)
 The Lover shines, the Friend endures the Test.
 View these Examples, and be Worth confest!

Ye Belles, whose Pleasure is your only End,
 Ye Fops, who court the Sun-shine of a Friend,

Ver. 173, 174, &c. MARIA—TRUEMAN.] MARIA
 in Love with BARNWELL, which she conceals till she
 him plung'd into Misfortunes. TRUEMAN is his Friend
 Fellow-Servant, who also signalizes himself on this Occasion.
 Their Characters are therefore pointed out, as proper Examples
 to Coquet Mistresses and Summer Friends.

Ver. 190, &c.] In his last Scenes BARNWELL is represented
 in such Circumstances as our Religion assures us are the best

Here in each Sex behold the purest Flame ;
 Then blush, be honest, kindle up the same !
 'Tis Love, 'tis Friendship, that which will not fail 185
 In Want, in Shame, in Sicknefs, or in Jail.
 The Rest, Pretence, Words, Wind, or what you please ;
 'Tis nothing solid,--- therefore none of These.

Still must I moralize Thy virtuous Views !
 And lo ! a loftier Subject for the Muse. 190
 See Treason, Theft, and Parricide forgiv'n !
 Learn, Sinners ! hence, the Clemency of Heav'n.
 BARNWELL relents ; the friendly Terrors roll :
 Then Joys abundant pour upon his Soul.
 O speak, ye Saints ! the Favour'd of the God, 195
 Say what those kindly Visits of his Rod ;
 Describe the blissful Transports that succeed,
 And make, ev'n here, an Happiness indeed ;

we can wish for in this Life, but the Description of which
 is more suitable to the Character of a Divine than a Poet.
 For this Reason our Author makes an Apostrophe to the
 Saints, that they would give a Picture of what they alone
 are supposed to experience, and afterwards to his Muse, that
 she would leave the Subject in the Hands of Men more able
 to pursue it, and keep to Themes for which she is better
 qualified.

Make that on Death no Pangs, no Grievs attend,
But Those of parting with one's Love, or Friend. 20
Unhallow'd Muse, recline thy feeble Wing:
Of Themes like these let WATTS or LILLO sing.
Thy Task be only — Virtue to explore,
Or praise that Merit which was own'd before:
To bid our BRITONS to their Fame be just, 20
And give Applause where all the Virtuous must;
Advice, Reproof, or Comfort to impart,
And speak the faithful Dictates of my Heart.



In va

* Fo
only in
necessar



Bashful B E N:

A T A L E.*

Inscribed to a FRIEND.

*Vous savez des etoffes vendre,
Et leur prix en perfection;
Mais ce que vaut l'Occasion,
Vous ignorez; allez l'apprendre.*

DE LA FONTAINE.



THE Story ev'ry Christian knows,
How JOSEPH did the Flesh oppose:
How Beauty, Youth, and Grandeur strove,
In vain, his righteous Soul to move.

* Founded on a real Affair, that differed from the Relation only in a few Circumstances, which, for certain Reasons, it was necessary either to alter or omit.

This made the Name of JOSEPH ring,
 When Virtue was a common Thing:
 How much more strange, if I should tell
 A modern Tale, that sounds as well?

CASTO, My Kinsman, and My Friend,
 To Thee this Narrative I send;
 To Thee, more chaste than SCIPIO; Thee,
 More chaste than Man was meant to be.
 My Tales have all their moral Uses:
 Remark what Moral This produces:
 Nor more with CÆLIA sleep a-Nights,
 Merely to drive away the Sprights;
 Nor for Thy Chum SUSANNAH chuse,
 To talk of Nonsense and of News.
 Such Treatment would a Vestal vex:
 For 'twas the Sentence of the Sex,
 When DELIA told Thee to Thy Face,
 "There was no Honour in the Case."

Ver. 12. *More chaste than SCIPIO.*] SCIPIO AFRICANUS
 Elder, having taken the City of NEW CARTHAGE in SPAIN,
 certain of the Soldiers brought a beautiful young Virgin, who
 they had made Prisoner, and presented her to him. But the

NEAR WINDSOR live'd some ten Years since,
 In rural Peace, one TONY PRINCE;
 Of good Repute, and moderate Riches, 25
 Got honestly by making Breeches;
 At which his Equal scarce was found
 In all the Country, ten Miles round.
 His Work worn out, his Name forgot,
 People may say, they knew him not: 30
 But all the Country knew him then;
 Him, and his Wife, and 'Prentice BEN.

His Wife and Prentice! what were they?
 The Dame was juicy, fair, and gay:
 Had fix and thirty Winters seen; 35
 Yet kept the Vigour of Sixteen.
 The Boy was strait, genteel, and tall;
 Had long black Hair, and curl'd withal:
 But then a vastly virtuous Lad;
 A better Servant no Man had. 40

ANUS
 in SPAN
 gin, who
 But the

SCIPIO was then in the Vigour of his Youth, he refused to
 accept her, in Regard to his Dignity as General; informing
 them, however, that he should have been pleased with their
 Present, had he been a private Soldier.

This Wife, this Lad, a Spaniel Dog,
 A Cow, some Poultry, and a Hog,
 Were all the Family he kept:
 Among which he as soundly slept,
 As if two Porters at his Gate
 Had watch'd, with all the Pomp of State;
 As if his House had been three Stories,
 Large, splendid, strong, and all that more is.
 The highest Honours he had borne,
 That could his Quality adorn;
 Serv'd Constable and Overseer;
 And knew exactly either Year.
 In ev'ry small litigious Matter
 His Neighbours chose him Arbitrator;
 And found him such a faithful Crony,
 They call'd him always *Peaceful TONY*.

SARAH and he now twenty Years
 (As by the Register appears)

Ver. 41—68. The Circumstances of *TONY*, the Reputation
 he lived in with his Neighbours, and his easy Union with his
 Yoke-Fellow, do all together shew him in so happy a Situation.

In mutual Love had led their Lives,

The best of Husbands and of Wives: 60

Full twenty Times, with annual Joy,

Renew'd their Vows, and blest the Boy ;

That ne'er thro' Life might be forgot

The Day that ty'd the sacred Knot.

From ev'ry Circumstance 'twas plain, 65

Each wore a voluntary Chain.

Love never chose two smother Darts ;

Nor let them fly at kinder Hearts.

What could distress this happy Pair ?

Av'rice, that deadly Source of Care. 70

Advance'd in Age, impair'd in Health,

TONY's whole Thought was turn'd on Wealth.

He bought a Horse, rode up and down,

And hawk'd his Goods from Town to Town.

Besides that Gold engag'd his Mind, 75

He hope'd some Holidays to find :

tion, that nothing seems likely much to disturb him, but an
imprudent Alteration in his own Conduct.

Ver. 62. *The Boy.*] CUPID.

For, tho' the Dame knew no Decay,
His usual Debt he could not pay.

At all the Fairs and Markets round
Industrious TONY might be found.
Loons, who the Forest us'd to range,
For Skins had Breeches in Exchange:
Each am'rous Swain of TONY bought,
Lace'd up the Thighs, and finely wrought.
Still while the Master sold his Store,
BEN and his Mistress made up more:
BEN and his Mistress staid at home,
Where-ever TONY us'd to roam.

When Love once settles in the Head,
'Tis hard to bear the widow'd Bed.
Husbands that leave too long their Wives,
Have Cause to mourn it all their Lives.

Ver. 78. *His usual Debt, &c.*] Upon the Av'rice of TONY when at home, or if you please his Insolency, in the Arrick of Domestic Dues, as well as on his Absence; our Author founds the subsequent Excuse for the Conduct of SARAH. We are willing to point out every Thing of this Nature, to show how tenderly he always deals with the Character of the Fair Sex.

Our Dame, we said, knew no Decay ;
 What could she do,—— from Day to Day ?
 As chaste she seem'd, as chaste need be ; 95 }
 But two long Nights, and sometimes three, }
 No Soul within but BEN and she, }
 How could the Woman chuse but think ?
 What Flesh and Blood could sleep a Wink ?

In Justice to the Sex, our Song 100 }
 Must say, she bore the Trial long : }
 At last, the Tempter grew too strong. }
 One Night, as by the Fire they fate,
 She thus began her amorous Prate ;
 First having introduce'd her Tale 105 }
 With giving BEN some Cake and Ale.

Wert thou not such a simple Knave,
 How kind a Mistress might'st thou have!

Ver. 90, 91, 94. *The widow'd Bed—leave too long—from Day to Day.* All these Expressions may allude to the last mentioned Particular, as well as to that on Account of which they are immediately introduced : And in this Sense they intimate that SARAH, who *knew no Decay*, was before sufficiently provoked to do what she now had an Opportunity to attempt.

Some Lads would long ere now have known
 Which Side their Bread was butter'd on. 110
 Some Lads! what would they not endeavour,
 What would they grudge, to win my Favour?
 But thou art the most sheepish Fellow!
 Always the same, sober and mellow!
 Yet, could one know the naked Truth, 115
 Sly Rogue! thou art like other Youth.
 Right good, I'll warrant, in a Corner!
 Had I a Daughter, I should warn her.—
 'Tis the still Sow drinks all the Draught.—
 Ah BEN! thou hast a waggish Thought. 120
 With that she clapp'd him on the Thigh;
 And sigh'd, and glance'd a leering Eye.
 BEN drank his Ale, and ate his Cake;
 Look'd at her; grinn'd; but did not speak.
 'Tis only Caution, thought the Dame, 125
 With some Remains of Virgin Shame.

Ver. 110—119 *Which Side their Bread was butter'd on.—'Tis
 the still Sow drinks all the Draught.]* Such proverbial Expressions,

He thinks ; but dares not yet presume:

Suppose I take him to my Room,

And shew him there some wanton Freaks ?

The Devil's in't if he mistakes! 130

All Flesh and Blood has the same Itch.

She thought ; and thus renew'd her Speech:

I'll lie no longer in the House,

Unless we catch that cursed Mouse.

I'd give a Crown to have him taken. 135

I've try'd with Cheese, and try'd with Bacon,

And spoke on't ev'ry Day this Week ;

But 'tis in vain for Me to speak !

You sleep yourself, so all goes right.—

Well! I insist upon't this Night.— 140

If you are good at baiting Traps,

We may have better Luck, perhaps.

To-morrow Morning we shall see.

Here! take it up, and come with Me.

it is hoped, will be pardoned, if not approved, in a Conversation to which the Author esteemed them altogether suitable.

She led : BEN follow'd her ; and did
 Nor more, nor less, than he was bid.
 The wooden Trap was all he baited,
 Whate'er his Mistress had conceited.
 She loos'd her Shoes ; unlac'd her Stays ;
 Then—on her Elbow loll'd at Ease ;
 And talk'd of Sweet-hearts all the while.
 BEN blush'd, and answer'd with a Smile.
 How the Stupidity must teize her !
 The Bait ! that was not put to please her !
 She shew'd him how ; and, by the Way,
 Obliquely gave him Words to say :
 But BEN took all Things in the Letter :
 No Bait, he argue'd, could hang better.
 The Boy was right in his Intent :
 But little Thought what Bait she meant.
 Well ! of the Mouse-Trap we despair :

^a Ver. 145, 146. BEN — did — Nor more, nor less, than
 was bid.] The Casuists, in one Duty express'd, can discover
 several Duties imply'd ; at least, in a Duty simply recom-
 mended, they discover so many Degrees and Circumstances,

BEN is not to be taken there :

He bids her civilly Good-night.

But now her Garters, they were tight:

She was almost asham'd to ask ; 165

Yet — wish'd he'd undertake the Task :

His Fingers, possibly, might do ;

And 'twas no Harm — betwixt them two.

Was ever more Confusion seen,

Than in the Face of BENJAMIN? 170

Untie the Garters of his Dame?

His very Looks cry'd, Fie! for Shame!

But, tho' he wish'd himself a Mile hence,

Her Pleasure aw'd him into Silence ;

And Duty prompts him to obey : 175

So down he kneels — to make th' Essay ;

Careful his Fingers did not rove,

Nor ev'n his Eyes, one Inch above.

less, than
an disco
ly reco
stances,
to make it include every Thing that has the least Relation
to, either in Idea or Expression, in Reason or Pun. 'Tis
tain therefore, from his Conduct in the present Affair, that
was no Casuist even in Love.

In TURKEY, when a Damsel's drest
 For Marriage, (doubtless in her Best,) 180
 Her Maids, with num'rous Knots and Stitches,
 Hamper the Knee-strings of her Breeches :
 Nor must the Bridegroom board his Bride,
 Before these Knee-strings are unty'd.
 The frisky Jades try all they can, 185
 To plague the vig'rous Mussulman ;
 And giggle, while the Youth assails
 Their Morning's Work, with Teeth and Nails :
 Which conquer'd, out he puts the Light,
 And craves their Absence for the Night: 190

Ver. 179——192. *In TURKEY, &c.*] The Custom here mentioned is taken notice of by all Historians, who pretend to give an exact Account of the TURKISH Ceremonies. It is further reported, that the Bridemaids, on these Occasions, make the Knee-strings intolerably long; so that the young Fellow has sometimes an Hour or two's Work, before he gets to the End of his Task. As to the wearing of Breeches in TURKEY by the Women, Travellers assure us, that the TURKS make no much Difference in the Dress of the two Sexes, except about the Head; and that they both wear Drawers under their lower Garments, made close behind and before, and fastened to the Stockings. Mr. PRIOR mentions these Female Breeches in his ALMA. After noting from HEYLIN, that in BRITAIN's *the Ladies trip in Petticoats, and the Men claim the Breeches as their Due*, he informs us, That

They leave him, getting each a Kifs,
To take his whole Revenge on Mifs.

BEN was as eager as a TURK,
And long'd as much to do his Work :
But then, 'twas with another View :

195

The Job completed, out he flew.
His Freedom was sufficient Gains :
He took the Labour for the Pains.

What Lengths will not a Woman run,
When once her Devil has begun?

200

At Midnight comes the Fit again :
She knocks for BEN with Might and Main.

*In TURKEY the Reverse appears :
Long Coats the haughty Husband wears ;
And greets his Wife with angry Speeches,
If she be seen without her Breeches.*

CANTO II.

Ver. 200. *When once her Devil has begun.*] That is, as the Author has elsewhere express'd it, *When Inclination strongly teizes.* Hear what the aforesaid Mr. PRIOR has written concerning this Devil, or Inclination, or, as he calls it, Distemper:

*A Distemper of this Kind——
If once it youthful Blood infects,
And chiefly of the Female Sex,
Is scarce remov'd by Pill or Potion.*

F 2

PAULO PURGANTI.

'Twas — that a Candle might be brought ;
 For sure she was, the Mouse was caught :
 She wak'd with hearing something strike ;
 And 'twas the Trap, — or vastly like.
 The Boy, (she reason'd in her Mind,)
 By this Time, doubtless, will be kind :
 He must have weigh'd the whole Affair ;
 And comprehends it — to a Hair.

BEN rose, obedient to the Call,
 And struck a Light ; and that was all.

Here, Sirs, misconstrue not my Sense :
 I mean, 'twas all of Consequence.
 He view'd the Mouse-Trap, if you please ;
 Saw Madam kill a Dozen Fleas ;
 Then with low Courtesy absconded ;
 Nor did one civil Thing beyond it.

Oblige'd by Custom ne'er to sue,
 Women are desperate when they woo :

Ver. 219—226.] The Author did not here intend the
 Reflection on the Fair Sex, but rather on his own, for
 giving Occasion to those necessary Effects that a Disappoint-

Their dear Repute so lies at Stake,
 They dread the Confidants they make.
 Borne thro' dull Forms by Passion's Gust,
 Ev'n he who serves them they distrust:
 But Vengeance, Rage, and mortal Spite, 225
 Pursue the Wretch who baulks them quite.

What Solace could the Dame enjoy?
 Slighted! and by her 'Prentice Boy!
 Think how her Bosom must be torn,
 Betwixt Despair, Revenge, and Scorn! 230
 Think how she groan'd away the Night,
 And curs'd her Carnal Appetite!
 She wish'd the very House would fall
 On BEN, the Trap, herself, and all:
 Then pray'd (so fervently before 235
 Never did she the Gods implore)
 That to Fourscore the Boy might live,
 And long for what she long'd to give;

ment must have on a female Mind, when it breaks thro' that
 Restraint which Custom has too partially (I had almost said
 cruelly) laid it under.

While all the Sex conspir'd with Fate,
And urge'd her unrelenting Hate.

240

When Morning came, 'twas odd to see
How Madam and her Man agree.
She storm'd and flouch'd all o'er the House:
But not one Word about the Moufe.

BEN wish'd in vain for Ale and Cake:
He wish'd, poor Lad! but durst not speak.
For Breakfast Cheefe, and Cheefe for Dinner!
What ails my Dame? The Devil's in her,
Thought he. At Night 'twas, Idle Puppy!
You want your Supper then! I'll sup ye!--
Dear Madam! — How! and dare you chatter?
What, you know nothing of the Matter!
Well, well, your Master comes To-morrow:
He shall inform you——to your Sorrow.

241

242

Ver. 240. *Her unrelenting Hate.*] By this Word Mr. DRYDEN, in his Translation of VIRGIL, expresses the Hatred of JUNO to the TROJANS, whom she intended utterly to extirpate. It seems here used to intimate a Spite no less extraordinary in its Kind, tho' it doth not extend to the Life of the Person. The Idea given by this, and the two preceding Lines, reminds one of TANTALUS his hungering and thirsting perpetually for what he always sees, but must never taste.

BEN guesf'd, good Lad! and guesf'd again, 255

What could these Looks and Speeches mean;

Never was Youth in fuch a Fright:

He ftar'd all Day, and mus'd all Night.

Next Ev'ning home returns our Man:

When fuch a dreadful Tale began, 260

That TONY could not but attend,

And poor BEN's Hair quite ftood on-end.

My Dear, that worthlefs Rogue of yours,

For God's Sake, turn him out of Doors!

Leave him to work? a lazy Lubbard! 265

He works at nothing but the Cupboard.

He has not done one Thing I've ask'd.

Villain! how kindly was he talk'd!

He might have done it, and been glad.——

I cramm'd him—with the beft I had. 270

Ver. 263, 265, 268, 272, 273. *Worthlefs Rogue—lazy Lubbard—Villain—Whelp—Dog—*] These are odd Expreffions indeed for a sober Woman: But when we confider, that it was now her Bufinefs to be in fo violent a Paffion, as that nobody elfe fhould have Liberty to fpeak or think till fhe had obtained her Purpofe, and to make the Crime of BENJAMIN appear more terrible than fhe poffibly could by direct Accufations, we fhall then have no Reason to wonder at her talking in this Manner.

Yet, all the Int'rest I could make,
 The Dev'l a Stitch that Whelp would take.
 Never was Dog so void of Grace:—
 Yes! a fine Fellow in your Place!

BEN would have spoke, and TONY heard, 275
 That so the Matter might be clear'd;
 But on she ran: Make no Reply;
 For either he turns out, or I:
 So, TONY, take your Choice this Minute;
 Your Wife or Boy: There's no more in it. 280

What could a Husband do, or say?
 No Man would turn his Wife away;
 No Man, whom Providence had blest
 So many Years—with one so chaste.
 The Boy was guilty on her Word: 285
 What Evidence could she afford?
 A stronger Proof no Law allows
 From any Woman to her Spouse:
 And Husbands live the easiest Lives,

Ver. 299. *And work'd, as usual.*] That is to say, Did as much
 Work as he could at his Years: For we are not to suppose

Who on their Words believe their Wives. 290

Without more Question or Debate,

Thus their Affairs they reinstate.

To purchase Ease at all Adventures,

275 The Master gave up BEN's Indentures.

BEN bundled up his Alls, and went; 295

With Peace and Ignorance content.

No more the Mistress play'd the Wag:

For TONY sold his dappled Nag;

280 And work'd, as usual, during Life;

And liv'd in Comfort with his Wife. 300

Now, to conclude this long Narration,

How shall we turn our Application?

The Case of BEN is clear and ample:—

285 Masters may quote the good Example;

And thence infer a young Man's Duty, 305

Respecting Madam, and her Beauty:

But noting well, from TONY's Danger,

That the safe Head must be no Ranger.

either that he could do so much now as he did in his Youth,
or that SARAH was so unreasonable as to desire it of him.

Madam may take our Story next,
And raise new Doctrine from the Text ;
May turn poor BEN to Ridicule ;
And prove, ev'n JOSEPH was a Fool.

In LONDON all the Lads will wonder,
That ever Booby should so blunder :
For Lads, they say, among the Cits,
Are apt enough to mind their Hits.
From ALDGATE on to COVENT-GARDEN,
With Madam's Leave, they ask no Pardon ;
Nor think the Master wrong'd, who meets
With a clean Shop — and dirty Sheets.
Right *Bashful* BENS are no-where many : —
The Country, now, hath few, if any.

You, my good Friend, to whom I send it,
Will take my Tale as I intend it :
A Caution, never to lie neuter
By SUE, or CÆLIA, for the future.





T H E

R E L A P S E:

An O D E. *

HAH! is it Thou, familiar Pain,
That thrills anew thro' ev'ry Vein?
And dost Thou, LOVE, revive thy usurp'd Reign?

I feel Thee strong, imperious Boy,
Soul of Desire, and Bane of Joy;
I feel Thee strong, my Liberty's Annoy.

5

Yes, cruel Pow'r, by Fate controul'd,
(Wretch that I was!) I did behold
Those Eyes, Thy known Artillery of Old.

* First written in the Year 1729, but revised and corrected since.—It cannot be expected with regard to Love Verses, that an exact Account should be render'd of the Occasions that pro-

Was This, to Beauty or to Thee,
 A Crime, unwarily to see?
 A mortal Crime? and must not I go free?

Unkind Invader of my Breast,
 Ah! quit the Throne too long possesst;
 Ah! quit, retire, and leave me to my Rest.

Wilt Thou not hear? And must I fly
 Those Arms of thine; or bravely try
 What Virtue can, and conquer Thee or die?

Know Tyrant then, I scorn to yield!
 Once, with Reflection for my Shield,
 Once have I try'd, and driv'n Thee from the Field

duced them: But the Reader may be informed why he meets with none here of a more antient Date than the Author's Relapse since it is unlikely that a Versifier should ever have been in Love, either really or pretendedly, without exerting his musical Talent. Now the true Reason of this may be given in a very few Words. All his Productions of the amorous Kind, in which he seems to be in earnest, he charges to the Account of a very early Period of his Life, when he was far from having the same Idea as now, of that peculiar Delicacy, both of Sentiment and Expression, that is requisite in Love-Poetry. For this Reason they were entirely omitted in a small Collection of

I feel my Strength this instant Hour,
 And dare Thy Darts, Thy pointed Show'r,
 With DELIA by, that Engine of Thy Pow'r:

Thou fly'st: REASON with wonted Grace 25
 Kindly returns; resumes her Place;
 Nor fears the Fury of that potent Face.

PASSION subsides: *Her* gentler Sway
 Flows on my Soul, and smooths Her Way,
 Serene and calm, like the still Breeze in MAY. 30

Vain Boast! Again shall DELIA warm
 This heaving Heart, and LOVE deform
 That Smooth of Soul, and swell me to a Storm.

his Poems, that was printed, and sold among his Friends, about five Years ago. In this Volume, however, was inadvertently left an Allusion or two to these juvenile Compositions, and the Name of DELIA was pointed out, as having been formerly his favourite Theme. Had not this unluckily happened, neither the Name, nor the Verses devoted to it, had been ever revived: But it was now incumbent on him to produce some of those Trifles in a future Impression, which he had before prudently suppressed. In looking over these Monuments of his antiquated Amour, it was his Business to select the least faulty, that so the Trouble of correcting them might not be too great: And these

Ah transient Interval of Pain!

Behold She comes, She comes again!

And vengeful LOVE exerts redoubled Reign!

Traitor to REASON, as before,

To aught but LOVE I live no more ;

And LOVE within preys on my vital Store.

Enough! Great Pow'r, withdraw thy Force!

My Blood runs cold! the purple Source

Exhausted fails!—behold my trembling Corse!

Faint, breathless, pale, in vain I strive.—

Ah! DELIA, let not Scorn survive ;

But clasp him dying, whom you shunn'd alive!

he found to be the Pieces that were last composed ; of which *The Relapse* was the first in order, and consequently the earliest that was proper to be chosen. The subsequent Pieces are but few, and will be inserted at such Times, while this Collection is printing, as the Author shall find himself in a Humour to revise them carefully.

Ver. 28. Her *gentler Sway*.] Meant of Reason.

Ver. 42. *Corse*.] Corpse, or Body.



Simple S I M O N:

O R,

Who was to blame? *

QUOTH SIMON to THOMAS (and shew'd him
his Wife)
See THOMAS! see here! the Delight of my Life.

Look at her again! — Did you ever behold

Such Sweetness, enshrin'd in so charming a Mold?

For conjugal Virtue she never had Peer :

5

To me, all engaging; — to others, severe.

But then to enjoy her! Good Gods! such a Feast

Were fit for a Monarch, — or even a Priest.

Would she but consent, you should taste of the Bliss. —

This Man's my Acquaintance; SUE, grant him a Kiss.

10

SUE yielded; and THOMAS accepted the Grace:

The Husband fate by, and beheld the Embrace;

* The Author was actually present one Evening at a Conversation very much like that which is here recited. He knew THOMAS had Gallantry enough to make use of a less Hint than was now given him, and therefore concluded he would not be wanting to his Character.

O'erjoy'd that his Wife would so far condescend,
As to honour her Spouse, by obliging his Friend.

How suddenly *CUPID* can Poison impart!

It pass'd thro' the Lips, and it tickled the Heart,
They eye'd one another with mutual Good-will;
And *SIMON* commended his Moiety still.

Friend *THOMAS*, you'll visit your Neighbour again
Your Treatment shall always be hearty and plain,
From Eleven till Two I am daily at 'Change:

At any Time else Sir:—Pray, do not make strange!

TOM promis'd: The Bottle went once more about
And then they most courteously lighted him out.

SUE added her Compliment too at the Door:
My Husband has mention'd the Time, Sir, before;
From Eleven till Two he is never at home.—
I hope, Sir, you'll do us the Honour to come.

TOM's Word was repeated: The Sense of the Promise
Appear'd in the Eyes of both *SUSAN* and *THOMAS*.
But *SIMON* was blinded with Love of the Dame.
If *SUSAN* was visited, “Who was to blame?”



Poetical Knight-hood:

To an Old School-Fellow. *

AS Shop-man notes in Day-Book first
 The Goods deliver'd out on Trust;
 Where Names promiscuously are place'd,
 As this comes first, and that comes last;
 From whence, at proper Seasons, He, 5
 (Taught by the Rule of *A, B, C,*)
 Transcribes, in Order, who bought what,—
 This Page for One, for T'other that.
 So I, who traffick to *PARNASSUS*,
 And ryme on most Affairs that pass us, 10

* Written in the Year 1732; and first printed in a small Collection that came out soon after.

Ver. 9. *PARNASSUS*.] A Mountain of *PHOCIS*, (a Province of *ÆOLIA PROPRIA*) sacred to *APOLLO* and the *Muses*, and the pretended Abode of the latter. At the Foot of it was the Mountain *CASTALIUS*, sacred also to the *Muses*.

82 POETICAL KNIGHTHOOD:

Secure in Pocket always keep
 Pen, Ink, and Paper bound in Sheep:
 Nor Time, nor Form can make me doubt,
 When Fancy prompts, to take them out,
 And save from Death my Infant Labours,
 Whether at Home, or at some Neighbour's.

So also (for the Use should be
 Complex, when so the Similé)
 At proper Times, in larger Code,
 My *Vade Mecum* I unload:
 Digesting into sep'rate Parts,
 Tales, Odes, Epistles, Flames and Darts.—

And as, at CHRISTMASS, o'er his Books
 Th' aforesaid honest Tradesman looks;
 To see how Stock in Bus'ness betters,
 And write out Bills upon his Debtors:
 When (after having chose the best,
 And shook his Head at all the rest)
 He sends, or goes himself, to catch

Ver. 20. *My Vade Mecum.*] My Pocket-Book.

Ver. 48. *To DELIA, DAVID, JOHN, or BEN.*] The first
 these Names has already occur'd, in the Ode called, *The Relap*

What ready Money they will fetch. 30

So I, this Morning, took a View

Of all my Poems, old and new ;

To weigh them with a Critic Spirit,

And use them just as they should merit.

The Flames demand the greatest Part ; 35

Some few discover — some Desert ;

These to a Friend I shew'd, and hinted

A mighty Mind to have them printed.—

Why JACK, said he, your Thought in this,
I can't conceive it much amiss: 40

Doubtless, your Friends would all be glad ;

And, Faith! my Int'rest should be had.—

But first, methinks, you ought to know

How much Mankind is pleas'd with Show.

A rising Poet always writes 45

To Dukes, Lords, Ladies, 'Squires, or Knights ;

While you for-ever use your Pen

To DELIA, DAVID, JOHN, or BEN.

The first will be seen again, more than once, in the present Collection. The other three belong to three of the Author's earliest friends ; to one or other of whom, at the Time of writing

84 POETICAL KNIGHTHOOD:

These vulgar Names are what I fear:
 For ten to one the Town will hear
 That BENJAMIN's a Country Quaker,
 And DELIA but a Mantua-maker;
 That DAVID in a Cellar pent is,
 And JOHN's an Oilman's greasy 'Prentice.

I left my Friend without Reply,
 And went to PHOEBUS' Court just by:
 The God was but that Minute up,
 And scarce had drank his Morning Cup.
 (To take a Draught his constant Course is,
 While forth the HORÆ bring his Horses,
 And fix them to their flaming Chariot!
 So bright --- no mortal Eye can bear it.)

this Epistle, he usually communicated all his Verses. This will also be mentioned again else-where, on Account of some of the Pieces inscribed to them.

Ver. 56. PHOEBUS.] APOLLO, or the Sun, the God of Poetry and Physicians, as well as of the Day. He is said to be the Son of JUPITER and LATONA, and Brother of DIANA. Oracles, and the Art of Divination, were antiently attributed to him. The modern Poets, as they have less Opinion of his Divinity, so they make much more free with the Person of their Deity than the Antients did. To pay him a Visit, or receive one from him, is no extraordinary Case: Which proves that his Court is nearer to us, and a Place of more easy Access, than

Not many Ceremonies past,
 My Person known, the God in haste.
 Speak quickly, Friend ; I must not stay : 65
 The Western World expects the Day.
 Dost thou not see how fair AURORA
 Invites me on, and blames my *Mora* ?
 (Note, with APOLLO 'tis no Crime
 To use that Tongue which comes in Ryme.) 70
 As soon as Man can Answer make
 To what Superior Beings speak,
 I told him all I've here told you,
 And humbly ask'd him how to do.
 Do? says APOLLO.—In my Right, 75
 Call BEN, My Lord ; make JOHN a Knight :

it was in the Days of OVID, who has given a pompous Description of it in the second Book of his Metamorphoses.

[Ver. Ver. 60. *The HORÆ.*] The fabulous Daughters of JUPITER and THEMIS. They kept the Gates of Heaven, and looked after the Horses of the Sun while he was at rest, whose Chariot they were also said to get ready every Morning.

[Ver. 67.] AURORA.] The Daughter of TITAN, and Goddess of the Morning. She is said to usher forth the Sun, as herself is ushered forth by LUCIFER. The Meaning of these Fables, and the rest that allude to natural Appearances and Revolutions, is generally pretty obvious.

[Ver. 68. *Mora.*] Delay.

86 POETICAL KNIGHTHOOD, &c.

Let DAVID shine a 'Squire compleat :

Let DELIA keep her Country Seat.

Such Words will give your Writings Strength:—

You need not name their Trades at Length. 80

I made a Bow, and Home I came,

Brim full of Joy, and sacred Flame ;

Corrected all my Poems thro',

And writ, besides, this Scroll to You :

(Assur'd no Fellow in your Plight would 85

Refuse the Dignity of Knighthood :)

This Scroll, which from APOLLO brings

A Title,—sacred 'as from Kings :

Conveying Right for Friends to teize ye

With, Sir—Your Worship—May it please ye! 90

Accept it then, without one more Word,

And be Sir JOHN from this Time forward.

Ver. 89, 90. *Conveying Right, &c.*] This Right, it seems, is now made use of by JOHN's Acquaintance in the Country.





T O
Mr. *H O G A R T H*:
O N H I S
Modern Midnight Conversation.*

S A C R E D to Thee, permit this Lay
Thy Labour, HOGARTH, to display.
Patron and Theme at once to be,
Tis great ; but not too great for Thee :

* A well known Print of that excellent Artist, publish'd before the Act for securing the Property of such Performances was in being. Soon after its appearing, the Author was solicited by a Print-seller, whom he knew, to write some Lines

For Thee, the Poet's constant Friend;
Whose Vein of Humour knows no End.

Perhaps in CHAUCER's antient Page
We view the HOGARTH of his Age:
Upon the Canvas first, like Thine,
His deathless Characters might shine,
So should some Bard, with equal Art,
Collect the Hints Thy Works impart,
Three hundred Years his Name might raise
To Thy great Dividend of Praise.

for a Copy of it that was then engraving. As Custom, at that Time, had given a Sanction to such Kind of Piracies, among the Print-sellers of all Degrees, he made no Scruple of complying with the Request. But, on attempting to make good his Engagement, the Subject so pleas'd him, that, instead of a plain Description of the Print, which was the Thing desired, he ran into an Address to its ingenious Author, and produced the Epistle which here appears. The Piece, as it now stands (except a very few Alterations and Additions) was published entire under the said Copy: But was afterwards mangled by other Print-sellers, and even by the same, to put under several Copies of different Sizes, where Scraps of it were sometimes inserted among Verses by other Hands. As Mr HOGARTH's Print is a better Commentary on this Epistle, than ever this was on that, it is hoped that Gentleman will excuse the inserting a small Copy of it, in a Place where it is so very necessary as well as ornamental, and where it cannot be deemed any Invasion of his Property.

Alas! that Picture should decay!

15

That Words alone can Wit convey!

But Words remain: O may this Verse

Remain, thy Honour to rehearse!

This Verse, which, honest to thy Fame,

Has join'd thy Praises and thy Name!

20

Who can be dull, when to his Eyes

Such various Scenes of Humour rise?

We wonder, while we laugh, to see

Ev'n BUTLER's Wit improv'd by Thee.

Ver. 7. CHAUCER.] GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the Father of ENGLISH Poetry, who in his principal Work, The CANTERBURY Tales, "has taken in, as Mr. DRYDEN expresses it, the various Manners and Humours (as we now call them) of the whole ENGLISH Nation in his Age. All his Pilgrims are distinguished from each other; and not only in their Inclinations, but in their very Physiognomies and Persons, &c." [ref. to DRYDEN's Fables.] This happy Talent of describing human Nature, as it appears in the World, makes him a proper Parallel to the Character with which he is here introduced. Tho' it may be thought scarcely pardonable in a Poet, that he hath sacrificed the Glory of one of the Greatest of his Name to the Supposition of his having copied from the HOGARTH of his Age; yet, perhaps, this Idea of a Picture, representing CHAUCER and his Twenty-nine Fellow-Pilgrims at their Inn in SOUTHWARK, may not be disagreeable.

Ver 24. BUTLER's Wit.] In his HUDIBRAS, to which Mr. HOGARTH design'd and engrav'd a Set of humorous Cuts.

Thy Harlot pleas'd, and warn'd us too.——

25

What will not gay Instruction do?

Here we behold, in what unite

The Priest, the Beau, the Cit, the Bite;

Where Law and Physick join the Sword,

And Justice deigns to crown the Board;

30

How *Modern Midnight Conversations*

Mingle all Faculties and Stations.

Full to the Sight, and next the Bowl,

Sits the Physician of the Soul:

No loftier Themes his Thought pursues

35

Than Punch, good Company, and Dues.

Easy, and careless what may fall,

He hears, consents, and fills to all;

Proving it plainly, by his Face,

That Cassocks are no Signs of Grace.

40

Next him a Son of BELIAL see:

Ver. 25. *Thy Harlot.*] *The Harlot's Progress*, in six Prints published by Mr. HOGARTH not long before his *Modern Midnight Conversation*.

Ver. 33. *Full to the Sight, &c.*] It will be easily perceived what Figure of the Print is alluded to in each of the following Paragraphs, tho' the Author is not certain that he has

25 (That Heav'n and SATAN should agree!)
 Warm'd, and wound up to proper Height,
 He vows, still to maintain the Fight;
 The brave, surviving Priest assails, 45
 And fairly damns the First that fails:
 30 Then toasts a Bumper to *The Best*.——
 The Doctor smokes the meaning Jest;
 And, mindful of his fav'rite Lads,
 Repeats the Health, and bids it pass. 50
 What Hand but Thine so well could draw
 35 A formal Barrister at Law?
 Behold! united in his Look,
 FITZHERBERT, LITTLETON, and COKE.
 His spacious Wig conceals his Ears; 55
 Yet the dull, plodding Beast appears:
 40 His Muscles seem exact to fit
 Much Noise, much Pride, and not much Wit.

fix Print, mistaken Mr. HOGARTH's Sense in one or two of them.
 Modern Mif- he has, it is the less material, because we are assured under
 perceived the Original, that there is not *one meant Resemblance* there.
 the follow- Ver. 54. FITZHERBERT, LITTLETON, and COKE.] Three
 hat he has- nous ENGLISH Lawyers, who wrote in different Ages, the
 of them about the Beginning of the seventeenth Century.

The Man of Honour and the Knave,
 For diff'rent Purposes, look grave :
 Who then is He, with solemn Phiz,
 Upon his Elbows pois'd at Ease?
 Not the first Man, who drinking deep,
 Has broke the Peace, he swore to keep:
 To act a Crime, and paint the Shame,
 Are oft' the Province of the same :
 Heav'n, Whoring, Bribes, and Reformation,
 Make up true Midnight Conversation.

What MACHIAVEL behold we now,
 With Patriot Cares upon his Brow?
 Alas! that Punch should have the Fate
 To drown the Pilot of the State!
 That, while both Sides his Pocket holds,
 (Nor D'ANVERS grieves, nor OSBORNE scolds)
 He drops the Bus'ness of the Realm,
 And leaves the FRENCH to Folks at Helm!

Ver. 73. *Both Sides his Pocket holds.*] In the Original, and the larger Copies, on the Papers that hang out of the Politician's Pocket at the End of the Table, was writ, *The Great*

When CIVIS tells, with watry Eyes,

How Credit sinks, and Taxes rise;

At Parliaments and Great Men frets;

Recounts his Losses, and his Debts;

80

His Language in his Looks appears,

And he who sees Thy Picture, hears.

The puny Fop, Mankind's Disgrace,

The Ladies' Jest, and Dressing-Glass;

Who meets us with a motley Scene

85

Of Snuff-Box, Powder-Bag, and Cane;

This He-she Martyr of Debauch

Thy Pencil brands with foul Reproach.

See! where the Relict of the Wars,

Deep mark'd with honourable Scars,

90

A mightier Foe has caus'd to yield

Than ever MARLBRO' met in Field!

See! prostrate on the Earth he lies;

And learn, ye Soldiers! to be wise.

nal, and
the Pol
The Cr
an, and, *The London Journal*. There was not Room here to
express them both.
Ver. 91. *A mightier Foe.*] The Liquor.

Flush'd with the Fumes of gen'rous Wine,
 Lo! GLYSTER's Face begins to shine :
 With Eyes half-clos'd, in stamm'ring Strain,
 He speaks the Praise of rich CHAMPAIGN ;
 Calls it — the Physick of the Gods :
 And, while like Jove he greatly nods,
 His trembling Hand, by Fortune led,
 Applies it to the Captain's Head.

Thro' active Life surpriz'd we trace
 Thy manly Satire's varied Grace :
 But wonder more that Grace to find
 Display'd on Cyphers of our Kind.
 Mere Expletives in human Form,
 Thy Genius, bold, expressive, warm,
 In Strength of Character can show :
 Profoundly drunk th' insipid Beau ;
 With Face averse th' unsocial Brute ;
 Each thoughtless, motionless, and mute.

Ver. 103—112] Added since this Epistle was first printed.

Ver. 117, 118. LEVI—JUSTIN—BALLANCE.] The Priest
 the Lawyer, and the Justice. The following Names need no
 Explanation.

Ver. 124. CATO]. The Cenfor, whose Gravity was proverbial

'Tis Thine, a Lesson to impart
In each free Effort of thy Art.

'Tis Thine, O Learn'd in Nature's Laws! 115

To shew us how one pow'rful Cause

Makes LEVI swell, and JUSTIN sneer;

To BALLANCE gives the conscious Leer;

Bids RANTER roar, and TRADE-ILL weep,

And lulls poor INDOLENCE to Sleep! 120

How mighty Wine, to various Shapes,

Transforms the Tribe of human Apes!

From Me 'tis dull, what from Thy Hand

Might ev'n a CATO's Smile command!

Th' expiring Snuffs; the Bottles broke; 125

And the full Bowl at four a Clock;

The num'rous Reck'ning on the Shelf;

Who can describe them but Thyself?

In vain we ransack ROME or GREECE,

To match this Conversation-Piece: 130

Ver. 127. *The num'rous Reck'ning on the Shelf.*] Empty Bottles.

Ver. 129. *In vain, &c.*] Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE has conceived not only the Name, but the very Being of Humour, to the ENGLISH Nation: It is allow'd indeed, that he has carried the Point too far; but then it is agreed, that no People, an-

In vain our Follies would advance
 The Names of ITALY and FRANCE.
 Labour and Art else-where we see;
 But Native Humour strong in Thee.
 In Thee!—But Parallels are vain!
 A great Original remain:
 Go on to lash our reigning Crimes;
 And live --- the Censor of the Times!

tient or modern, that we know of, ever equalled the English therein. Tho' this hath hitherto been meant peculiarly of Humour in Writing, it is thought we may now extend it to Painting and Sculpture.

Ver. 137. *Go on, &c.*] Mr. HOGARTH has since published divers satirical Prints on the Vices and Follies of the Age, besides several humorous ones of another Kind.





To Mr. *H O G A R T H*:

ON HIS

S O U T H W A R K F A I R. *

HOGARTH, while thus Thy Pencil roves,
And while the World it paints, approves;
Shall He who sung Thy *MIDNIGHT*, dare
Attempt the Beauties of Thy *FAIR*?

Here various Arts, with annual Strife, J
Allure the Taste of smart Low-Life :
Each rival *STENTOR* roars aloud,
To drown the Rest, and dupe the Croud :
The tinsel'd Heroes catch the Sight,
And *ANDREW*'s mimic Tricks invite ; IO

* A Print that was published not long after the former, but which could not be here copied, on Account of the great Number of Figures it contains. For the Writing of this Epistle the same Apology may serve that was made for the other.

Ver. 7. *STENTOR*.] This was the Name of a *GREEK* at the Siege of *TROY*, whose Voice is said to have been louder than the Voices of fifty Men together. Hence the Word *STENTOR* became a common Appellation for a loud, noisy Fellow.

H

Contending Drums and Trumpets found,
At once to charm, and to confound.

In bold Defiance spread, appears
The Standard of the Mutineers;
Where, in the hum'rous Patent War,
We trace the Fancy of LAGUERRE.
The costly Scroll see HIGHMORE shows,
To calm the Fury of his Foes!

See FALSTAFF's Paunch, and PISTOL's Pride!
While safe the LAUREAT laughs aside!

Here DRURY Monarchs stoop to bear
The low Fatigue of SOUTHWARK-FAIR:
Their Scaffold sinking, like their State,
Points out the various Turns of Fate:

Ver. 14. *The Standard of the Mutineers.*] A Picture of the Squabble in 1733, between the Manager and Players of DRURY-LANE Theatre. It was done from a Design of Mr. LAGUERRE.

Ver. 17. HIGHMORE.] A Painter, at that Time Master of the Theatre in DRURY-LANE, the Patent of which he had purchased of COLLEY CIBBER, Esq; Poet-Laureat, and others.

Ver. 20. FALSTAFF and PISTOL.] These two Characters, at that Time were usually performed by Mr. HARPER, and Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER, Son of the LAUREAT.

What dire Destruction DISCORD brings 25

Ev'n on the sacred Heads of Kings!

Who can behold, without a Smile,

How, 'midst the Ruins of the Pile,

Great HENRY eyes his falling Queen,

And sees — whatever may be seen? 30

Who that observes the Monkey cling,

And mighty PICKLE trembling swing,

Can long survey with solemn Face

Those rival Mimicks of our Race?

Here Puppet Kings, in SETTLE's Verse, 35

The TROJAN Wars at large rehearse:

Or, simply clad, the Patriarchs tell

How Woman stray'd, and Mankind fell.

Ver. 23. *Their Scaffold sinking.*] In the Print alluded to, the Scaffold of one of the Booths is tumbling, which occasions the Postures hereafter given to one of the Queens, PICKLE-HERRING, the Monkey, and other principal Actors.

Ver. 29. *Great HENRY.*] In the Droll of FAIR ROSAMOND, one of those that are most commonly performed.

Ver. 35. *SETTLE's Verse.*] MR. ELKANAH SETTLE, formerly City Poet, was Author of the Siege of TROY, a Tragi-Comedy, written for the Edification of the Populace at their annual Fairs.

It moves the conscious City Dame,
Who sighs, and shares her Mother's Shame. 40

From Courts, and Camps, and antient Days,
To humbler Shows the 'Prentice strays;
Where Hocus chews the burning Flax,
Or where young LOUIS struts in Wax:
To see the SAXON's mighty Shape, 45
Or in the Box for Halfpence peep:
While doleful Bag-pipes grate the Ear,
And Booths regale with crabbed Beer.

There YEATS and PINCHBECK change the Scenes
To Slight of Hand, and Clock-Machines. 50
First num'rous Eggs are lay'd, and then
The pregnant Bag brings forth a Hen.

Ver. 44. *Young LOUIS.*] LOUIS XV. King of FRANCE, his Queen, Children, Prime Minister, &c. were this Year exhibited, in SMITHFIELD and THE BOROUGH, at very reasonable Prices, to Spectators of all Degrees. Our Author, however, had forgot himself in regard to the Matter of which these great Personages were made; the whole Town having been informed, by the Master of their Ceremonies, that they were of a Composition *far exceeding Wax*.

Ver. 45. *The SAXON.*] A very Tall Man, with a long Name, the only Part of which that we remember was MAXIMILIAN. His Reputation was soon eclips'd, by the Exhibition of a Taller

So much for nothing at the Door,

Within 'tis wonderful — be sure!

For Food and Fame some place their Hopes 55

In various Postures on the Ropes.

Perhaps, if Justice prove his Friend,

Who dances now, may next suspend.

See how the LOUts, with eager Stare,

Own CUPID's Reign, ev'n in a Fair! 60

Smit with the painted Drummer's Face,

They long to try the leud Embrace.

Ah Lads! 'tis Poison all within:

To 'scape the Pain, avoid the Sin!

Rais'd on a Pole, the silver'd Hat 65

Provokes the Swains to fell Debate;

Man, from some other Country, on one of our Public Stages. Since that the Town has been instructively amused by a *Tall Woman of our own Growth*. Unluckily for the Reader, the Author is not possess'd of any Memoirs concerning these *extraordinary Bodies*.

Ver. 49. YEATS and PINCHBECK.] Two celebrated Jugglers, Rivals in their Profession.

Ver. 59, &c.] Allude to two Country Figures, that seem charm'd with a Female Drummer belonging to one of the Shows.

Ver. 66. *Fell Debate*.] At Back-sword.

While Nymphs behold, with envious Eyes,
 Where waves aloft the ruffled Prize.
 Bear off who can th' athletic Fame,
 'Tis his, to catch the swiftest Dame!

When we the boist'rous Tipstaff note,
 Seizing a Monarch by the Throat;
 While buskin'd Royalty submits,
 Trembling and pale, to common Writs;
 The injur'd King shall we deplore,
 And turn our Thoughts to CHARLES of yore;
 Or smile at all the Pomp of Dress,
 And, clad in Purple, SCRUB confess?

The HOCKLEY Brave might I rehearse;
 How scarr'd, how mounted, and how fierce:
 And turn to various sprightly Scenes,
 Where HUMOUR smiles, or SATIRE grins:
 Where Cheat and Whore Sir SIMON part;
 One picks his Pocket, one his Heart:

Ver. 68. *The ruffled Prize.*] A Holland Smock, to be run for

Ver. 71, &c.] One of the Players, in his Theatric Dress, is represented as felzed by a Sheriff's Officer, and in great Contumeliation at the Indignity offered to his Person.

Where Six for one invites to Dice, 85
Till the gull'd Coxcomb damns the Vice.

But who this Painting can pursue ;
And touch the Thought, as That the View ?
The Passion printed in the Face,
Each Figure's Character we trace. 90

Knaves, Jilts, Buffoons, Dupes old and young,
Unite to form one motley Throng ;
And SOUTHWARK-FAIR, depicted here,
Henceforth shall please us all the Year.

Ver. 79. *The HOCKLEY Brave.*] A Gladiator, or, as it is usually phrased, a Master of the Science of Defence. HOCKLEY IN THE HOLE is a celebrated GYMNASIUM for Heroes of this Order.





THE
ABDICATION of *VENUS*.

THE Queen of Love was lately seen,
In all her State, on BETHNAL-GREEN.
The little CUPIDS, hov'ring round,
Pitch'd her Pavilion on the Ground.

Since DELIA left DIANA's Train,
'Twas much disputed on the Plain,
What Nymph successive Pow'r should boast,
And reign, the First acknowledg'd Toast.

Thro' ev'ry Maze of Mode and Wit
The Ladies drefs'd, their Lovers writ:

Ver. I. *The Queen of Love.*] Tho' it be well known that VENUS is the poetical Queen, or Goddess, of Love, Beauty, and Pleasure; yet it will not be amiss to add a Particular or two concerning this fabulous Deity, which every one is not so well acquainted with. As different Accounts are given of her Production, some are of Opinion that three Persons were united to make up this Divinity of Lovers. The first VENUS, the Mother of CUPID and the GRACES, was Daughter of COELUM and THE DAY: The Second arose from the Froth of the Sea:

The Abdication of VENUS. 105

In vain! till Care of Beauty's Fame
Drew downward Love's celestial Dame.

The News, that IDA's Queen was near,
Reach'd each contending Fair-One's Ear :
From all the Hamlets round they pour ; 15
Not HYDE-PARK Ring could furnish more.

Where ANNA's Zeal, and GEORGE's Care,
Bid a new Church her Honours rear,
Thence CÆLIA came, amidst a Throng,
That wonder'd as she pass'd along. 20

A-while the Goddess view'd the Croud :
Each was importunate and loud.
CÆLIA alone no Rhet'rick tries,
But that which Nature gave her Eyes.

The Third, the Mother of ÆNEAS, was Daughter of JUPITER and DIONE. This latter was married to VULCAN, the most deformed of all the Gods. A great Number of Gallantries are attributed to her, particularly with MARS and ANCHISES. However, in general, the Actions and Amours of all three are so blended together, that Authors are content to ascribe them universally to one compounded Personage.

Ver. 17, 18. *Where ANNA's Zeal, and GEORGE's Care, Bid a new Church, &c.* SPITAL-FIELDS.

106 The Abdication of VENUS.

The Queen, unable to decide,
Cries, Be your sep'rate Merits try'd.
In comely Order strait they move;
Each led by some officious LOVE.

At last, array'd by ev'ry GRACE,
With careless Air, and easy Pace,
The honour'd, envy'd CÆLIA came,
While smiling CUPIDS own'd the Dame.

Confounded, VENUS left her Throne:
Fair Mortal! take, said she, your own.
What earthly Nymph shall dare contest
Your Sov'reignty, by Heav'n confest?



CÆLIA



CÆLIA's Sovereignty.

I.

WHEN CYTHERÆA came to see
What Beauties dwelt below,

CÆLIA, she said, shall Sov'reign be;
CUPID was call'd, and charg'd, that he
Should guard her with his Bow.

5

II.

At first unhurt her Charms I saw;

Yet own'd her heav'nly fair:

But CUPID soon commanded Awe;

Took up his Bow, and cry'd, I'll draw,

If you stand gazing there!

10

III.

Can CUPID think me then afraid

Of what those Darts can do?

My Heart shall never be betray'd

To any proud imperious Maid:—

I scorn both Her and You.

15

Ver. 1. *When CYTHERÆA, &c.*] Alluding to the preced-

IV.

Traitor, said he, and dost thou dare
 My Vengeance thus provoke?
 Know, since thou dost, I will not spare.—
 Rebel to LOVE, have at thee there.—
 Nor was't in vain he spoke.

V.

At once my Heart transfix'd I found :
 O who can paint the Pain !
 Then, with a light, insulting Bound,
 The God came near, and view'd my Wound:
 Now mock, said he, again.

VI.

In CÆLIA's Ear I sung my Grief:
 The haughty Nymph reply'd,
 Fond Youth! from Me, my Sex its Chief,
 Pity thou hast, without Relief;
 So Hundreds have beside.

ing Piece. VENUS is called CYTHERÆA from the Island C
 THERA, antiently sacred to her.



To *S T E L L A*. *

I.

WH Y will my *STELLA* mourn away
 The Time that Nature bids be gay,
 From all dull Thinking free?
 The clouded Brow, the heaving Sigh,
 The pouting Lip, and watry Eye,
 Were never meant for Thee.

5

II.

Be not unhappy thro' thy Fault :
 Alas! 'tis only in thy Thought ;
 A Phantom of the Mind.
 Drive, drive it thence ; —'tis Thine to prove
 The soft Delights of mutual Love :
 Be blith, be frank, be kind.

10

III.

Permit thy Father's drooping Age
 His youthful Wars again to wage,

* On seeing her in Tears, on Account of the Behaviour of
 an imperious young Step-mother.

And quench a feeble Flame :

Why shou'd the Nymph provoke thy Tears ?

'Tis not for blooming Eighteen Years

To dread the proudest Dame.

IV.

The diff'rent Honours that are paid

To Her the Mistress, Thee the Maid,

'Tis childish to deplore :

Shake from thy Soul that servile Awe ;

Receive the milder Marriage Law,

And be a Maid no more.

V.

Canst thou not play the Tyrant too ?

'Twould grieve her haughty Soul, to view

A Rival in her Slave.

STELLA, the Means are in thy Power :

See STREPHON panting for the Hour :

O give him Leave to save !





Hem! R O G E R. *

T WAS cold, and young ROGER had Leave
 To cleave some dry Blocks, to recruit his Wife's ^{from the 'Squire}
 When, at every Blow, from his Stomach there broke ^{Fire;}
 A Hem! or a Hab! near as loud as the Stroke.

His Wife ask'd the Reason, surpriz'd not a little. 5
 Quoth HODGE, It redoubles the Force of my Beetle;
 And while Voice and Members at once thus employ'd
 I drive the Wedge further, and make the Slit wider. ^{are,}

Attentive JOAN heard, and was silent 'till Night,
 When ROGER performing the conjugal Rite, 10
 In the midst of the rapturous, amorous Game,
 She pinch'd him, and pull'd him, and bid him cry,
 Hem!

* In Imitation of BUCHANAN'S *Rusticus*. Vide Miscell.
 Hem Lib.

HODGE knew what she meant, but unable to give
 A Comfort so long as the Dame could receive;
 Ah! JOAN, said the Rustick, 'twill *now* do no Good:-
 I strive but to *bore* Thee, not *cleave* Thee like Wood.



THOMAS and SUSAN.

SUE thus had complain'd to young THOMAS
 I kick my own Ankles, and oft' make them fore-
 When TOM took Occasion one Day to intrude
 So far, that in earnest she told him, 'Twas rude.-
 Pish! pish! cry'd the Swain, SUE, be not faint-
 All Things that are quarrelsome, Child, should be





To Dr. Y O U N G:

On Reading some of his Works.

AND must it be as Thou hast sung,
Celestial Bard, seraphic YOUNG?

Will there no Trace, no Point be found
Of all this spacious glorious Round?

Yon Lamps of Light, must they decay?

3

On Nature's Self Destruction prey?

Then Fame, the most immortal Thing

Ev'n Thou canst hope, is on the Wing.

Shall NEWTON's System be admir'd,

When Time and Motion are expir'd?

10

Shall Souls be curious to explore

Who rul'd an Orb that is no more?

Or shall they quote the pictur'd Age,

From POPE's and Thy corrective Page,

Ver. 1. *As thou hast sung.*] In his Poem on the Last Day.

Ver. 14. *POPE's and Thy corrective Page.*] Their Satires on
several Vices and Follies of the Age.

When Vice and Virtue lose their Name
 In deathless Joy, or endless Shame?
 While wears away the Grand Machine,
 The Works of Genius shall be seen :
 Beyond, what Laurels can there be,
 For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, or Thee?
 Thro' Life we chase, with fond Pursuit,
 What mocks our Hope, like SODOM's Fruit:
 And sure, Thy Plan was well design'd,
 To cure this Madness of the Mind;
 First, beyond Time our Thoughts to raise;
 Then lash our Love of transient Praise.
 In both, we own thy Doctrine just;
 And Fame's a Breath, and Men are Dust.

VER. 22. SODOM'S *Fruit*.] JOSEPHUS says, "that the Fruits which grow about the Lake of SODOM have a fine outward Appearance, and seem to the Sight to be good to eat; but they are full of Ashes, and, when opened, fly away in Dust." B. Mr. MAUNDRELL assures us, that when he was there, at the End of the last Century, he neither saw nor heard of any such Fruit thereabouts. JOSEPH. de Bell. Lib. v. cap. 5. MAUNDRELL'S Journey from Aleppo, &c.

VER. 25, 26.] The first of these Lines alludes to his *Love* Day, and the other to his *Satires on Love of Fame*, the Universal Passion.



Every Man in his Way :

A T A L E. *

ONE Art, Philosophers maintain,
Is full sufficient for one Brain ;
And He who made us Men, design'd
For such a Science, such a Mind.

Hence they, who ne'er profess too much, 5
Give what they do the nicer Touch ;
Hence he, who HORACE never read,
May have all EUCLID in his Head.

* Written in the Year 1732, chiefly on Account of the Reflections with which it is introduced and applied. The Story, however, is not wholly invented.

Ver. 1—4.] One Man, for the generality, is not only incapable of excelling in more than one Art, but, in order to arrive at Excellence, must apply to that peculiar Art for which his Genius is turned.

Ver. 7, 8. HORACE—EUCLID.] These two Authors in particular are mentioned, because they teach the Principles of their several Arts, the first of Poetry, and the latter of Mathematicks. HORACE is well known to have lived in the Reign of AUGUSTUS, a very short Time before the Nativity of CHRIST. EUCLID was born at MEGARA, and flourished about 330 Years

Nay POPE goes farther yet, and shows
 Poor mortal Man so little knows,
 That, to succeed, the Sons of Wit
 A single Science oft' should split,
 Each taking up a Part ; — and brings
 A curious Simile from Kings,
 Who lose the Conquests gain'd before,
 By striving still to make them more.

'Tis true, to Minds of vulgar Mould,
 By Wit and Genius uncontroul'd ;
 Who round one beaten Circle move,
 Have no new Thought, nor old improve ;
 To such, there can be little odds,
 If wooden Stools they make, or Gods :

before CHRIST. His Elements have always been in the highest Repute.

Ver. 9. *Nay POPE, &c.*] In his Essay on Criticism, Verse 68

*One Science only will one Genius fit ;
 So vast is Art, so narrow human Wit :
 Not only bounded to peculiar Arts,
 But oft in those confin'd to single Parts.
 Like Kings we lose the Conquests gain'd before,
 By vain Ambition still to make them more.*

The Lump which animates their Frame,
In Smith and Taylor's much the same.

But when some Giant Soul descends, 25
Infus'd but for the noblest Ends ;

To raise Mankind, improve an Age,
And shine on Life's important Stage ;

Tis then a Case of great Concern,
The Sense of Providence to learn ; 30

To chuse that Character alone,
Which forming Nature makes his own.

Learn from the Instance I now mention,
The Scope and Force of my Intention.

SILVIO, a rural Bard, who long 35
Had charm'd the Country with his Song ;

Ver. 17, &c.] These Remarks, so just with regard to People of Genius, are not to be extended to Men of the meanest Capacity: Tho' perhaps, if we consider the Matter closely, there are none even of these, who may not succeed better at one particular Employment than at any other. The Difference of their Success, however, is so very small, that there can be no great Error in saying it is *much the same* what they chuse: Whereas, with regard to People of Genius, the Choice of their Studies is a Matter of the utmost Importance.

Nor unsuccessful fought Renown
 Among th' Anonymous in Town;
 Now just began to print his Name,
 Confess'd — a Candidate for Fame.

Warm'd with Desire of Royal Praise,
 And the Reversion of the Bays;
 No Birth, nor Coronation Day,
 Unfung by SILVIO past away.
 The Courtly Taste He knew to please,
 With graceful Strength, and manly Ease;
 Was Master of such fine Address,
 No living Bard with more Success
 The Charms of Beauty could rehearse;
 Or in sublimer, smoother Verse,
 Could waft his Monarch safely over,
 When just embarking for HANOVER;
 And quell the stormy, subject Main,
 When our Dread Liege return'd again.

Ver. 50. *Or in sublimer, smoother Verse* — *Could waft, &c.*
 Alluding to the usual Custom of asserting his Majesty's Sovereignty over the Sea on these Occasions, and commanding the Winds and Waves to know their Duty.

Yet, in his Works admir'd alone, 55
 Still SILVIO's Person was unknown :
 His Native Soil, of that possess'd,
 Was thought by all supremely blest'd:
 Her verdant Meads, and shady Groves,
 Were now the Seats of Nymphs and Loves: 60
 Each rising Hill, and River, shines
 A God, or Goddess, in his Lines.

But when the Press demands his Care,
 The vocal Woods their Bard must spare ;
 Tho' all his gay Creation mourn'd 65
 Its Beauty lost, 'till He return'd.

For this to Town the Poet came,
 When first his Soul conceiv'd a Flame ;
 His Heart when MIRA strongly charm'd,
 And his Resolves at once disarm'd. 70

Now ev'ry Post to MIRA brings
 What Love inspires, and SILVIO sings ;

Ver. 59. *Her verdant Meads, &c.*] Descriptive Poetry animates almost every Thing in Nature.

Ver. 63. *The Press.*] The Printing-Press, at the Time of publishing any of his Pieces. I 4

The genuine Passion of his Breast,
 In ev'ry Grace of Diction drest:
 Each well-turn'd Line was amply fraught
 With melting Tenderneſs of Thought ;
 Such moving Warmth, as muſt controul
 The Springs of MIRA's gentle Soul.

What Verſe can do on gen'rous Minds,
 In MIRA each Obſerver finds :
 The rival Youths, who ſhar'd before
 Alternate Joy, now hope no more :
 Nor could the Nymph forbear to tell
 How much the Charms of Wit excel.

Th' enamour'd Bard ſhe once had ſeen,
 Nor then diſlik'd his manly Mien :
 His Genius now the Image feeds,
 And in her Soul the Youth proceeds ;
 The dear Idea hourly ſwells
 'Till SILVIO all Mankind excels ;

Ver. 81. *The rival Youths.*] Her other Suitors.

Ver. 89. *The dear Idea hourly ſwells—Till, &c.*] Daily Obſervation may inform us, if we have not learn'd it from Experience, that Perſons heartily in Love not only magnify all the real Excellencies

Till in him centers — all that she

Can wish in Man, or Man can be.

Now, join'd in Soul, the Bard and Maid

Each other's ardent Vows repaid;

While mighty LOVE, with equal Sway,

95

Had fix'd the Consummation-Day.

The Female Taste we so revere,

On which we build our Hope and Fear,

That no Success our Pride can move

More strongly than Success in Love.

100

SILVIO ('till now no Woman's Prize,)

Looks on himself with MIRA's Eyes;

Vainly receives the Nymph's Applause;

But all along mistakes the Cause.

No Woman's Heart was ever won

105

(He falsely thought) by Sense alone:

His Person, merely, MIRA priz'd

From meaner Motives, thus disguis'd.

of the adorable Object, but give it as many new ones as may serve
to fill up their Idea of Perfection. Nor is it the Lover alone that
is thus Knack of deceiving himself: Almost all of us do the same,
in regard to our favourite Systems of every Kind.

This dull Mistake of vulgar Souls,
 “ That Fancy all the Fair controuls,”
 Too much prevails in gen’rous Minds,
 While Prejudice or Custom blinds :
 But who the Sex have study’d well,
 Have often found their Taste excel ;
 That Women, with sublimest Views,
 In Love and Life know how to chuse.

Well-read in Books, unread in Men,
 You had all SILVIO from his Pen.
 His sprightly Thoughts from Nature flow’d,
 And in the Page forever glow’d :
 But from his Lips they coldly fell,
 Nor with enliv’ning Accents swell ;
 While modest Blushes paint his Cheeks,
 And most, when to the Fair he speaks.

Ver. 109. *This dull Mistake, &c.*] The Author desires that this Paragraph, and some others of the same Kind that shall be pointed out, may be remembred by all his fair Readers, in order to their being set in the Scale against such other Passages in his Writings, as may seem to bear a little hard on the Foibles of the Sex. If this be done, he does not question but his Respect for the soft Part of the Creation will be found vastly to preponderate.

So bashful simple Nature proves,

125

Ere Vice informs, or Int'rest moves.

But now the Error, rooted deep,

Fills all his Soul, and haunts his Sleep!

No more he courts the Muses' Aid,

To bend an unrelenting Maid :

130

The Muses' Flights are idle Dreams,

And Verse a vain Amusement seems :

That Charm the Conquest must improve,

Which MIRA's Passion first could move :

Convince'd that Charm was only Show,

135

Sudden the Scholar shines a Beau ;

Sudden appears at MIRA's Feet,

In his Dishonour dress'd compleat,

A Genius, like a River, flows

Serenely smooth, if naught oppose :

140

Ver. 139. *A Genius, like a River, &c.*] The Instances of what is here affirmed are so very numerous, that the Maxim will hardly admit of any Exception. Every one that is acquainted either with History or the World, must have remark'd many Extravagancies in Men of the greatest Talents, that Persons of sober common Sense would never have been guilty of. A philosophical Reason for this may possibly be drawn from the Activity and Impetuosity of their Imaginations.

But when diverted from its Course,
 It errs with an uncommon Force ;
 Breaks violent thro' Reason's Bounds ;
 And the whole Man at once confounds.

How great, how just the Nymph's Surprise, 145
 When his new Art the Poet tries !
 When, in the fervent Lover's Place,
 She finds dull Form, and low Grimace !
 How awkward seems th' affected Youth,
 Practis'd alone in simple Truth !
 Each Word he spoke, each Step he trod,
 Was all ridiculous and odd ;
 Unlike the First of Human Kind,
 Unlike the Picture in her Mind.

Love, from some brighter Part begun, 155
 O'er the whole Object learns to run ;
 That Part which strikes the Lover's Soul,
 Expands, and wounds without Controul.

Ver. 155. *Love, from some brighter Part begun, &c.* The
 Counterpart of what was before said, Ver. 87, &c. For as Fancy
 has the most considerable Share in betraying us to the Slavery
 of that Passion which we commonly call *Love* ; the same plastic

But if the Passion should decay,

Soon the new Beauties fade away ;

160

That single Charm remains alone,

And quickly wants the Force of One.

So o'er her Heart had SILVIO sway'd,

While with his Verse he warm'd the Maid :

By that bold Feature she could plan

165

The Model of a perfect Man ;

Pleas'd, in one Excellence, to trace

Politeness, Form, and ev'ry Grace.

So, now the Youth his Soul expos'd,

And all it's Weaknesses disclos'd,

170

With less'ning Fires she inly burn'd,

'Till to Respect her Passion turn'd :

Ev'n cold Respect could not remain ;

It dwindled soon to mere Disdain.

BELLAIR, who once before possess'd

175

The highest Seat in MIRA's Breast,

Power, when it once revolts from the agreeable Captivity, not only brings us off from all our extravagant Ideas of the Person we admire, but even lessens those Motives of Esteem which are just and well-founded.

Beheld with Joy the Bard's Disgrace,
 And with new Vows resum'd his Place.
 SILVIO retir'd, in mournful Verse
 The Nymph's Unkindness to rehearse:
 While the polite, the gay BELLAIR,
 Triumphant, bore away the Fair.

GENTEEL Address requires an Art,
 Nor Rules, nor Reading can impart;
 Nor Wit can grasp, nor Sense produce,
 Without free Nature, and long Use.
 WHISTON as well might scale the Moon,
 As a raw Youth could reach it soon.

Genteel Address! 'tis all we need;
 'Tis all that charms in ev'ry Deed.
 Which proves—no Instance could be apter
 To clear the Doctrine of this Chapter.

'Tho' SENESINO's Voice be moving,
 Such poor Address hath he in loving,
 That for some Lady should he languish,

Ver. 187. WHISTON.] A celebrated Mathematician and Astronomer.

Ver. 193. SENESINO.] Vox, & præterea nihil.

The World would wonder at his Anguish :

And should she melt, you'd cry, God bleſs her !

And ſwear, Old SATAN muſt poſſeſs her.

Tho' Wit has but one common Name,

In diff'rent Modes 'tis not the ſame.

200

FACUNDUS charms us in Diſcourſe,

Whoſe Thoughts on Paper have no Force :

While SERIO writes with graceful Eaſe,

Yet wants in Converſe Pow'r to pleaſe.

'Tis not but each deſerves our Praise ;

205

But Nature gives it diff'rent Ways :

Let This talk little, That not write,

And both ſeem witty, learn'd, polite.

The Point of Ridicule lies here :

" We are not what we would appear."

210

Learn well our Parts, and act no more,

The World applauds ; the Laugh is o'er.

Each in our Sphere we move with Eaſe,

Well pleas'd with all, whiſt all we pleaſe.

To



TO A M E L I A.

ACCCEPT, Fair Maid, this Billetdoux;
 'Tis meant in earnest, and to You.
 Believe, for once, what's writ in Rhime;
 And pardon my presumptuous Crime.

The Proverb says, "'Tis wrong to sport
 " With what may give a serious Hurt;"
 And Men below, and Gods above,
 All own th' Omnipotence of LOVE:
 LOVE, long the Subject of my Jest;
 But now the Tyrant of my Breast;
 But now enabled to controul,
 As Thy Vicegerent, all my Soul.

'Twas at my Aunt's, one Ev'ning late,
 Upon Thy Knees the Rover fate.

Ver. 5, 6. *The Proverb says, &c.] 'Tis ill jesting with Edge-tool*
 which may naturally enough be paraphrased into the Words here
 made use of.

Too well he knew me for his Foe! 15

Too soon resolv'd my Overthrow!

As thick as Hail his Arrows came:

My Heart receiv'd the pointed Flame.

For CUPID's Darts (I find it true)

Not only wound, but burn us too. 20

Say Muse, what Points those Arrows bore,

Which did what none could do before?

When CLOE destin'd is to sway,

Love from her Eyes purloins a Ray.

When MYRA's Pow'r some Youth must know, 25

He with her Girdle strings his Bow.

Ah! had he only us'd such Arms

On me, who fought more lasting Charms!

But when AMELIA's Words he wafts,

What Mortal can withstand the Shafts? 30

O in thy Sleep would LOVE design

The Picture of a Pain like mine!

Ver. 23. *When CLOE destin'd is, &c.*] Alluding to an
 that is well understood by all our amorous Poets, that of
 ming CUPID with what is most agreeable about their Mistresses.

For sure that Image, once imprest,
 Would live, the Passion of thy Breast;
 Would copy well the Pangs I felt,
 When my fond Soul began to melt!
 I saw young LOVES and GRACES frisk
 On every Card You play'd at Whisk.
 Then first I wish'd a Gamester's Skill,
 To cut an Ace when You should deal:
 Then ev'ry pleasing Way I fought
 To recommend Me to Your Thought.

Let Fancy feign! let Pity guess!
 For what, alas! can Words express?
 My Judgment and my Flame agree,
 And all my Wishes mount to Thee;
 To Thee, from whom alone must flow
 My lasting Blifs, or lasting Woe!





More to the Purpose.

AS Folks who humbly ask Relief,
 By Letters-Patent, (call'd a Brief)
 Their ruin'd Fortunes to recruit,
 First state their Case, then make their Suit:
 So in the Last, or First, I sent,
 (By either Word the Same is meant)
 As I describ'd my sad Disaster,
 This comes to beg a proper Plaister.

5

And, as when People first grow sad,
 (Some Days before they quite run mad,)
 No Med'cine in the World can hit 'em
 Like Liver of the Dog that bit 'em:

10

Ver. 5, 6. *The last, or first,—By either Word the same is meant*]
 Namely, the Epistle immediately preceding this.

Ver. 11, 12. *No Med'cine — can hit 'em, Like Liver of the Dog that bit 'em.*] It is a vulgar Notion, that the Liver of a mad Dog, dry'd, powder'd, and taken inwardly, is an infallible Remedy for any Person who has the Misfortune to be bit by

Moan.

So whence th' Infection first I drew,
My Cure should come, that is, from You.
And would You kindly condescend
(This once for all) to stand my Friend,
The Remedy at hand will be : —
'Tis but — t'apply Yourself to Me.

Let not my Metaphors affront,
Because I bring them out so blunt !
Woman to Man, and Man to Woman,
Are Applications apt and common ;
And ev'ry Body knows, they prove
The most effectual ones in Love.

This is, in brief, my whole Request.
Now, as the fewest Words are best,
If on your Side the Bargain's made,
Let ev'ry Man enjoy his Trade :
Let some grave Sire, of fable Hue,
Clap You to Me, and Me to You :
To which if quickly you consent,
You take him right, who wrong ne'er meant.

S O N G. *

LET STELLA boast how many die,
 Pierce'd thro' with Arrows from her Eye;
 Let graceful CELIA's Shape and Mein
 O'er half Mankind confirm her Queen:
 AMELIA wounds us with her Wit,
 And gains a Conquest more compleat;
 Our Passions all to her submit!

5 }

A Face, or Form, may move Desire,
 Yet kindle but a sensual Fire:

'Tis Wit alone that can controul

10

The Judgment, and enslave the Soul;
 Can make that Part AMELIA's Prize,
 Which soars above the Charm that lies
 In CELIA's Form, or STELLA's Eyes.

}

* The Numbers answering to a Song of Mr. PRIOR's, which begins, *In vain you tell your parting Lover.*

K 3

To



To *A M E L I A*. *

WHEN fair NARCISSUS, in the liquid Glass,
Saw the Reflection of his lovely Face,
Unconscious how by Nature form'd to please,
He thought another's Charms what only flow'd from

So, in your beauteous Mind what you possess,
Too negligent to know, too modest to confess,
When, in my Verse, your Likeness you admire,
You ask whose Picture 'tis, that sets your Soul on Fire.

* Occasioned by her asking the Author whom he meant by that Name in the foregoing Song.

VER. I. NARCISSUS.] A beautiful Youth, the Son of the River CEPHISUS and the Nymph LYRIOPE. After slighting the Passion of the Nymph ECHO, he was so captivated with the Reflection of his own Likeness in a Fountain, that he pined himself to Death, and was turned into the Flower DAFFODIL.



Hymn



Hymn to St. *AGNES*. *

HOLY AGNES, ever-blest!
Hear a mortal Youth's Request ;

Let this Night propitious prove

To my Wishes, and to LOVE !

Fair AMELIA at thy Shrine
Waits, with Sentiments divine ;
From polluting Viands free,
Even from her fav'rite Tea.

Thou, nor any Saint above,
Scarce more Piety could prove ;
Scarce with more Devotion past
The most solemn annual Fast.

* This Saint, who it seems was a great Admirer of Fasting, is thought to have more Votaries in this Protestant Country than all the other Saints in the Calendar. Her Anniversary is on the 21st of JANUARY, when all pure Virgins, who devoutly abstain from every kind of Sustenance, may depend upon dreaming at Night of the Persons they are to marry. Upon such an Occasion as this, it can be no more Popery for a Poet to offer

Listen to *AMELIA*'s Vows!
 Make her very soon a Spouse!
 Let this Night before her bring
 Him, who may despise a King!

Round her Bed let *CUPIDS* stand!
 Let them join her to his Hand!
 O that I the Youth might name!
 O that Sleep may paint the Same!

Hear me Virgin, ever-blest!
 Kindly hear a Youth's Request!
 Let this Night propitious prove
 To my Wishes, and to LOVE!

up a Hymn to St. *AGNES*, than it is Paganism at other Times
 for him to address Odes to *VENUS*, *CUPID*, or *APOLLO*, &
 Practice which Prescription at least gives a Sanction to.



*SAUL and the Witch of ENDOR. **

WHILE gloomy Horror veils the guilty Place,
And conscious Dread appears on ev'ry Face;

While smoking Incense moves the Shades below,

And the pale Sorc'ers bodes impending Woe;

To SAUL, of Heav'n forsaken for his Crimes, 5

In lawless Ways exploring future Times,

See the dead Prophet's rev'rend Form ascend!

This Burst of Thunder destin'd where to spend.

Why dost thou, Wretch! disturb my awful Ghost,

To hear of Sceptre, Life, and Children lost? 10

To-morrow's Sun shall see, by Fate Divine,

The Kingdom DAVID's, and Destruction Thine!

* Written to put under a Print. See 1 Sam. xxiii.



VULCAN



VULCAN presenting VENUS with
the Armour of ÆNEAS. *

WHO can resist when naked Beauty sues?
God, Husband, Cuckold, this at once subdues,
All ÆTNA rang, when VULCAN left his Bed,
To arm the Man, whose Father arm'd his Head.
Learn hence ye Husbands, when your Wives decree,
How pleas'd, amus'd, and cozen'd you must be!
They sin; repent; you credit them once more;
And *forg*e for Brats—you did not *forg*e before!

* See Virgil. *Æn.* viii. 370, &c. This was also for a Print.

Ver. 3. *All ÆTNA rang.*] Antra ÆTNEA tonant, VIRG. *ib.*

Ib. VULCAN.] The Son of JUPITER and JUNO, the Husband of VENUS, and God of Fire. He was said to have a Forge in Mount ÆTNA, where the CYCLOPS, his Servants, made Thunderbolts for JUPITER: And here it was that he forg'd the Armour of ÆNEAS. He was a Cripple, occasioned by his Father's kicking him out of Heaven for his Deformity.

Ver. 4. *Whose Father.*] i. e. ANCHISES, a noble TROJAN, who, being very antient, was borne thro' the Flames of TROJAN on his Son ÆNEAS's Shoulders.

They

In Imi



They will do it:

A T A L E.*

G E L O S O (who some Years had kept
 One Eye awake while t'other slept)
 From Company restrain'd his Spouse;
 And, for the Safety of his Brows,
 Collected all the Female Wiles;
 Their Ogles, Billetdoux, and Smiles,
 Their Arts of slipping out from home;
 And writ them in an ample Tome.

5

They In Imitation of LA FONTAINE's *On ne s'avise jamais de tout.*

Poor Sot! When CUPID forms a League,
He's a mere HYDRA at Intrigue.

Madam was all this while a Slave :
Alas ! what Comfort could she have ?
For Fondness he ev'n told her Hairs ;
Nor trusted her about Affairs,
But with her, constant as her Shade,
Went an old ARGUS of a Maid.

His List the Fool believ'd compleat,
And hugg'd himself in the Conceit :
It serv'd him both to read, and rest on ;
And Cuckoldom was out of Question.

One Holiday, it came to pass,
As home the Dame return'd from Mass,
(Her Thoughts all Piety and Honour !)
Out comes a Heap of Filth upon her.

Ver. 10. HYDRA] A Serpent of LERNA, with fifty Heads, one of which being cut off, many others sprung forth in the Room of it. The Name is apply'd to Faction, Policy, Intrigue, or whatever hath such a Number of Supports and Resources, as make it difficult to be overcome or countermined.

Ver. 16. *An old ARGUS of a Maid.*] ARGUS is feign'd to have had an hundred Eyes, one half of which (like GELOS in the Tale) he kept awake while the other slept. Io being trans-

That such an Accident should happen, 25
 Her best Brocade, and FLANDERS Cap on!
 Before the People ask'd her Pardon!
 She must not stand there, to be star'd on!
 They force her in, to make her clean;
 For 'twas not fit she should be seen. 30
 Another Petticoat she'll want.—
 Home runs the faithful Gouvernante,
 To fetch her one.— She finds my Master,
 And, breathless, tells the whole Disaster.
 The honest Man was Thunder-struck: 35
 The Devil! 'Tis not in my Book!
 Gone in? Why then I know the worst:
 So may the Catalogue be curs'd!
 Rightly the Cuckold once opin'd:
 This whole Adventure was design'd. 40

Head
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transformed to a Cow by JUPITER, to preserve her from the Jealousy of JUNO, ARGUS was commissioned by the Goddess to watch her in this brutal Form: But MERCURY lull'd him to sleep, and slew him; after which his Eyes were transplanted to the Peacock's Tail. His Name has been contemptuously transferr'd to Fathers, Guardians, Maiden-Aunts, Douana's, and all who are more watchful over the Conduct of young Ladies than is agreeable to young Inclinations.

By disobliging Madam's Sute,
 They sent the Dragon from the Fruit.
 The Coast was clear; the Spark was ready;
 And who more willing than my Lady?

WOMEN that really have a Mind
 In vain are guarded, and confin'd.
 You miss Nine Stratagems in Ten;
 So burn your Catalogues, ye Men!
 And leave to Providence your Pates:
 There's no withstanding People's Fates.

Ver. 42. *They sent the Dragon from the Fruit.*] Alluding to the Dragon in the HESPERIAN Gardens, who guarded the Golden Apples, and whom HERCULES slew before he could bring away that Prize.





CONTENT:

An ODE *

WHEN Clouds obscure the Face of Night,
And Stars refuse their friendly Light,
With Tempests tofs'd, with Fears oppress'd,
The trembling Sailor prays for Rest.

The savage TARTAR, great in Arms, 5
The TURK, inur'd to fierce Alarms,
What would they not at Seasons give,
In unmolested Peace to live?

* In Imitation of HORACE, Lib. ii. Od. 16. The great Beauty of this Ode in the Original, has been the Occasion of many Imitations and Versions of it, besides this, which will hardly pass for one of the best that has been done; but the Author had seen no other when he made it, and not above one or two when he first printed it.

Ver. 5, 6. *The savage TARTAR, great in Arms, The TURK, inur'd to fierce Alarms, &c.* Otium bello furiosa Truce, Otium Medi pharetra decori, &c.

They seek what is not to be sold!
 Not all the Purple, Gems, and Gold,
 With which imperial Courts may glow,
 Can shine away their Share of Woe!

Our pompous City Magistrate,
 In all his gaudy, annual State,
 May feel a Tumult in his Mind;
 And but a Load of Greatness find!

One Dish may plenteously sustain
 The Sage, who lives just neatly plain;
 And to contented Use receives
 The Furniture his Father leaves.

He from his Breast, to Virtue just,
 Drives ev'ry Fear, and ev'ry Lust:
 Makes each diurnal Labour light;
 And soundly sleeps away the Night.

In vain we give our Fancies Wings,
 And fly them at a Thousand Things!

Ver. 13. *Our pompous City Magistrate, &c.* — *neque consulari
 Summovet licet miseris tumultus Mentis, &c.*

'Tis but a Few we reach at most ;
And we to Those are quickly lost :

In vain for Rest the Coward runs
To Countries warm'd by other Suns : 30
Where-e'er the Wretch may fondly roam,
His conscious Self he finds at home.

Retreat from Care is no-where found ;
It boards the Ship, where-ever bound.
On Horseback Care will mount behind ; 35
Out-strip the Deer, out-fly the Wind !

He, only He, Time well employs,
Who, wise this Hour, Himself enjoys ;
Who still with Bitter blends the Sweet,
And laughs out Life with Temper meet. 40

Since there's no perfect Joy below,
Why wilt thou antedate thy Woe ?
Why make thy present Bliss depend
On what, hereafter, Fate may send ?

Ver. 37-44.] These two Stanzas, and some Lines of others,
are much altered from the former Edition.

Few virtuous Years young EDWARD reign'd; 45
 But hopeleſs HENRY long remain'd.
 So Heav'n, perhaps, may mark out Me
 For Length of Life abridg'd from Thee.

Yet Thou and I may both be bleſs'd:—
 Thou, of thy Lands and Rents poſſeſs'd; 50
 In thy own Houſe ſecure to ſleep,
 Amidſt thy Horſes, Cows, and Sheep.

I, while my humbler Hope aſpires
 To find that Blifs in few Deſires;
 To ſcorn the dull malignant Kind, 55
 And call My Own my Muſe and Mind.

Ver. 45, 46. Few virtuous Years young EDWARD reign'd; But
 hopeleſs HENRY long remain'd.]

Abſtulit clarum cita mors Achillem;

Longa Tithonum minuit ſenectus.

Ibid. EDWARD.] King EDWARD VI. who lived only
 ſixteen Years, of which he reigned about ſeven.

Ibid. HENRY.] King HENRY III. a weak Prince, who
 reign'd fifty-fix Years.





O F

B I G O T R Y :

T O

SYLVANUS URBAN. *

PRINCES and Priests, by Int'rest join'd,
To raise themselves, enslave Mankind :

One shakes the Sword, and t'other spreads
Thro' all the Soul a Thousand Dreads.

The Church confirms the Monarch's Right,
And for their Mother Monarchs fight.

5

* Written in the Year 1733, on the following Occasion :
An ENGLISH Gentleman had his Books seized by an Inquisi-
tor in SPAIN, who having kept them six Months, returned him
Guardians and some Gentleman's Magazines, with the following
Words written on the first Leaf of each: N.B. *This Work is to be
carefully read, being written by a condemned Author.* One of these
Copies was communicated to Mr. B* by the Proprietor of
the Gentleman's Magazine, who signs himself SYLVANUS URBAN,
and to whom this Copy of Verses (which was first printed in
Supplemental Number for 1733.) is inscribed.

L 2

This once in BRITAIN was the Scene ;
 And DULNESS made those Days serene :
 DULNESS, ordain'd the strong Support
 Of her two Seats, the Church and Court.
 In solemn SPAIN who dares oppose
 Or Pope or King, in Verse or Prose ?

But BRITAIN now rejects the Chains,
 And REASON here securely reigns :
 'Twixt Truth and Falshood taught the Odds,
 No more We worship mortal Gods.
 'Tis ours—Religion to divide
 From bugbear Schemes, and priestly Pride :
 To bound the Sov'reign's rightful Sway ;
 Assert our Freedom, and obey.

Shall we confine to Names or Blood
 An Office rais'd for public Good ?

Ver. 30. BÆOTIAN.] IRISH. The Inquisitor, who confiscated Part of the Gentleman's Books, and writ the Catalogue before-mentioned on those which he returned, was an IRISHMAN. As to the Province of BÆOTIA in GREECE, was as much celebrated among the Antients for being the Seat of Dulness, as IRELAND has been among the Moderns on the same Account. Hence the Name of the former has frequently

Or close our Eyes against the Light,

And hire a Guide to lead us right ?

How feeble seems the Ghostly Rage,

25

That meanly brands this free-born Page,

Where ENGLISH Sentiments are drest,

Warm as they flow from ev'ry Breast !

How low the Farce ! how dull the Beast

Rid by this grave BæOTIAN Priest !

30

Each genuine BRITON smiles Disdain ;

Blesses Himself, and pities SPAIN.

There live, unworthy of thy Clime !

Thy Country's Scandal, and her Crime !

Nor ever taste that Freedom more,

35

Which gilds HIBERNIA's happy Shore !

O never feel, thou Lost to Thought,

What Godlike ADDISON has taught !

been transferr'd to the latter, particularly by Mr. POPE in his
Inscription of the Dunciad to Dr. SWIFT. Speaking of Dul-
ness, he says,

From thy BæOTIA tho' her Pow'r retires,

Grieve not, my SWIFT, at aught our Realm acquires.

Book i. Ver. 23, 24.

Ver. 38. ADDISON.] The late excellent Mr. ADDISON,

L 3

Exil'd, enslav'd, despis'd, asham'd,
Long live a Priest, then die unnam'd!

URBAN, thy Labours shall proceed,
'Till servile SPANIARDS dare to read.
To grov'ling Minds shalt thou dispense
True Patriot Warmth, and Manly Sense.
On Bigot Realms shall Reason smile,
And Souls unfetter'd bless this Isle:
Ev'n distant Climes shall, with Delight,
Behold how BRITONS think and write!

Author of the most beautiful of those Papers that were published under the Name of Tatlers, Spectators, and Guardians.





A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE. *

CÆLIA.

TOO partial, DAMON, are thy Lays,
In CLOE's and AMELIA's Praise:

See! am not I as young?

Am I less soft, less gay, less fair?

Have I not Lips, and Eyes, and Hair?

5

Then DAMON, O the Truth declare!

Why have not I been sung?

DAMON.

The Nymphs you hate, the Nymphs you scorn,

With rival Wreaths my Brows adorn:

'Tis this awakes my Lyre.

10

They tend my Lambkins, and rejoice

To see me move, to hear my Voice:

* The Idea taken from the celebrated Dialogue between HORACE and LYDIA, Lib. iii. Od. 9. of which, however, it is far from being a close Imitation.

Like theirs were lovely CÆLIA's Choice,
Her Prefence would inspire.

C Æ L I A.

Suppose each Morning I should twine
A Garland, for no Brows but thine ;

Shall I be then Supreme ?

If I sit by Thee every Day,
To hear Thee sing, to see Thee play ;
Then say, O DAMON, prithee say,
Shall CÆLIA be thy Theme ?

D A M O N.

AMELIA then, tho' heavenly bright,
Nor CLOE, fair as rising Light,

With CÆLIA shall contend :

I'll praise thy Wit, thy Shape, thy Mien ;
Thy Charms shall speak Thee Beauty's Queen ;
In Thee DIANA shall be seen,
And every Nymph shall bend.



On the APPROACH
OF THE
ROYAL NUPTIALS: *
An ODE.

SEE! Health appears, and ORANGE lives:
The LOVES and GRACES smooth their Brows,
While Heav'n confirms the Life it gives,
To ANNA's JOYS, and BRITAIN's VOWS!

HYMEN, impatient, waits the Morn, 5
And summons round th' expecting Train:
Auspicious Dawn! be quickly born,
And bid the God of Pleasures reign.

* Between the Prince of ORANGE and the Princess ANNE.
This Ode was written whilst the Prince was at BATH, in the
Beginning of the Year 1734, upon the first Notice that his
Highness was in a fair Way of Recovery.

Ver. 5. HYMEN.] HYMENÆUS, or HYMEN, the God
of Marriage, was the Son of BACCHUS and VENUS. He is
pictured as a young Man, with a Torch in his Hand.

Roll on, ye Suns! and wake the Spring:
Fair Nature smile, look young, and gay!

Bloom first ye Flow'rs! ye Birds, O sing
Your earliest Notes upon the Day!

Not Spring, array'd in early Bloom,
Tho' Nature call forth all her Pride,
Shall then surpass the BRITISH Loom,
Or match the Glories of the Bride.

Not Birds, that o'er the opening Flow'rs
Their native Joys to Heav'n impart,
Shall speak the Transport of those Hours,
Or paint the Bridegroom's glowing Heart.

A Princess more ador'd and prais'd,
A Prince more lov'd, and more renown'd,

Ver. 9. *Roll on, ye Suns! and wake the Spring, &c.*] The Royal Nuptials were celebrated March 14, 1733-4. This and the three following Stanzas allude to a famous Passage in MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, Book iv. ver. 641-656, beginning,

Sweet is the Breath of Morn, &c.

Ver. 29. *Thus WILLIAM once with MARY join'd.*] WILLIAM III. Prince of ORANGE, afterwards King of ENGLAND.

The Hopes of EUROPE never rais'd,
The Joys of BRITAIN never crown'd.

In ANNA's Mind and Person meet 25
Whate'er may sooth a Warrior's Care :
In Him, the Virtues of the Great,
That awe the World, and charm the Fair.

Thus WILLIAM once with MARY join'd ;
He BELGIA's Strength, She BRITAIN's Pride : 30
A Greater Soul, a Sweeter Mind,
The Soft Alliance never try'd.

In long Records of Fame we read,
That all NASSAUS are Heroes born :
And BRITAIN's Daughters are decreed 35
To raise those Heroes, and adorn,

LAND, &c. and the Princess MARY, Daughter of JAMES
then Duke of YORK. They were married in the Year
1677, the Prince being then at LONDON.

Ver. 35. *And BRITAIN's Daughters are decreed, &c.* WILLIAM II. Prince of ORANGE, also married a Princess of ENGLAND, viz. MARY the Daughter of King CHARLES I. from which Marriage we had WILLIAM III. born after his Father's Decease in the Year 1650.

For ever HYMEN's sacred Bands
 Shall BELGIA's Peace with ALBION keep.
 United long, the Sister-Lands
 Have held the Empire of the Deep.

Their Pow'r shall last, their Fleets excel,
 While Tides shall flow, or Suns arise :

So NEPTUNE bids the TRITONS tell :
 The TRITONS sound it to the Skies.

Ver. 39. *The Sister-Lands—Have held the Empire, &c.*] This Passage has been objected to, as derogatory from the ENGLISH Nation, to which alone the Sovereignty of the Sea is usually ascribed: But as the DUTCH, as well as the ENGLISH, are called a Maritime Power by way of Distinction, and as this Ode was intended to the Honour of some of the greatest Names of both Nations, the Author could not see Force enough in the Objection to make him alter his Verses.

Ver. 43. *So NEPTUNE bids the TRITONS tell.*] NEPTUNE, the God of the Sea, was the Son of SATURN and OPS, and Brother of JUPITER and PLUTO. The TRITONS were the Sons and Attendants of NEPTUNE, about whom they are painted with hollow Shells in their Hands, which serve them instead of Trumpets.



THE



T H E
P A T R I O T :
A T A L E . *

W H O reads at all, must needs have read
 How a great Mountain, brought to Bed,
 Amidst her Travails and her Twitches,
 Sent forth such hideous Groans and Screeches,
 That all the Country cry'd out Pity, 5
 And thought the Child would be a City ;
 At least a Castle, or an House :
 But what appear'd at last ? — A Mouse.
 This Fable, both in Prose and Rymes,
 Has been rehears'd an hundred Times. 10

* Written about the Year 1733, but without any other than a
 general View, which was to expose the shameful Dependence,
 that Men of Fortune have sometimes suffered themselves to be
 drawn into, under an Administration to which they at first pro-
 fess'd open Defiance.

HORACE applies it to the Wits :

Are they the only Men it hits ?

The Land of Promisers is ample :

Think on the Courtiers, for Example :

Think on Mankind, in short ; whoever

Requests, or can bestow, a Favour.

Would ARCHON represent the County ?

In Promises he deals his Bounty ;

Pronounces publicly to Thousands,

Of what Importance 'tis, in whose Hands

They trust their Liberties and Lives,

While so much Fraud and Bribery thrives.

For my Part, chuse me Representative,

(Says he) I'll finish what your're bent at : I've

My Country's Int'rest at my Heart ;

And that same NORFOLK Knight shall smart.

To me shall BRITAIN be beholden : I

Will out-do WYNDHAM, BARNARD, PULTENEY.

VER. 11. HORACE *applies it to the Wits.*] In his Art of Poetry, ver. 139.

Parturient montes ; nascetur ridiculus mus.

The lab'ring Mountain scarce brings forth a Mouse.

They only speak and write, (God blefs us!)

Are thefe their Methods to redrefs us? 30

BUT ARCHON is not to be sham'm'd—

—He cheat the Nation? He be damn'd!

A Speech fo wond'rous warm and wife

Rais'd Acclamations to the Skies;

When thus, affuming proper State, 35

Went on the worthy Candidate.

Has not each Member Right inherent

T'impeach this Minifter Vicegerent?

I'll get the hearty Cocks together,

And do it.—Zounds! who fears the Weather? 40

In Dignity he's but my Brother:

Shall one Knight tremble at another?

Shall I, my Countrymen, give Quarter,

At the mere Aspect of his Garter?

No; trust my Honour for th' Impeachment; 45

I'll stand to that: No Law reach me in't.

Ver. 40. *Zounds! who fears the Weather.*] A Phrase pretty common in the Mouths of some People, especially in the Country, when they would give a great Idea of their Bravery and Resolution on any particular Occasion.

The Glory of the House shall center
(Believe me!) on the Hour I enter!

The Knight upon these Terms elected,
Was the prodigious Work effected?
Was ARCHON in the House a Week,
And did not poor Sir ROBERT squeek?
Quite the Reverse: Our worthy Member
Sits there till APRIL, from DECEMBER;
Deals out his *Ayes* and *Noes* by Dozens;
Nor cares who's cozen'd, or who cozens.

Does this important Change alarm ye?
His Son's commission'd in the Army:
Himself advance'd for public Spirit.—
Can such a Ministry want Merit?

Prorogu'd our Liberty-Protectors,
Home goes the Knight to his Electors.
Think how the Country throng to meet him!
Think with what Compliments they greet him!

Ver. 65. *Sir JOHN.*] This Name is used preferably to another, for no other Reason but because the Numbers require a monosyllable Word. It was originally Sir THOMAS for Reason of the same Kind.

But pray Sir JOHN (quoth downright DANIEL) 65

Why go Things on in their old Channel?

And why that Minister employ'd yet?

Alas! my Friends, who could avoid it?

Freely I've done the most I can do:

But, Sirs, what can a single Man do? 70

You know, 'tis dangerous to seem busy:

Have Patience: Times will come to please ye.

WHETHER the Knight was Knave or Fool,

This Tale affords one Golden Rule:

(Hear BRITONS, what this Tale affords) 75

"Consult Mens Interests, not their Words."

Are they superior to Dependance?

They pledge their All for their Attendance.

Estate or Virtue, both or either,

(For Candidates have sometimes neither) 80

For private Ends are sure to bind:

But verbal Mortgages are Wind:

And sweetest Air will stink at last,

If once we backwards blow the Blast.



The DOG, the TRAVELLER, and
ÆSOP. *

REWARDED Vice makes others vicious;
And Folly guides the Superstitious.

A Dog was curst ; a Man came by ;
Forth leapt the Cur, and seiz'd his Thigh :
The Blood gush'd out ; the Trav'ler stopt ;
Took Bread, and as it flow'd he sopt ;
Then threw the Whelp the sanguine Meal ;
Inform'd that Sympathy would heal.

Wise ÆSOP saw the foolish Deed.
'Tis well you've but one Dog to feed,
(Says he :) A Kennel of those Creatures,
Already Savage in their Natures,
So well rewarded when they bite,
Would eat their Benefactor quite.

* From PHÆDRUS, Lib. ii. Fab. 3.



The Fox and the DRAGON:

A F A B L E *

A FOX would unmolested sleep,
 And plann'd a Cave secure and deep:
 Resolv'd to leave a World so vain,
 He dug, and din'd, and dug again:
 Resolv'd to shun the Sight of Men, 5
 He reach'd at last a Dragon's Den.

This Dragon (sprung from that of old,
 Which kept th' HESPERIAN Sisters Gold)
 O'er Heaps of Treasure brooding fate,
 And dar'd the Thieves to tempt their Fate. 10

*From PHÆDRUS, Lib. iv. Fab. 19. The Design of this Fable, express'd in the Motto usually prefix'd to the Original, is to shew "that the covetous Man is only the Guardian, not the Possessor, of his Riches."

Ver. 7, 8. *This Dragon (sprung from that of old, Which kept the HESPERIAN Sisters Gold)*] The HESPERIDES were the Daughters of HESPERUS, or, according to others, of ATLAS.

164 *The Fox and the DRAGON:*

Your Pardon, Sir, for this Intrusion,
 (Said RENARD, in a great Confusion :)
 My Thoughts on Wealth were never bent:
 I seek no Riches—but Content.
 Will then Your Honour condescend
 To tell a most obsequious Friend,
 What Profit to this Care accrues?
 These endless Watchings what ensues?
 For ever bury'd under Ground,
 Your gloomy Toils, how are they crown'd?
 Nor Profit, nor Reward have I,
 (The Dragon cries ;) but Jove most high
 This Charge committed to my Care.—
 How? always guard, yet never share?
 Give nothing to the Needy? — No:
 I neither use, nor can bestow.—
 Alas! Unhappy as Thou art,

Their Names were *ÆGLE*, *ARETHUSA*, and *HESPERETHUSA*. They had pleasant Gardens in *AFRICA*, near the City *LYXOS*, in which were Golden Apples, guarded by a Dragon. See Note in Page 142.

Ver. 41, 42, *That groans To-day, with real Sorrow, For what thy Food will cost To-morrow.*] HORACE has pleasantly described

Receive (quoth RENARD) in good Part

This Truth : The Gods must angry be,

When they create a Wretch like Thee.

30

O GRIPUS, soon to be no more,

Like all thy Race that liv'd before!

Why toil thy Hands, why cares thy Mind,

To gather Wealth, and leave behind?

To Thee this Fable we refer,

35

Whose Death shall glad thy future Heir,

With what the Gods requir'd; with what

Thy Hunger crav'd, but tasted not.

Thy haggard Soul, that droops and tires

While the Lyre sooths, and Flute inspires;

40

That groans To-day, with real Sorrow,

For what thy Food will cost To-morrow;

Perjur'd to Heav'n, to Int'rest sold;

Whose God, whose every Thing is Gold;

A sick Miser discoursing with his Physician, who persuades him
to take a little Decoction to fortify his Stomach. Lib. ii. Sat. 3.
Ver. 155.

Tu cessas? Agedum: Sume hoc ptisanarium oryza,

Quanti emptæ? Parvo. Quanti ergo? Octo assibus. Ebez?

Quid refert, morbo, an furtis, peream-ne rapinis?

Which, niggard ev'n at parting hence,
 Shall bound thy Funeral Expence ;
 That Soul (poor Man! Thou know'st it not)
 Possesseth nought Thy Bags have got!



E P I G R A M. *

YOUNG COURTLY takes me for a Dunce;
 For all Night long I spoke not once.
 On better Grounds I think him such :
 He spoke but once, yet once too much.

* Imitated from the French.





PROLOGUE to CATO.*

PROLOGUES to Plays, and Prefaces to Books,
Without them, Ladies, how a Writer looks!

Ev'n CATO's Author, tho' excell'd by no Man,

With Prologue chose to introduce his ROMAN.

POPE then harangu'd more haughtily the Pit, 5

Than suits the Work of any weaker Wit:

The Audience must applaud, or they were short all!

Great Words! but writ for ADDISON th' immortal.

They had Success: Throng'd was the House of
Both Factions clapp'd with more than Civil Fury. 10

* Address'd to the Ladies, and design'd to be spoke before a private Representation of that Play, in DECEMBER 1732, by a Company of young Gentlemen, the Author's Acquaintance. The Performance was dropp'd at that Time; but the Prologue was spoke a Year or two after in VILLIERS-STREET, YORK-BUILDINGS.

Ver. 5. POPE then harangu'd, &c.] See his excellent Prologue to CATO.

Ver. 10. Both Factions clapp'd with more than Civil Fury] Alluding to a Line in the Campaign:

And Factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

CATO's now sterling Coin;—that you dare take:

But what Excuses shall we Players make?

If Actors' Souls should like their Heroes' be,

To make the Scenes all natural and free,

Bless us! what ROMANS are you like to see? 13

How should we swell with Sentiments heroic?

At Twenty scarce can you expect a STOIC:

Much less, we hope, two Characters felonious,

A real SYPHAX, and a true SEMPRONIUS.

We may have MARK or JUBA's weaker Side; 20

(The soft Captivity who has not try'd?)

But then that gallant Bravery of Soul,

Nor War could waste, nor Tyranny controul,

That, as mere ROMAN, Heralds may enroll.

You think these Reasons should have kept us hence: 15

The Nation was very unhappily divided in the latter End of Queen ANNE's Reign, when the Tragedy of CATO was brought upon the Stage.

Ver. 17. *At Twenty scarce can you expect a STOIC.*] CATO of UTICA, (so called from the Place of his Death, and where the Scene of this Play is laid) was a Professor of the STOIC Philosophy.

Ver. 19, 20. SYPHAX—SEMPRONIUS—MARK—JUBA—SYPHAX was JUBA's General, and SEMPRONIUS a ROMAN Senator. They both prove treacherous to CATO, and lose

Our fond Unfitness gives you great Offence.

Well! to your Favour then let this restore us:

Allur'd by Fame, we read the Piece before us:

We glow'd; we read again; the gen'rous Heat

Heav'd at our Hearts, and in our Pulses beat: 30

The godlike Patriot stood before our Eyes;

We saw his little Senate round him rise!

Each Youth was lifted to a CATO's Son,

And, in Desire, the Race of Virtue run;

Put on the Person, as the Language fir'd, 35

And gave up all his Soul to be inspir'd!

Forgive us then, if, ardent in her Cause,

We pant for Virtue, and contemn Applause!

Nor think we aim to triumph o'er the Heart,

With BOOTH's Authority, or WILKS his Art! 40

their Lives in prosecuting their Schemes. MARK, or MARCUS, the Son of CATO, is in Love with LUCIA, as well as his Brother PORTIUS. He is kill'd in oposing SYHHAX. JUBA, Prince of NUMIDIA, is in Love with MARCIA, CATO's Daughter, and kills SEMPRONIUS, his Rival, who attempts to carry her off in a NUMIDIAN Dress.

Ver. 40. BOOTH—WILKS.] Two celebrated Players, joint Managers of the Theatre in DRURY-LANE with Mr. CIBBER. The former play'd CATO, and the latter JUBA.

For who can do it?—JUBA is no more!
 Great CATO's Silence all the Nine deplore!
 The mimic Father faintly strikes our Ears:
 Thy Shade, NUMIDIAN! languidly appears:
 Beauty and Grace are wander'd from the Stage;⁴⁵
 And TRAGEDY laments the dull, degenerate Age!
 To draw in Miniature, each Actor strives,
 Virtues we'd copy largely in our Lives:
 Or, make our Souls with Indignation rise
 Against the Villain, in whate'er Disguise.
 Ye Ladies then! espouse fair Virtue's Part;
 And, in Reward, claim each a faithful Heart:
 In our Attempt our Resolution see;
 And bear us witness, what we wish to be!

Ver. 41. JUBA is no more! Great CATO's Silence, &c.] Mr. WILKS was just dead at the Time of writing this, and Mr. BOOTH was incapable of playing.

Ver. 43, 44.] The Author had just before seen the Tragedy of CATO performed, in his Opinion, very indifferently. Mr. QUIN has since got considerable Reputation in the principal Character of that Play.



EPILOGUE to CATO. *

NOW all are dead that were to die To-day,
 And my grave Sire has moraliz'd the Play,
 One would have thought there was no more to say!

But, thank good Friends! we better taught have
 They tell us Mirth must close the Tragic Scene,
 For fear the Beaux should bear away the Spleen.

Whate'er the Play, the Epilogue should burst 'em.--
 So say the Learn'd, and all the Unlearn'd trust 'em.--
 Well! since 'tis so, we must submit to Custom.

Leaving Disputes to Play-wrights and Play-factors,
 Ladies, let's criticise these gay young Actors;
 These Sparks, who, void of GREEK, unread in PLATO,
 Without Philosophy pretend to copy CATO.

* Written on the same Occasion as the Prologue, and address'd to the Ladies also, in the Character of LUCIA.

Ver. 2. *My grave Sire.*] LUCIUS, a ROMAN Senator, the Friend of CATO. His last Speech (after the Death of CATO) contains a general Application of the Moral design'd by Mr. ADDISON in his Performance.

What! send a Woman to apologize?

Well, mimic ROMANS, I shall tell no Lies.

The ROMANS, Ladies, were a sturdy Nation;
 They frequently sent forth some new Plantation:
 Where-e'er they saw uncultivated Ground,
 With Manners, and with Men, they stock'd it round!
 At Honour's Call in shining Steel they harness'd:
 They lov'd, they fought, they did all Things in earnest!
 These are mere Shadows of that mighty People!
 As well were NISUS copy'd by a Cripple.
 (NISUS, observe, as VIRGIL tells the Story,
 Run e'er so swift, would always run before ye.)
 But 'tis a Scandal to compare them so.—
 An antient ROMAN, and a modern Beau!
 'Tis like my Arm against this puny Handle!
 'Tis like the Sun against a Farthing Candle!

Ver. 23. NISUS—as VIRGIL tells the Story, &c.] The Character of NISUS is thus translated by Mr. DRYDEN:

—swift NISUS all o'erpass'd:

Nor Storms, nor Thunder, equal half his Haste.

Ver. 28. 'Tis like my Arm against this puny Handle.] Pointing to the Handle of her Fan.

Ver. 30. JUBA.] He was the Son of JUBA, King of MARI-
 TANIA and NUMIDIA, who taking POMPEY's Part against

And then that JUBA, that polite NUMIDIAN, 30
 In all this mighty Bustle, what has he done?
 I grant, he drew his Sword, he slew his Man:
 But 'twas a Pigmy fought against a Crane!
 Lord! had we some true SEMPRONIUS here,
 Such as I've mention'd, and as ROMANS were, 35
 He'd soon have made the gay Sir FOPPLING totter:
 For MARCIA'S Part, he bravely must have got her.
 And, Ladies, where had then been MARCIA'S
 A Hero for a Beau,—a mortifying Cross! ^{Loss?}
 To sum up all:—Upon this worldly Stage, 40
 The Fool in publick oft' appears a Sage:
 Vain Coxcombs may impose upon the Grave;
 And Cowards find a Time to dare the Brave:
 But who in private Life can play the ROMAN,
 'Tis He's the Man—to please an ENGLISH Woman! 45

CÆSAR, and being overcome by the latter, together with PETREIUS a ROMAN General, the two unfortunate Commanders kill'd one another by mutual Consent. His Son follow'd the Fortune of CATO, and is drawn by Mr. ADDISON as in Love with MARCIA, CATO'S Daughter. Vide Note on Ver. 20 of the Prologue. Young JUBA made a considerable Figure at ROME after the Death of CATO.



PROLOGUE

TO A

PUBLIC EXERCISE. *

WE selfish Men monopolize the Parts
 In Arms, in Trade, in Government, in Arts.
 In Arms, as strongest, doubtless 'tis our Due;
 Perhaps in Trade, as ablest to pursue.
 In Government we plead the first Decree :
 But Women can command, as well as We :
 And all must grant, that Women are as fit
 For the soft Parts of Eloquence and Wit.

'Tis from this Thought, my Mother bid me say,
 She brings To-night her Pupils into Play.

* Spoken at Mrs. BELLAMY's Boarding School, at KINGSTON upon THAMES, by Mr. THOMAS BELLAMY, in DECEMBER, 1735. The Subject is, *The Advantages arising from Public Exercises, to young Ladies in particular.*

These tender Pledges, trusted to her Care,
In public Life hereafter must appear:
From fanfy'd Groves they'll pass to real Scenes:
For these to fit them is the most she means:
To tune their Voices, and improve their Air; 15
Not to make Players, but to mend the Fair.

Ladies! mistake not Virtue for her Shade;
Nor think this Art as guilty as the Trade.
'Tis Ornament alone we aim to teach;
The Grace of Motion, and the Charms of Speech. 20
These suit alike the Gay and the Devout:
For great's the Diff'rence (or I'm greatly out)
Betwixt the Bus'ness and the Shine of Life,
Betwixt an Actress and a polish'd Wife.
The First of these tho' Virtue must despise, 25
Yet in each Youth what Transports would arise,
To hear it said of Whom his Soul approves,
She speaks like PALLAS, and like JUNO moves!

Ver. 28. PALLAS.] Called also MINERVA, the Goddess of
Wisdom and Arts. The Fable of her Production is, that
VULCAN striking JUPITER's Head with a Hammer, after
three Months MINERVA came out armed.

Ev'n in those Nymphs, who labour but for Hire,
 True Action, and true Utt'rance we require.
 All to what End? — That they may copy well
 Those who have known the Secret, "To excel."
 In the best Actress Nature but reflects
 Some bright, some finish'd Patern of her Sex.
 And in the Copy if true Charms are seen,
 What should the fair Original have been?
 What in the Mind must that Idea be,
 Which pleases, mimick'd in the least Degree?
 Our Bus'ness 'tis — Originals to raise,
 And give Ideas to succeeding Days.
 NATURE discovers what she forms most rare,
 But leaves the Lustre to a Length of Care.
 'Tis this must finish what is truly fine.—
 Thus Art improves the Product of the Mine:

Ibid. JUNO.] The Daughter of SATURN and RHEA, and
 the Twin-sister, as well as Wife of JUPITER. She was Goddess
 of the Air, Kingdoms, and Riches; remarkable for her
 Majesty, Pride, and Jealousy. JUPITER had several Children
 by her; but to be even with him for his Daughter MINERVA,
 she conceived MARS without his Assistance, by the Touch of
 a Flower, presented to her by FLORA. The Peacock was her
 favourite Bird, and IRIS, or the Rainbow, her Attendant.

Thus, in our Hands, her Joy the Mother sees 45
From Child to Woman polish'd by Degrees.

Who knows but from the Heroines of To-night,
Some shining Character may spring to Light;
Whose Beauty, Virtue, or superior Sense,
In living Lines may sparkle Ages hence? 50

Perhaps these Scenes, imperfect as they are,
May lend one Stroke, to finish such a Fair:
A lucky Hint some Passion may disarm,
Correct some Fault, or brighten up some Charm.
Then this Essay shall furnish you with Rules; 55
And what we do, be done in future Schools.

Ver. 41, 42. *Nature discovers, &c.*] Nothing is more certain than the Necessity of Labour and Care to bring to Perfection the most happy Genius; it being manifest, that for want of a due Application of these, the most promising Talents have been frequently bury'd, or at least no farther discover'd, than just to make us regret the Loss we sustain, for want of their being displayed in full Lustre.





EPILOGUE to the PATRIOT:

A DRAMATIC HISTORY.*

THE Plot concluding in the Patriot's Fate,
 So much for Matters that concern the State.
 Now let's consider how my Scheme was laid,
 And how I've wag'd the Warfare of a Maid.
 Sure, none can think me an uncommon Creature!
 But my Repentance, all my Part was Nature.
 Kind at the Soul, yet to confess it loth;
 When lov'd by two, imperious to them both;
 Taught by my Pride my Softness to destroy;
 More fond to rule, than eager to enjoy;

* The whole Title of this Play was; *The Patriot: Being a dramatic History of the Life and Death of WILLIAM the First Prince of ORANGE, Founder of the Republick of HOLLAND. To which is prefix'd, An Epistle to the Reader; containing the Author's Sentiments about this Way of Writing: And to which is annexed, A Letter to the People of the Seven United Provinces, shewing that it is both their Interest and Duty, to make the Prince of ORANGE Stadtholder.* The Author of this Piece, who styles himself *A Lover of Liberty*, is a SCOTCH Gentleman. His Design was, to pay

Both Counts had gone, if MAURICE had been sweet:
 The Counts were noble, but the Prince was great.
 Lives there a Woman would not put off Shyness,
 And scorn *Her Ladyship*, to shine *Her Highness*? 30
 These were my Flights; and, in my Sex's Name,
 I will defend them, tho' the Men may blame:
 They'll say, perhaps, my last dull Scenes were best:
 But We fine Women know, 'tis all a Jest.
 Yet if there should be, in this Age refin'd, 35
 A few fond Virgins of my Rival's Mind;
 Who think the Characters that shine in Life,
 Are, the true Mistrefs, and the tender Wife;
 Who take in Virtue as a Charm in Love;
 These have a Patern, Envy must approve: 40
 She lives, the Second to the Best of Queens,
 From whom was drawn th' AUGUSTA of these Scenes.

the Wars, and is killed: After which, and finding she cannot
 obtain the young Prince, she repents of her Coquetry to her Lo-
 vers, and her Treachery to her Friend the Lady AUGUSTA
 (whom she had all along endeavour'd to countermine in the
 Prince's Affections,) and very honestly consents to marry
 HOSTRATE.



PROLOGUE

TO

The Fair Penitent. *

BOLD is th' Attempt, in this discerning Age,
 Untaught, unhir'd, to venture on the Stage!
 "In VILLIERS-STREET:—" "We never play'd before:"—
 This in our Bills! What would the Criticks more?
 Methinks our House, our Furniture, and Art, 5
 Seem rank'd, at once, with THESPIS and his Cart.
 Back to his Time Oh would your Fancies stray,
 That we might find Indulgence for our Play!

* Spoken at the Great Room in VILLIERS-STREET, YORK-BUILDINGS, at the Performance of that Play for a private Benefit.

Ver 6. *THESPIS and his Cart.*] THESPIS, the most antient Tragic Poet that we know of, flourished in ATTICA in the Time of SOLON, that is, about the XLVith Olympiad. The famous Passage of HORACE concerning him is well known:

Ignotum Tragicæ genus, &c. De Art. Poet. Ver. 275.

N 3

But then our Aim, "To succour the Distrest,"
This, to be sure, is an authentic Jest! 10

The modern Fops, who, awkwardly prophane,
Scarce know the Sense of Gen'rous and Humane,
Want may their Mirth, not their Compassion move;
Mere Stocks in Friendship, as mere Apes in Love.

Such Pleas, we grant, too oft' are mere Pretence;
Not here alone, but on yon' Seats of Sense. 15

Caught by the Sound of Losses—Trade—Undone,
What Crouds have throng'd the Benefits of LUN!
Let those who dare, still prostitute the Names,
By which fair CHARITY the Breast inflames; 20
We scorn their Shifts; and honestly profess
Our Motive Friendship, built on pure Distress.

The Means, if lawful, always merit Praise,
Which soften Anguish; from Depression raise;
To Beauty which new Lustre can impart; 25
Lift the fall'n Head, and ease the aching Heart:
From Goodness, Love, Benevolence which spring:

Thus translated by Lord Roscommon.

*When THESPIS first expos'd the Tragic Muse,
Rude were the Actors, and a Cart the Scene;*

And sure to want them is no wondrous Thing!
 The Brave, the Fair, Misfortunes may befall: —
 Let this one Thought be present with you all. 30

So much premis'd, less have we left to fear:
 The Wits are warn'd; not one of them comes near:
 Our Scheme excludes th' Ungen'rous, and the Beaux.
 Friends, we presume, this Audience now compose;
 Friends, with Good-Nature rising in their Breast; 35
 Friends of Mankind, and chief of the Distrest:
 Who by our Skill not weighing their Applause,
 Will kindly give, where Kindness is the Cause.

Think What we speak, regardless of the Form!
 Tho' cold our Action, yet our Sense is warm. 40
 In spite of us, these labour'd Scenes will show
 The Judgment, Force, and Elegance of ROWE.
 Such Art, such Nature, must that Sex ensnare,
 Who oft' are *Penitent*, because they're *Fair*:
 And to good Ends our Tale we shall relate, 45
 If They seem touch'd with sad CALISTA's Fate!

*Where ghastly Faces, stain'd with Lees of Wine,
 Frighted the Children, and amus'd the Crowd.*

Vex. 16. *Yow' Seats of Sense.*] Pointing towards the Theatres.



E P I G R A M.

BECAUSE the Tempter I for once withstood,
CELIA exclaims, I am not Flesh and Blood,
 But no Experience teaches like one's own :
 Would **C**ELIA try me, she might change her Tone.



A N O T H E R.

CORNO, in deep Repentance, lately swore,
 He'd shun the Sight of Bawdy-house and Whore.
 What **C**ORNO meant, his Wife is much to seek;
 But owns, he has not been at home this Week.



DELIA



DELIA Triumphant. *

HER lessen'd Worship VENUS mourn'd :

CUPID took up his Quiver :

Against the Foe so fierce he burn'd,

He'd shoot her thro' the Liver.

How chang'd at Sight of DELIA's Charms

5

'Twas easy to discover :

He gaz'd ; he dropp'd th' unheeded Arms :

The Fury turn'd a Lover.

Thus did the God the Nymph intreat :

O Fairer than my Mother !

10

Field to be mine ; she shall commit

Her Vengeance to Another.

* Poor CUPID has been so often disarmed, and stripp'd of
 he was ever worth, by the Poets, in Favour of their Mis-
 ses, that there seem'd to be no way left of paying a Compli-

Thine? DELIA cries—Vain, stinglefs Brave!

I claim Thee, and thy Treasure:

Thy Darts my Prize; Thyself my Slave,
To guide them at my Pleasure.

With that she seiz'd him by the Wing,

And bound him with her Garter:

Nor would he break the fatal String,

Resign'd her living Martyr.

The spiteful Wag, e'er since confin'd,

Resolves the most to make on't;

And, SATAN-like, to all Mankind

Does Mischief for the Sake on't.

ment to DELIA, worth her accepting, at the Expence of the little Deity, but by making her steal the Archer himself, well as his Arrows.





T H E

BUTTON-HOLE:

A T A L E. *

AS thro' the Street a Quaker chance'd to pass,
He stopp'd a Trull, to treat her with a Glass.

The grateful Wench presented, in return,

A warmer Gift than he could then discern:

'Twas not her Maidenhead, the Brethren say; 5

But then, 'twas something likelier far to stay.

This close Companion troubled sore the Friend,

And made him go for Counsel, in the End.

Your Case is desperate, and beyond my Art,

The Surgeon said) except you lose the Part. 10

THE
* Verified at the Desire of a Friend, who used to rehearse
in Prose.

188 *The* BUTTON-HOLE:

How! lose a Member? cry'd the Friend with Grief.
 You must; or hope from Physick no Relief:
 There's no compounding; instantly comply,
 Or — seriously prepare yourself to die.

All I possess to save it I would give;
 But since my Life's at Stake, I chuse to live:
 So use me gently, and perform thy Work.
 He said: The Surgeon did it with a Jerk.
 PRIM view'd with Tears his amputated *Scut*,
 And noted well the Draw'r wherein 'twas put.

The Friend went ev'ry Morning to be dress'd,
 And drew this Draw'r one Day above the rest;
 When, lo! no less than six, besides his own,—
 He grinn'd, to think his Man was not alone;
 And drily ask'd, For what they all were kept?
 The Surgeon answer'd, like a true Adept,
 A Dozen of them, shank'd, and finely wrought,
 Will make a Sett of Buttons for my Coat:

Ver. 19. *Scut.*] Properly the Tail of a Hare or Coney
Metaphoricè, à magnitudine, & propinquitate loci.

Ver. 31. *Moles.*] A Mole, *Talpa*, *Animal captum oculis, Pā-*
habens nigros & lubricos. Vid. *Calepini Dict.* *Metaphoricè*
iterum, à similitudine partium.

The Thought is good, and worthy of thy Trade,
 Reply'd the Friend :) But 'ere thy Coat be made, 30
 Wilt Thou not get as many Female *Moles*,
 That so thy Buttons may have proper Holes?



E P I G R A M. *

WOMAN of old, when Transformations were,
 Was made a Cow, a Rainbow, and a Bear;
 A Stone, a Stream, a Crow of fable Dye,
 An Owl, a Sparrow, and a chatt'ring Pye:
 But for her Changes who thro' OVID looks, 5
 Will find no Goddess in his Fifteen Books.

* Vide Delicias Poetarum Scotorum, Tom. 2.

Ver. 6. *Fifteen Books.*] The Number of Books in his *Morphoses*.



THE



THE
ELBOW-CHAIR
A T A L E.*

FOLKS that are wickedly inclin'd,
To Modes of Vice are not confin'd.
Sir SIMON with his Glafs gets drunk :
His Butler fucks it thro' a Trunk.
So Women of the Town resort
As well to PAUL's, as to the Court.

* Founded, like most of the other Tales in these Volumes
on a private Affair.

'Tis not the Instrument, or Place;
 But only People's Want of Grace.
 To set this Thought in proper Light,
 In short Example I'll recite. 10
 Dear QUERNO pardon, if to Thee
 Of little Use my Tale should be;
 Who know'st of sinning Fashions plenty,
 And for one Tale, canst tell me Twenty.
 Sir RALPH, a Debauchee of Fame, 15
 Had almost wasted all his Flame:
 Which tho' his Helpmate found too true,
 His am'rous Cast so well she knew,
 That she was ne'ertheless afraid
 He'd still be piddling with her Maid. 20
 A Mind, she thought, so us'd to roam,
 Would ramble still, tho' nearer home:
 And therefore, to prevent him there,
 She always took peculiar Care,
 That, whatsoever BETTY did, 25

Ver. II. QUERNO.] It was originally R——o, which
 letters were applied to a particular Person of the Author's

They ne'er should meet too near a Bed.
 The cursed Bed was all she fear'd :
 Of other Engine she ne'er heard.
 No Visit would CAUTILLA pay,
 No Pleasure take, by Night or Day,
 But all the Beds were made before,
 And she lock'd ev'ry Chamber-Door.
 Her Dressing-Room she never heeded ;
 There they might go for what they needed :
 Nay, she could trust them any where,
 Provided still—no Bed was near.

Then, as all Humankind is frail,
 And the most Watchful once may fail ;
 As all we do may fruitless prove,
 Without a Blessing from above ;
 She daily, at her Elbow-Chair,

Acquaintance. To prevent such an Application for the future they were changed into QUERNO, which can signify only a doggerel Poet. It was the Name of an ITALIAN Rymester, who sung to his Harp twenty thousand Verses of his own composition. He was promoted to the Laurel by Pope LEO X. who caused him to ride on an Elephant to the Capitol, and held a solemn Festival at his Inauguration. He afterwards served the Pope as a Buffoon, and was a great Frequenter of his Holiness's Table, where he drank abundantly, and

Put up for him a sep'rate Prayer,
 That Heav'n would please to turn his Heart,
 And make him from the Flesh depart.

Nor did she miss, at proper Times, 45
 To blacken all bad Women's Crimes;
 And very gravely talk to BETTY
 (Who, by the Way, was young and pretty)
 Of Chastity, and what a Shame
 It was for Maids to do *That same*. 50

Here, were my Narrative compleat,
 Much might my Friend expect to meet:
 Descriptions of Sir RALPHO's Batteries,
 As Presents, Vows, Intrigues, and Flatteries;
 How BETTY came at last to yield; 55
 How long His Worship kept the Field.
 Strange Episodes might thus be rais'd,

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oured forth Verses without Number. See Note on Book ii.
 Ver. 11. of the Dunciad.
 Ver. 57. *Episodes*.] For the Sake of those Readers who are
 not acquainted with the Mechanism of an Epic Poem, it is pro-
 per to remark, that an Episode is a separate Story or Ac-
 tion, that comes naturally in by the Way, and is there-
 fore inserted by the Poet, and connected with his main
 Story, that so the Work may be furnished with greater Va-
 riety.

194 *The* ELBOW-CHAIR:

More to be wonder'd at, than prais'd.
Shall we then lengthen out our Matter,
Or end our Tale?—I think, the latter.

The Pious always can't prevail;
Temptation's strong, and Flesh is frail:
In vain are all CAUTILLA's Cares;
In vain her Precepts, and her Pray'rs:
BETTY grows fat, or else 'tis worse:
CAUTILLA taxes her—of Course.

What! BETTY, has your Master done it?—
Yes! BETTY's Tears and Tremblings own it.—
Thou beastly Baggage, how came this?
Upon what Bed, pray, did you kifs?
Speak Hussy! Where had you the Key?
When did he do it? Speak, I say!
You lie with Men, you Slut you? Fie!—
I never did.——Strumpet, you lye!—
No;—I was sitting.——Sitting! where?—
Dear Madam, in your Elbow-Chair.—

Ver, 77. *The Maxims here maintain'd.] viz. That Folks are wickedly inclin'd, To Modes of Vice are not confin'd: And, 'Tis not the Instrument or Place, But only People's Want of Grace*

I HOPE the Maxims here maintain'd,
Are now both strengthen'd and explain'd.

60 Could any human Means avail,

In what did poor CAUTILLA fail?

80

You'll say, she might have taken care,

And not have left her Elbow-Chair.

What then? was there no Method more?

65 Pray, could she take away the Floor?

Friend, had she known as much as you,

85

I'll warrant they'd have made it do:

You have, perhaps, a wiser Wife:

Did you ne'er cheat her in your Life?

that makes them go astray; as it is express'd in the first Paragraph.





CONSTANS to SYLVIA:

An E P I S T L E*

SYLVIA demands, shall I declare,
Why in her Sight, and only there,
(For she alone believes me mad)

I change from Gay, to Grave, to Sad;
Am careless, pensive, pleasant, four,
All in one Quarter of an Hour?

I will: This Paper shall impart
That single Secret of my Heart;
That only Thought I harbour there,
Which ev'n her FELIX might not share:

* There had been formerly a Correspondence between the two Persons here signified, which subsisted till SYLVIA's Engagement with FELIX. Many Years after it had been of Necessity discontinued, CONSTANS being in SYLVIA's Company, gave her an Opportunity of observing a Ring that he wore, and a Seal that he made use of, on each of which was a Device, containing an Allusion to their former Love. SYLVIA required a full Explanation of his Meaning, not only in these Devices, but in some Particulars regarding his late Behaviour

FELIX my Friend, by all approv'd ;
 By me uninjur'd, honour'd, lov'd.
 O that this Friendship could controul
 The lawless Sallies of my Soul !
 For still I tremble to disclose
 The Source, the Subject of my Woes !
 That fatal Truth to FELIX known,
 Would make his Torments like my own.

15

But SYLVIA's Faith shall I distrust ?
 No; She commands me, and I must.—

20

Then hear this Truth, indulgent Fair !
 'Tis—That I love Thee to Despair :
 That, spite of Vows, with Pray'rs and Tears,
 Made, broke, renew'd, thro' nine long Years,
 (So long my Hope survives no more)

25

My Passion lives, ev'n as before,

and thereby furnished him with an Occasion of writing to her
 more. Being acquainted with our Author, he procured
 him this Epistle in Verse, which was accordingly given to
 SYLVIA, and is now printed with the Permission both of her
 and CONSTANS, whose Situations in Life are much altered
 since the Year 1734, when it was first written.

Ver. 24. *Nine long Years—So long my Hope, &c.* SYLVIA
 had been married nine Years to FELIX when this Epistle was
 composed,

198 *CONSTANS* to *SYLVIA*:

For Thee, my Fancy's constant Theme,
Her Thought by Day, by Night her Dream!

What hast thou done—to bid me write?
O cast it, cast it from thy Sight!

What have I done—to write my Shame?
O burn this Blemish of my Fame!

No; rather nameless be the Day,
When, giving all I lov'd away,
You travers'd Nature's wise Design,
Who meant one Soul of Yours and Mine!

Then hold; and hear me to the End!
In one who writes, shall Truth offend?
I write obsequious to your Will;
And Truth flows easiest from my Quill.
Such Freedom giv'n, who could restrain
The only Thought that gave him Pain?

Say, lovely Queen of all my Pow'rs,
For whom I languish out my Hours,

Ver. 33. *Rather nameless be the Day, &c.*] The Day of his Marriage.

Ver. 43—52.] This has been added since the Piece was written.

Hast Thou not read one obvious Truth, 45

Writ on my Heart from earliest Youth ;

One Truth, a thousand Ways express'd ?

In Sighs, in Tears, in Language dress'd ?

Then read it here, and yield Relief !

That all my Joy, my Hope, my Grief, 50

That all I taste, desire, and see,

Receives its Character from Thee !

But keep these Lines from ev'ry Eye,

To think of only when I sigh !

Then if a Time should come by chance, 55

To shew soft Pity in a Glance,

When none beholds the kind Regard,

Indulge my Passion this Reward.

It merits more ten thousand Times :

And Love atones for little Crimes. 60

Thou know'st my Soul : 'Tis mighty Love,

From which I think, and speak, and move.

Ver. 60. *Love atones for little Crimes.*] This Line furnished both the Subject and Title of the following Epistle. See the Note at the Beginning of it.

Hence to my Cheeks new Ardour flies,
 With doubled Fires hence roll my Eyes,
 When thou art by.— I stand confess'd :
 From This thy Hand is often press'd ;
 My smoothest Word, my warmest Kiss,
 Is thine ;— and all proceeds from This.

Of little Things ask not the Cause,
 Where LOVE alone prescribes the Laws.
 Can he be formal, prudent, wise,
 Who lives the Madman of your Eyes ?
 Since Pardon lights on Faults of Drink,
 One drunk with Love, who scarce can think,
 Should be forgiv'n, when he reveals
 His broken Thoughts by Rings and Seals.

'Tis done : This Crisis of my Fate
 Shall colour all my future State.
 No mean Indiff'rence can succeed :
 It must be Death, or Life indeed.

Ver. 69, &c.] The Circumstance of the Ring and Seal, mentioned in the first Note, occasioned her expressing a pretty deal of Resentment.

Reject me ; blast me with Disdain :

Or scorn to censure me again.

65 Your Frowns I will not live to see ;

And whilst you smile, I must be free.

Only two Ways we have to prove :

85

Never to meet,— or meet in Love.

70 Ver. 85. *Only two Ways, &c.*] Both Parties chose the most prudent of these Ways, till an Alteration of Circumstances made it no longer necessary for either of them.



Love

Love atones for little Crimes: *

An E P I S T L E.

'TIS true, I said in amorous Rymes,
That "Love atones for little Crimes."
This Truth in Question dare you call?

* and ver. 2. *Love atones for little Crimes.*] This being affirmed by the Author in the foregoing Epistle, Ver. 60, a Friend, who saw that Epistle in Manuscript, objected seriously against the Morality of the Sentiment, and desired to have a Defence, or at least an Explanation of it. Neither of these it was thought, could be given in any other than a ludicrous Manner, and therefore in that Manner the Proposition is here discuss'd. The chief Point turns upon an imaginary Equivocality in the Word *Love*, which is taken for the natural Inclination of the Sexes towards each other, and supposed to be criminal in all the Degrees and Modes of it. So that the Argument runs thus:—"Every Man is necessarily guilty of having such Inclinations and Passions as are implanted in him by Nature. But no Man is eternally condemned for these Inclinations and Passions simply considered. Therefore the Necessity of the Crime that is in them, atones for the Guilt of it."—The Doctrine of the Major, (for we are here to speak logically) is so far from lessening the Guilt of unlawful Passion, that, for the sake of proving the main Point, it makes a Crime of what few will be willing to think such. This, one would imagine, should save the Author from the Imputation of Heterodoxy on the worst Side

Then, Heav'n have Mercy on us all!

He that condemns our actual Fault,

5

Extends the Sentence ev'n to Thought.

But once to dream of lawless Joys,

Our Christian Chastity destroys:

For he breaks all, who breaks a Part.—

Now, point me out the guiltless Heart.

10

Your Casuists here dive mighty deep:

They grant, “ The Letter none can keep:

The Minor he has endeavoured to support by Variety of Examples, as well as Reasons, all of unquestion'd Authority. The Consequence is fairly drawn from the Premises, and in such a Manner, that it is surprising any one should be gravely angry at the whole Performance. Yet so it has happened! The Piece was published about two Years ago, under the Title of, *Nature will prevail: An Apology for a darling Passion, &c.* When some were so kind as to call the Author a very sad Fellow, merely for having been a little merry with his Friend. The Truth was, they took that for a Series of heretical Reasoning, which was only a little Drollery on the ideal Meaning of a Word, but which, taken in the most literal Sense, contains not a Syllable in Vindication of any Thing that our Religion condemns. If any one will take the Trouble to read That over attentively, which was design'd only to promote a little innocent Mirth, he will see the Truth of what is here asserted, and that the whole is built upon an Hypothesis which has no Foundation.

Ver. 4, &c. The universal Guilt of Mankind, in Thought at least, is the first thing to be proved, which is here attempted, by confining all the Texts that condemn sinful Thoughts to their literal Sense.

“ *Ergo*, by sinful Thought is meant,
 “ Such Thought as grows to fix’d Intent.”
 But till they make this Matter plain,
 The simple Reading we’ll retain.
 Who leaves the Letter, leaves his Guide:
 For Comments set the Text aside.

Then why in Gen’rals should we stay?
 Does not the Word expressly say,
 “ That in the Heart Adult’ries rise,
 “ From looking with lascivious Eyes?”
 Who looks, and lusts, incurs the Curse.—
 And Human-kind is so perverse,
 That by the Eyes if Guilt comes in,
 The Wretch that sees, is sure to sin.

Great was poor ORIGEN’S Mistake,
 (That Eunuch for the Gospel’s Sake) ;

VER. 27—38. *ORIGEN’S Mistake.*] This Father was born at
 ALEXANDRIA, near the End of the second Century. He
 became a Catechist of young Men and Women, who offered
 themselves for Baptism upon their Conversion to Christianity.
 To prevent any Misrepresentations of his great Familiarity with
 the Fair Sex, as well as to crush all carnal Concupiscence in
 his own Body, he deprived himself of Virility: Which Fact

He cut off all the active Part;

But left the Windows of his Heart.

30

The Counsel was, had he been wise,

To lose no Members but his Eyes:

For in the Middle tho' they center'd,

'Twas *there* his Fornications enter'd:

There lay the Cause of his Complaint:

35

And 'twould have vex'd the greatest Saint,

That Guilt on Guilt he liv'd to heap,

For *looking* where he could not *leap*.

You see, my Friend, how Matters stand:

I take no Force from the Command.

40

You never acted aught of Shame.—

But you have thought,—and that's the same.

The Case is plain; the Words express:

Then where's the Source of your Redress?

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afterwards grievously lamented, when he found it was not
fectual to keep him from evil Thoughts. He was a Per-
on of great Learning, and indefatigable Industry.

Ver. 40. *The Command.] Thou shalt not commit Adultrey;*
it is extended by our Divines to the several Degrees of
rnal Affection, as well as Action, both which are here taken
be equally criminal.

'Tis in the Passion that prevails :

'Tis in the wicked Limb that fails.

Passions, in Woman, or in Man,

Will take their Turn, strive all we can.

A Priest may strictly keep his EMBERS,

Yet never curb his Carnal Members.

These tend by Nature to their Gole,

As the touch'd Needle to the Pole :

And shall we damn a human Creature,

For *being* — what he *is* by Nature?

The Scripture's Sense and mine agree ;

“ From little Crimes no Mortal's free.”

Yet ev'ry Mortal is not curst,

Because all Sin was damn'd at first.

Ver. 45. *'Tis in the Passion, &c.*] A general Confirmation of the first Proposition, That *Love atones for little Crimes*, founded on the irresistible Force of our Passions, and the Improbability that any Person should be condemned for what he cannot avoid.

Ver. 49. *A Priest may — keep his EMBERS.*] The EMBER DAYS are Days of Abstinence, design'd peculiarly for the Benefit of young Clergymen, who are about to enter into Orders. These Days are the WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY after the first SUNDAY in LENT, after WHITSUNDAY after HOLY-ROOD-DAY, and after St. LUCY'S-DAY. THIRTEEN SUNDAYS after these Days are appointed by the Canon Law.

Heav'n weighs the Motives and the Case,

And meets our Weakness with his Grace.

60

Hence *Love*, the Weakness of us all,

Atones, ev'n while it makes us fall.

Such Slips are owing to our Make;

And Grace comes in for Nature's Sake.

'Tis thus, or none could Mercy hope,

65

From humble Curate up to Pope.

(And if the Clergy may despair,

What Wretches we poor Laymen are!)

That chosen Vessel, righteous PAUL,

Whose Case were happy for us all,

70

Complains aloud of Wars within,

And Members prompting him to Sin.

the solemn Ordination of Priests and Deacons.

Ver. 65. *'Tis thus, or none could Mercy hope, &c.*] The Author proceeds here to support the main Point, by the Examples of PAUL, JOSEPH, SOLOMON, and DAVID, all of whom are proved to have had carnal Inclinations. Now upon the Supposition that all such Inclinations are sinful in themselves, it is argued, that the Necessity of them must atone for the Guilt, otherwise neither the Persons here mentioned, nor any others, could have deserved the Reputation of being Saints.

Ver. 69. *Righteous PAUL—complains aloud, &c.*] See several parts of his Epistles.

PAUL spoke this Sentence with Concern,

“ To wed, is better than to burn.”

Good Man! his Work was almost done:

’Twas worse with TIMOTHY his Son.

JOSEPH, I grant you, once was cool.—

That’s an Exception, not a Rule.

Before this Youth, who scorn’d his Dame,

The Priest of ON’s fair Daughter came ;

And were her blooming Charms withstood?

No ; that was more than JOSEPH could ;—

Ver. 76. TIMOTHY *his Son*.] The Apostle lets us know what Sense TIMOTHY was his Son, namely *in the Faith*. St. PAUL was never marry’d, we may be certain he had no Sons according to the Flesh.

Ver. 77, &c.] See the History of this Patriarch, as recited at large in the Book of GENESIS.

Ver. 80. *The Priest of ON’s fair Daughter*.] ASENATH, the Daughter of POTIPHERAH, Priest or Prince of ON, (in GREK Heliopolis), *the City of the Sun*, where was a Temple devoted to that Luminary. JOSEPH was married to this Lady : By this makes him never the worse an Instance for our Purpose which is only to prove that *Nature will prevail* in some way or other, and therefore that human Weakness, in our Sense of it, always demands some Allowance for itself.

Ver. 84 *He got two Tribes, &c.*] The Tribes of MANASSE and EPHRAIM, descended from his two Sons of the same Name. One of these was substituted in the Room of the Tribe

For he was JACOB's ablest Son :

He got Two Tribes—instead of One.

Suppose we more Examples bring, 85

And turn to ISRAEL's wisest King ?

That SOLEMN PREACHER tasted first

The Blifs, which afterwards he curst :

Nay, ev'n in Age renew'd his Flame,

And dy'd, for aught we know, the Same. 90

He warns from Women of the Street ;

But makes them say, “ Stol'n Joys are sweet.”

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avi, which was devoted to the Priesthood, and dispers'd
among the other Twelve.

Ver. 87, 88. *Tasted first The Blifs, &c*] He is said to have had
seven hundred Wives, and three hundred Concubines ; by
which Account he seems to have tasted the Blifs here spoken
pretty freely. *And it came to pass when SOLOMON was old,*
his Wives turned away his Heart after other Gods.

Ver. 88. *Which afterwards he curst.*] Alluding to his Book of
ECCLESIASTES, where he pronounces that all human Enjoy-
ments are Vanity and Vexation of Spirit.

Ver. 92. *But makes them say, “ Stol'n Joys are sweet.”*] The
Author was a little mistaken here in his Quotation. The Words
SOLOMON are, *Stolen Waters are sweet, and Bread eaten in se-*
crecy is pleasant : They are put, however, in the Mouth of a
Fool, or, as our Translation calls her, *a foolish Woman*, when
she is persuading him that is simple to turn in unto her : There-
fore the Sense of them seems not to be misrepresented.

King DAVID liv'd a Man of God :
 Yet half his Deeds were vastly odd.
 He mourn'd U^RIAH's ravish'd Wife ;
 But with a Mistress ended Life.

The Monarch's Pulse indeed was low,
 Nor could his Blood be taught to flow :
 But 'tis no Virtue of the Man,
 Where Nature does the most she can.

Why should we run the Bible thro' ?
 'Midst many Instances, these few
 Inform us, Nature will take Place,
 In spite of Wisdom, or of Grace,
 And shall we no Expedient find
 To salve the Fault of all our Kind?
 A Weakness that belongs to each,
 (Observe the Sum of what I preach!)

Ver. 94.] See his whole History.

Ver. 96, 97, 98. *But with a Mistress, &c.*] The Name
 this young Lady was ABISHAG. She was a Virgin, cho-
 sen by the King's Servants, to lie in his Bosom. And the Damsel was
 very fair, and cherish'd the King, and ministr'd unto him ; but
 King knew her not. For King DAVID was old, and stricken
 Years, — and he could get no Heat.

In venial Colours must be painted,

Or, all the Saints will be unfainted.

110

Take the dark Side of what I say,

And not one Christian gets away.

The present Thought condemns the past,

And by himself shall each be cast:

For sure his Conscience must be wrong'd,

115

Who says, he never look'd and long'd.

Now—where the Guilty are to go,

Our SUNDAY Guides may let us know.

Tremble each Woman, and each Man!

Ye Priests! absolve them, if you can.

120

But say that Nature, as she ought,

Pleads for our necessary Fault:

And sure, in vain we fast and pray;

For when she prompts, we must obey:)

Ver. 102—110.] The general Proposition resum'd, and the necessity of believing it asserted, in order to support the Character of Sanctity, which the Persons here mentioned, and many others, have been honour'd with.

Ver. 111—128.] The Argument viewed in two opposite Lights, in order to strengthen the Consequence drawn above.

Then all the Matter's at an End,
 The Cause and Cure so justly blend.
 See, join'd the Pardon and the Crime,
 And Truth, for once, convey'd in Ryme!

Here PAUL, who stood our Friend before,
 Appears against us, twice, or more.
 He recommends the single State.—
 He does; — but at so faint a Rate,
 That any marry'd Man alive,
 (For PAUL had not the Heart to wive,)
 Who can the Odds from Trial tell,
 Might argue twenty Times as well:
 Yet when did Reason once prevail

Ver. 129, &c.] Having brought the Argument to a fair Conclusion, it was proper to consider what Objections may be started on the Occasion. Now there seem to be two against what has been said concerning the irresistible Force of our Passions, and both founded on St. PAUL's Writings. The First on that Passage where he recommends perpetual Chastity; since we are not to suppose that he would have done this, had the Thing been impracticable in itself: But the Apostle there speaks by *Permission*, and *not of Commandment*, as himself informs us; and indeed one would think he found himself a little out of his Sphere, when he afterwards gives up the Point, and tells us on what Considerations Marriage is to be preferred.

The Ground of the second Objection is taken in the

Against th' Attraction of the Tail?

The same Apostle wisely thought,

Two Wives well us'd, a Church well taught, 140

Would burthen much a Bishop's Life;

And therefore counsel'd—but One Wife.

From this what Sequel can ensue?

Only, that some had taken Two:

At least, that some were that way leaning: 145

For else the Caution had no Meaning.

This Counsel they may take who list,

And read it, like a ROMISH Priest,

(The strictest Way it can be read;)

That Priests should neither wench nor wed: 150

Words, *A Bishop must be the Husband of one Wife*: Which have been interpreted as a Prohibition of second Marriages to the Clergy, and even as an Argument for their perpetual Celibacy. But certainly we shall find a more natural Interpretation, if we suppose (and we have no Reason to do otherwise) that the primitive Christians followed the Customs of their several Countries, in such Matters as were not determined by the Church. For admitting this, we shall find Polygamy among those Customs, and have then no Colour for straining the Apostle's Words beyond their most obvious Sense, viz. That it is unbecoming a Bishop to have more than one Wife at a Time. It is surprizing, that any other Meaning than this was ever look'd after.

Our Ghostly Fathers, if they please,
 (The Precept reaches only these,)
 May follow close St. PAUL's Advice :
 But Laymen scarce will be so nice.



S O N G.

WINE and Beauty, both in Turns,
 Claim this foolish, roving Heart:
 Wine relieves when Beauty burns ;
 Love, when Wine does Warmth impart.
 Still alternate may they rule!
 Join'd my Fate should they conspire,
 Tho' they now each other cool,
 They'd be then like Oil and Fire.



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WOMAN'S LOGICK.*

Nil proprium ducas, quod mutarier potest.

TIS strange that Sex should most obey,
Who talk of universal Sway ;

That still the Tail the Head should rule,

And ev'ry Man be Woman's Fool ;

That They, whose Province 'tis to hear

5

What wiser We may make appear,

Should make us all they say believe ;

Their Word the only Proof they give.

The weaker Vessels let them be ;

And think them so who will for me :

10

'Tis plain their Logick overpow'rs

The boasted Energy of ours.

I firmly think, and shall do still,

That Reason's Strength lies in the Will,

* All the Circumstances of this Poem are almost literally true. It was composed in 1730, the Author having written his Name without a C till the one and twentieth Year of his Age.

216 WOMAN'S LOGICK:

'Till Syllogism can overthrow
The Force of, " 'Tis, because 'tis so."

My Name was fix'd, I always thought:

BANKS, *quasi* River's Banks, I wrote;

Which Etymology, so plain,

Against the World I durst maintain.

Full oft' I said, full oft' I sung,

How from some Fisherman I sprung;

Who dwelling near his subject Brook,

Thence his Denomination took.

But vain is all we think or do,

Unless the Fair approve it too!

My Name, of which I was so sure,

Ah me! no longer must endure.

A Female Cousin saw me write,

And seem'd to startle at the Sight.—

My Cousin, sure 'tis not the same!

This ne'er can be My Cousin's Name!

My Father wrote it with a C,

Ver. 16. 'Tis, because 'tis so.] A very emphatical Phrase proverbially called, *A Woman's Reason*.

Ver. 29. *A Female Cousin*.] The same who is elsewhere mentioned by the Name of DELIA.

And so do I, and so should He.—

A C? said I,---that must be wrong.--- 35

'Tis right, quoth she ;--- so hold your Tongue.---

I told her, I could scarce believe her ;

It must be BANKS from *Banks of River*.---

A Fig for *River's Banks* ! she cry'd ;

I say, I'll have the C supply'd, 40

Or else I'll never own you more.---

So lose my Favour,--- or restore.---

Not own ? thought I, I ne'er shall bear it !

Then straight at Bottom clapp'd a *Caret* :

Resolv'd I'll use it 'till I die ; 45

Convince'd, she gave good Reason why.

With Women since if I dispute,

They unavoidably confute :

My Cousin need but speak her Mind,

To make me silent, deaf, or blind : 50

What Mortal would not be the same,

Persuaded once out of his Name?

Ver. 44. *At Bottom clapp'd a Caret.*] He was obliged to do this frequently for a considerable Time afterwards, being apt to forget the intercalary C in writing his Name.



TO SYLVIA.*

SYLVIA, forbear the Youth to blame,
 Who in your Love had once been blest'd;
 The Youth who long indulg'd a Flame,
 Warm as the Words in which express'd;
 Who than your Wishes felt a Soul more kind,
 And had been yours as long as Truth could bind.

 Well you remember how he strove,
 How at your Feet he sighing lay,
 How often you repell'd his Love,
 'Ere he receiv'd your final Nay:
 But CUPID'S Flames are like material Fire:
 Both, without Fewel, gradually expire.

* This and the four following Pieces were written at the
 Desire of an Acquaintance who could sing. They were all ad-
 apted to old Tunes, the Names of which the Author has forgot.
 The Subjects, as well as the Measures, were given him.

Had but your Lips or Eyes betray'd
 A Heart inclin'd to yield at length;
 Like Soldiers, when a Breach is made, 15
 He had reviv'd his dying Strength.
 But after two long Years entrench'd in vain,
 What prudent General would the Siege maintain?



AMELIA's WISH.

O What new, what odd Sensations,
 O what glowing Inclinations,
 Trouble all my Virgin Frame!
 Gentle CUPID quickly ease me!
 Send the Youth design'd to please me! 5
 Give us both an equal Flame!

and therefore 'tis not to be wonder'd at if the Performance was accordingly. Their having been printed before, gave them a right to be insert'd here, which otherwise they had hardly been, at least not all of them.

Huntress of the Woods and Vallies,
Pardon Nature's artless Sallies!

Witness all my Thoughts are pure!
Pardon, while I seek and cherish
Mutual Flames that will not perish!
Love that always may endure!

Gentle CUPID quickly ease me!
Send the Youth design'd to please me!
Send, and teach our Hearts to join!
To my Wishes form thy Creature!
Give, O give him much good Nature,
And a Soul as true as Mine!

Ver. 7. *Huntress of the Woods and Vallies.*] DIANA, PRIMA
or the Moon, the Daughter of JUPITER and LATONA
and Sister of APOLLO. She was the Goddess of Hunting
and Virginitie.



STRE



STREPHON'S Complaint.

T WAS when flow-rising Night had spread
 Her sable Mantle o'er the Earth;
 The Tulip clos'd his painted Head,
 Waiting next Morn' a gayer Birth:
 No other Noise was heard while STREPHON sung: 5
 With Words like these his mournful Accents rung.
 While, in CLARINDA'S Arms enclos'd,
 Like more than Mortal DAMON lies;
 While, on her snowy Breasts repos'd,
 In softly melting Raptures dies; 10
 The Nymphs and Dryads hear a Youth complain,
 Who long CLARINDA lov'd, but lov'd in vain!

Ver. 11. *Nymphs and Dryads.*] Goddesses of the Waters and Forests. The Nymphs were the Daughters of OCEANUS and TETIS, and distinguished into *Nereids* and *Naiads*, the former residing over Sea-Waters, the latter over Rivers and Fountains. The Deities of the Woods and Forests are also sometimes called *Nymphs*, and sometimes *Hamadryades*. They were said to receive Life and Death together with the Trees they inhabit.

Kindly at first she seem'd to bend,
 And long return'd me Sigh for Sigh ;
 Chose out the Day my Pains to end,
 And the too-slothful Day drew nigh.
 I to my Wishes gave their utmost Flight :
 Sure to enjoy them all th' approaching Night.

DAMON appear'd a Week before,
 And with rich Presents sooth'd her Pride ;
 Told her what Wealth he had in Store :
 She play'd the Woman, and comply'd.
 Then curst be all the Sex ! Tho' my fond Heart
 Could wish CLARINDA of that Sex no Part.

Beneath a gloomy Willow Shade,
 Hard by a murm'ring River's Side,
 Thus his Complaint young STREPHON made,
 'Till with Excess of Grief he dy'd ;
 'Till all along the Banks, and thro' the Glade,
 ECHO his last, his parting Sigh convey'd.

Ver. 30. ECHO.] This was one of the fabulous Deities
 above-mentioned, who being in Love with NARCISSUS, is said
 to have pined to Death for him, and to have nothing left but
 her Voice, which can be heard only in repeating the Sounds
 uttered by others.



The COMPARISON.

FLORINDA, fond our Hearts to move,
Forth all at once displays her Charms :

'Tis at first Sight she gains your Love,
Or not the least her Beauty harms.

Far nobler Arts AMELIA tries, 5

Nor of such Conquests would she boast.

She knows, what's taken by Surprize,
May by the next Surprize be lost.

She, with a softer, easier Grace,
Kindles at first a gentle Fire: 10

Think of her Mind, or view her Face,
And you perceive it blazing higher.

FLORINDA's but a single Feast ;
AMELIA's form'd thro' Life to please ;

At ev'ry Meal she mends—at least.—— 15

Who would not chuse the last of these ?

To



TO FLORINDA^{*}

THINK not, FLORINDA, your Disdain
 Shall make me feel one Moment's Pain:
 I to the Constant could be true;
 But can despise the Scornful too.

What tho' I talk'd of Flames and Darts,
 Of killing Eyes, and bleeding Hearts:
 Such common Cant could ne'er have mov'd
 A Thing less vain—to think I lov'd.

Your Slave, perhaps, he might have been,
 Thro' your Disguise who had not seen:
 But then that Wretch had flatter'd less.—
 Who feels the most, can least express.

Nor are you wrong'd: I strove to cheat
 The artful Jilt, the proud Coquet;

* The last of the five Copies mentioned in the Note of the
 to SYLVIA, p. 218.

And while you glory to be such, 15
You ne'er can be deceiv'd too much.

Those Arts, which you so fondly prize,
Lose all the Conquests of your Eyes:
'Tis not enough we once admire;
True Love's a lasting mutual Fire. 20

This gen'rous Passion could you know,
Be more in Truth, and less in Show,
You still might find AMINTOR true;
Tho' now he swells as much as you.





*On the Death and Monument of
the Duke of BERWICK.**

IN Act to combate, or the Foe survey,
BERWICK the Soldier fell. A nobler Way
Fate could not lead, nor Virtue could explore,
Than what TURENNE had sanctify'd before.
Equals in Camp, in Council, and in Fame,
Their Thirst of Glory and their Fall the same,
With equal Reverence be their Marbles seen,
There the First BERWICK, here the Last TURENNE

* In Imitation of this:

BERVICUS cecidit pugnans. Quâ morte? TURENI:

Funere non poterat nobiliore mori:

Huic par Marte fuit, similis discrimine belli;

Ambo, pari tumulto, quam meruere, pares.

Ver. 1. *In Act to combate, &c.—BERWICK—fell.]* He
kill'd by a Cannon Ball, as he was mounting his Horse before
PHILIPSBURG, JUNE 12, 1734.

Ver. 4. *TURENNE.]* The famous Marshal DE TURENNE
was shot in the same Manner, as he was taking a View of the
Enemy, JULY 27, 1675.

Say

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Parr Sculp

Saying and Doing are Two Things :

A T A L E.

To a Reverend Conformist. *



Pleasant Tale in serious Works

(For solid Reasons) often lurks :

A Tale can seldom come amiss :

The Art of Preaching gives us This.

* It was originally printed, To Mr. B—; by which some
 inadvertently understood the Reverend Mr. PETER BELBIN,
 then a Baptist Preacher in READING, now Curate of St. MARY'S
 in the same Town, and Vicar of PETTISHALL in the County
 of NORTHAMPTON. But we hope to prove in our Notes, by
 incontestible Evidence, that these Interpreters were mistaken.

Ver. 4. *The Art of Preaching.*] *L'Art de Precher*, an excel-

228 *Saying and Doing are Two Things:*

What Characters become the Pulpit,
What Priest may edify a full Pit,
'Twill teach us better, at one View,
Than all the Rules it's Author knew.

To Thee my Version I submit,
O BALAAM, Judge of carnal Wit!
For Sanctity tho' skill'd to paint,
In Fact we count Thee no great Saint;
But trace the Mazes of the Joke
Up to thy Cassock, from thy Cloke.
Thy Cloke, had it been warm and snug,
Tho' deem'd as homely as a Rug,
It scarce had dropp'd among thy People,
For the gay Livery of the Steeple.

So much by Way of *Apparatus*:
THALIA, now the Tale translate us.

lent FRENCH Poem, written in the last Century, by the AB
DE VILLIERS. Our Author has much improv'd upon the
ginal Tale in this Version, or rather Paraphrase, especially
the Article of Address to his Patron.

Ver. 10. BALAAM.] We appeal to the MSS. for a Te
mony that this, and not BELBIN, is the true Reading h

25

30

35

signifies nothing then to urge the Circumstances of the *Cas-*
and the *Gloke*, (tho' both these have been thought to *fit* Mr.
very well) when plain Matter of Fact may be produced,
shew that the Author's Patron is here rightly named.
Ver. 20. THALIA.] One of the Muses, the Inventress of Come-

230 *Saying and Doing are Two Things:*

That PETERS, BRADBURY, and BURGESS,
Were not more truly BOANERGES.

'Twas once his Fortune, near the Court,
To preach before the Better Sort.

Ev'n here the Temple was too streight:
Coach after Coach unloads its Freight.

Scarce any Preacher e'er beheld

A Place so large, so amply fill'd:

They throng'd the Windows and the Porch;

The Ladies fainted in the Church:

In short, the Sexton now declares,

(And he remembers forty Years)

That, tho' he oft' had seen it crouded,

This SUNDAY all the SUNDAYS out-did.

Not more the House of God was haunted,

VER. 37. PETERS, BRADBURY, and BURGESS.] HUGO
PETERS, THOMAS BRADBURY, and DANIEL BURGESS
were three celebrated Teachers, all of them eminent for the
Gift of Vociferation.

VER. 38. BOANERGES.] *Sons of Thunder*, MARK iii. 17.

VER. 52. WHITEFIELD.] The Reverend Mr. GEORGE
WHITEFIELD, of PEMBROKE-College OXON, was famous
this Time for preaching of Charity Sermons, without Hire,
most of the Churches in and about LONDON. Never was

When WHITEFIELD begg'd, or You recanted.

(The Man to whom we send a Poem,

We oft' salute, by turning to him.)

Our Doctor roll'd his Eyes around,

55

With Signs of Gravity profound.

He stroak'd his Face ; he took his Text ;

Made ev'ry Member unperplex'd ;

Then all his Batteries apply'd,

To knock down Luxury and Pride,

60

In all their Forms he these engag'd ;

But seem'd at Coaches most enrag'd,

Dress on Humility encroaches ;

Yet Dress was not so bad as Coaches.

A Coach, that easy Chair to Vice!

65

That Bauble of the Vain and Nice!

HUGO Preacher more indefatigable, nor more followed to all Parts,
URGES on which last Occasion only he is here mentioned.

17. Ibid. *You recanted.*] Here again there appears to be some Si-
GEORGE militude between the Gentleman mentioned at the Beginning of
famous these Notes, and the *Man to whom our Author sends his Poem*, name-
Hire, ly, that they both *recanted*; but this Likeness is of too general
ever w Nature to be made one of the Characteristicks of any particu-
lar Clergyman. Besides, it is well known, that the Original
BALAAM was likewise famous for *recanting*.

232 *Saying and Doing are Two Things:*

To keep one was a mortal Sin!
 And all were damn'd who rode therein!
 Odd Things to say at such a Season!
 But he maintain'd the whole by Reason.

Ver. 72. *Your printed Sermons.*] This Hemistic, it is not question'd, will remove all Suspicion that the Author can mean Mr. BELBIN in any Part of his Tale; notwithstanding that several subsequent Lines may seem to favour that Opinion. That Gentleman, indeed, did preach four Sermons at St. MARY'S in READING, in the Year 1735; which Sermons treated of such weighty and solid Matters, as that the *Doctrines* of them might justly be called *Golden*; and these were delivered in such soft and flowing Periods, and with such great Mastery of Elocution, that it may truly be said, in Conformity to an establish'd Manner of Speaking, they were *set in Silver*: For all which, no doubt, the *Mother* who had newly adopted him, was *much beholden* to this her Son. And we do also *learn from his own Account*, in his Proposals for printing the said Sermons by Subscription, that in them is shewn "the Necessity of an honest unprejudiced Mind, in order to forming a right Judgment in religious Matters; that an Account is given of the Reformation, and the Church of ENGLAND vindicated from the Aspersions of retaining Popish Corruptions; that the order of Bishops is proved to be of divine Appointment, as derived from CHRIST and his Apostles; that the Antiquity and Usefulness of a Liturgy, and the Excellency of Ours is demonstrated; that the Perpetuity of the Sacraments in the Christian Church, Infant Baptism, the Use of Sponsors, the Cross in Baptism, Kneeling at the Communion, with several other Points objected to by the Dissenters, and the Authority of the Church to enjoin Things indifferent, are all proved from the Holy Scriptures, the Ecclesiastical Historians and Fathers, the Testimony

His Arguments were short and firm ones :

Such as adorn your printed Sermons ;

Where, set in Silver, Doctrines Golden

Have made your Mother much beholden.

of foreign Divines, and the Reason and Nature of Things, together with the Concessions of the Dissenters themselves :” From which Specimen of Contents it is naturally concluded, that so *active* has he been to *surmount* his Brethren, as to have *dispatched more Points* in these *four short Harangues*, or Sermons, than all the STILLINGFLEETS, TILLOTSONS, ATTERBURYs, &c, &c. have attempted to dispatch in all their voluminous *Writings*. We are likewise informed, that so *feelingly* and forcibly were these Sermons set home to the Minds of the Audience, and others, not only in their first Delivery, but in the above-mentioned printed Proposals, that great Numbers were prevail’d on to subscribe for them, either at the Price of five Shillings stitch’d, or half a Guinea neatly bound, or a Guinea printed on Royal Paper and finely bound; and that all who have thus subscribed, in either of the said Forms, (whose Number together may probably amount to *hundreds*) would be very glad to have the said four Sermons, according to the Conditions of the said Proposals. Yet all these Particulars notwithstanding, forasmuch as it cannot be proved by any one, that these four Sermons ever had been printed at the Time of writing this Tale, (tho’ they had been much enquir’d after, both in print and otherwise); what can be more manifest, than that the four Sermons here alluded to, and which are said to be printed, cannot be the four Sermons preached at St. MARY’S in READING, which were never printed? and consequently, that the Author of these latter, cannot be the Person here characterized under the Name of BALAM?

234 *Saying and Doing are Two Things:*

Your Brethren active to surmount,
 (I learn it from your own Account)
 Four short Harangues of your inditing,
 Dispatch more Points than all their Writing.
 And then so feelingly you gave them,
 That Hundreds would be glad to have them.
 So brief your Method is of Proving!
 Yet such your happy Art of Moving!

To leave one's Patron, Sir, you see
 How hard it is, at least for me!
 I meant one modern Similé:
 Yet, unawares, behold it trail,
 In HOMER's Manner, with a Tail!
 Which gives Occasion for one more,
 To bring me where I was before.

As when you prov'd, by Logick's Rules,

Ver. 85, 86, 87. *I meant one modern Similé: Yet, unawares, behold it trail, In HOMER's Manner, with a Tail.* The FRENCH call some of HOMER's Similés, *Comparaisons a longue queue*, *Similes with a long Tail*; for Instance, when he compares the Thighs of MENELAUS wounded, to Ivory dy'd purple by the Woman of MÆONIA or CARIA; where the whole Similitude lying in the Ivory's being dy'd, it has been thought superfluous

75 That all your former Friends were Fools,
 You prov'd yourself, till then, of Course,
 If not a Fool, yet something worse :

So fervent Zeal, (that often makes
 In wiser Heads than your's Mistakes)

95

80 Here bore our Priest beyond his Point,
 (You see, our Parallel runs quaint)

And turn'd on his own Breech the Birch :

For in the Center of the Church

Sate the good 'Squire and Dame together,

100

85 Whose Coach convey'd his Priestship thither.

If others could not chuse but wonder,

Conceive th' Amazement they were under !

The 'Squire did nought but cough and nod's Head ;

Yet wrought no Good upon our Cod's Head. 105

90 For He, transported with his Theme,

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him to tell us by whom it was done. On the other Hand, in
 a modern Similé, the Thing to which we compare our Subject,
 is usually described no farther than it has a manifest Likeness
 therewith. Some of the best Moderns, however, have not only
 defended, but imitated, the Great Father of Poesy, in his Man-
 ner of making Similés : And therefore our Author does not
 want ENGLISH Precedents, for what he has here done.

236 *Saying and Doing are Two Things:*

Push'd home the Point with Warmth extreme:
An hundred Times he had it o'er ;
Friends! use those wicked Things no more!
But walk to Heav'n in Love together,
Rather than ride the Lord knows whither!

The Sermon done, our rev'rend Priest
With *Grace* and *Love* the Flock dismiss,
The Coaches rumble to the Door :
Their Owners enter,—as before.

Among the rest, our friendly Couple
(Who to the Craft were not o'er supple)
Ascended theirs, with mutual Laughter ;
Agreed—no Parson should come after.

'Tis neither Virtue, nor Ill-Nature,
That points our usual Pulpit Satire.
That missive Weapon of the Craftsmen,
At Random flies from vulgar Shaftsmen ;
Who take no Part, as human Agents,
In what they teach, as ghostly Regents,
When mounted on their weekly Pageants.

VER. 142. PETHOR.] The Residence of BALAAM the So
of BEOR. See NUMB. xxii. 5.

Of this Plebeian Herd our Priest
 In Lump or Labour not the least,
 Soon as he found the Passage free,
 110 Out sail'd his Corpulence and He; 130
 And made a Push, as Instinct taught him,
 To board the Vehicle that brought him :
 When, looking stedfast in his Face ;
 Sir, what's your Pleasure here ?—My Place.—
 115 What ! in a Coach ? Oh dreadful Evil! 135
 'Twould hurl you headlong to the Devil !
 No, Doctor, trudge to Heav'n on Foot.—
 —Coachman, drive on,—he shall not do't.
 PROPHETS and Priests, the same in Line,
 120 Both hold, they say, by Right divine ; 140
 But how, no Layman e'er could see,
 From PETHOR'S BALAAM down to Thee.
 Say Thou, who truly know'st their Trade,
 By God or MAMMON are they made ?
 125 In MOSES' Seat, we grant, they sit ; 145
 I take my Text from Sacred Writ)

the So

Ver. 146. *I take my Text, &c.*] From MATTHEW xxiii.

3.

238 *Saying and Doing are Two Things:*

But what they preach they practise not :
For Priests on Pow'r were first begot,
To teach how Subjects ought to act :
The Word is theirs, but ours the Fact.
And take the Sum of all they say,
Our Work is, " Worship and Obey : "
Their own they blab not out of School,
But read it there, " Divide and Rule."

Perhaps your Bards of stronger Brain,
Might start some Reason for their Reign ;
Or deviate from the Paths of Blame,
To pick Exceptions out by Name.
(Exceptions, doubtless, one may see,
Yet mean no Compliment to Thee !)
These sift the Blessing from the Curse :
But I with Better blend the Worse ;
And, group'd together as they fall,
Extract one Moral from them all.
Their Lives and Lessons, fairly drawn,
(I speak of those below the Lawn)

Ver. 169, &c.] For a Commentary on this Paragraph, we refer to the Tale, entitled, *BALAM'S Pedigree.*

Make out what my THALIA sings;

"Saying and Doing are Two Things."

Suppose you make that Line your own?

An artless Youth have you not known, 170

Who found you forward to promote his

Affairs, yet never fought your Notice?

Was learn'd, unlearn'd, possess'd, inspir'd,

Contemn'd, applauded, shunn'd, desir'd,

Advis'd, reprov'd, instructed, preach'd at, 175

Before he guess'd the Point you reach'd at?

That Point, how turn'd it up at last?

Your Calling taught you to forecast:

That Youth, no Pimp, no Priest by Nature,

Was grown a doughty, dang'rous Creature: 180

Causeless, your Head conceiv'd a Fright

For the dear Coach, you seem'd to flight.

For this, your Batteries you play'd,

Nor did, nor meant, one Thing you said!

Which proves what my THALIA sings: 185

"Saying and Doing are Two Things."

ROBIN



ROBIN and NAN

A BALLAD.*

NAN was ROBIN's Fellow-Servant ;
 She could milk, and he could plow :
 ROBIN's Love to NAN was fervent,
 But the Damfel would not bow.

In the Field, or in the Meadow,
 Wherefoe'er she daily went,
 ROBIN follow'd like her Shadow,
 All to give his Passion vent.

Whatsoever NAN was doing,
 ROBIN would the Time improve;
 And, his main Design pursuing,
 Make some Similé in Love.

* These Stanzas have had a Tune adapted to them by one of the Author's Friends, who hath sometimes sung them in Company.

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Ver. 24. A
 and ENGLI

A BALLAD.

241

Why, quoth ROBIN, cruel Maiden,
Dost Thou thus distract my Mind?
Heavens grant Thou art not paid in
Thy own unrelenting Kind!

15

See, fair Maid, each living Creature
(Only stubborn-hearted Thou)
Do as all are taught by Nature,
And to LOVE's Dominion bow!

20

Long his Passion NAN resisted,
And had always kept her Hold,
Had not Fortune once assisted:—
“ Fortune often helps the Bold.”

NAN would go to Bed as usual,
Just as ROBIN went that Way;
When her Door made stout Refusal;—
Dame forgot, and took the Key.

25

ROBIN, proud of this Occasion,
All his former Hopes to crown,

30

Ver. 24. *Fortune—helps the Bold.*] A Proverb both in LATIN
and ENGLISH. *Audaces Fortuna juvat.*

R

242 *R O B I N* and *N A N*, &c.

Brought the Maid, by fair Persuasion,
On his Threshold to sit down.

Now, said he, my charming Blowzy,
Let us love, and banish Fear :

Dame, you know, is always drowzy ;
We may talk, and she not hear.

Ay, quoth *N A N*, but should my Master,
I could never face him more :

Therefore, to prevent Disaster,
We'll go in, and shut the Door.

Thus one lucky Minute doing
All the mighty Work of *LOVE*,

Ever after, without wooing,

" *BOB* and *N A N* were Hand and Glove.



Writte

SYDNEY. J
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The courtly
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Written in a WALLER.

WALLER was noble, rich, polite, and young,
 Yet SYDNEY slighted him, because he sung :
 To small Success in Love great Wits are born ;
 Virtue and Verse when did not Beauty scorn ?

A N O T H E R.

THE courtly Bard, who knew not to rehearse
 His worst Resentments in sarcastic Verse,
 Inflicts a Wound on SACHARISSA's Fame,
 In softest Strains, devoted to her Name ;
 And leaves a lasting Satire on the Fair, 5
 Who read such Numbers with regardless Air !

[SYDNEY.] The Lady DOROTHY SYDNEY, Daughter of the
 and LEICESTER, and afterwards Countess of SUNDERLAND,
 in the SACHARISSA of Mr. WALLER's Poems.

[The courtly Bard, who knew not to rehearse, &c.] Alluding to
 two LATIN Verses prefix'd by way of Motto to Mr. WAL-
 ler's Works.

*Non ego mordaci distinxì carmine quenquam ;
 Nulla venenato litera mista joco est.*

R 2

T. E.



T H E
Original of MATRIMONY:
A B A L L A D.

WHEN first Procreation began,
Ere Forms interrupted the Blifs,
Each Woman might love any Man,
Each Man any Woman might kifs.

The Youth, who beheld a plump Lass,
Declar'd in few Words his Request;
Nor whin'd like an amorous Afs,
Nor ever departed unblest.

VER. 17. SEMIRAMIS. A Queen of ASSYRIA, famous in History, both for her Fraud in getting the supreme Power from her Husband NINUS, and the Use she made of it when obtain'd. She enlarged the Empire almost on every Side, and either built, enlarged and beautified, the City of BABYLON. She was so unanimous and resolute beyond her Sex, but stain'd the Glo-

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The Girl, who was ripe for the Game,
 Look'd out for a sizeable Lad ; 10
 Then frankly discover'd her Flame,
 And what she demanded, she had.

But while they thus revell'd at large,
 And Bantlings increas'd in their Kind,
 The Mother still bore all the Charge :— 15
 The Father what Mortal could find ?

So when Great SEMIRAMIS reign'd,
 And Women repin'd at their Lot,
 The Queen Matrimony ordain'd,
 That each might maintain what he got. 20

While under this Petticoat Rule,
 The Men were oblig'd to submit :
 The Wife went abroad, and the Fool
 Still own'd all that came to his Net.

her Actions by her Impurities. At last, soliciting her Son
 NINYAS to commit Incest with her, she was slain by him in the
 forty-second Year of her Reign, about two thousand Years be-
 fore CHRIST. The Author thought it had been an Inven-
 tion of his own, to make this Woman the Institutress of Ma-
 trimony, till he heard the same Thing gravely affirm'd at a

246 *The Original of MATRIMONY:*

The Men on this System refin'd :

They granted the Union for Life ;
But made (their chaste Spouses to bind)
The Husband the Head of the Wife.

Tradition establish'd the Cheat :

(Tradition makes all Things divine !)
It aw'd the dull Crowd ; but the Great
What Precept could ever confine ?

The sacred Law-givers of yore,
And all the old Sages of GREECE,
Could slyly dispense with a Score ;
'Tho' others had but one a-piece.

'Twas thought for the Good of Mankind ;
So into the Canons it pass'd :
The Mob will for-ever be blind ;
And therefore 'tis likely to last.

certain Oratory, in a public Disputation (as it was called concerning Polygamy. On what Authority the Disputation proceeded, we are not certain, since he did not produce any at all; but if it was on the Authority of this Ballad, which had been printed before, certainly that Circumstance redounds much to our Poet's Honour.

Still may the Decrees of the State

Impose on an ignorant Realm :

Let us our own Charter create,

And do as they do at the Helm.

When one has the Beauty to charm,

45

And t'other the Manhood to please,

In Love can there be any Harm,

Arising from Motives like these ?



The



The Substitute Father:

A T A L E.*



AVARO liv'd a private Life,
 And starv'd in Bondage with his Wife.
 Did she too starve? To him at least
 So Matters seem'd; but she knew best:
 For she was plump, Historians say,
 And look'd as blithsome as the Day:
 But that, AVARO understood,

* The Design at the Head of this Tale is well known. As it was thought to have a good deal of Humour, and had been but indifferently engraved; a better Copy of it than had yet

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appear'd, v
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 thought for

Was from her Nature, not her Food.

One Son they had; but never more.

Children, thought he, make People poor; 10

And Virtue dwells in Self-denial:

So I'll abstain from farther Trial.—

Whether the Lady thought the same,

Or not, is nothing to my Theme.

The Marriage Articles, which said 15

Madam should always have her Maid,

Were kept from SUSAN down to NAN;

Till DICK begun to grow a Man.

DICK was the Son we just now mention'd;

Who, grown a Man, inform'd the Wench on't: 20

The Wench grew kind, as DICK grew bolder,

And was convince'd of what he told her.

A lucky Girl may grant a Favour;

Yet keep her Character for-ever;

But Luck was little of NAN's Side: 25

Her Failing grew too big to hide.

As appear'd, was intended to be publish'd about three Years ago,
and the Author was desired to write Verses to put under it. He
thought something of the Kind here attempted, would be most

She wept, she sobb'd, she ran quite wild :—

What shall we do about the Child ?

Poor Youth ! thy Ruin it will be :

And I——what must become of me !

Caught in this sad Dilemma, DICK
(Whose Faculties were sharp and quick)

Concluded thus to save their Bacon :

In Father's Net it must be taken :

NAN, you can swear a Lye for once ;

You know, the 'Squire is but a Dunce :

At worst, His Worship may be wrought on :

Leave that to Me.—Quoth NAN, Well thought on.

DICK whispers it about the Parish :

God knows the Cause ! but NAN looks quearish : 40

I wish my Father don't grow young.—

This was enough ; the Story rung,

A Country Servant big with Bearn,

Is thought a popular Concern :

So NAN was quickly apprehended :

Son, Father, Mother, all attended.

suitable to the Occasion. On what Account the Print was neglected, in the Form proposed, he neither knew nor enquired

Before the Justice now we find her,
Dick prompting all the while behind her,
His Worship influence'd before :)

Well Huffy, who made you a Whore? — 50

My Master, cry'd the Quean ; and took
The usual Oath upon the Book.

What swore the Slut? AVARO cries,
(And lifted up his Hands and Eyes!)

My Wife can prove my long Unfitness. — 55

Villain, quoth she, call me to witness?

Yes, Letcher, I can witness This :

I've now and then a slabbering Kifs :

That's All, these twenty Years and more :

The Rest, it seems, was for your Whore! 60

Condemn'd on Evidence so plain,

AVARO urg'd his Age in vain :

A Child not his, a jealous Wife,

Were now the Comforts of his Life.

THE Father suffer'd for the Son! 65

In this, quoth Dick, no Harm was done.

But as the Tale had been esteemed tolerable, he was willing to
insert it here, among other Pieces of the same Nature.

But Sense of Wrong (with Leave of DICK)
 Would touch the Calmest to the Quick:
 Conscious, yet could no Proof produce;—
 There lies the Strength of an Abuse!
 True, there's no Injury unknown;
 The Child you think so, is your own:
 But 'tis the Dev'l and all to buy,
 Yet have no Finger in the Pye!
 Observe the Diff'rence among Brothers!
 (I mean AVARO and—some others)
 These have the Shame, without the Vice;
 Those pay for All,—but get a Slice:
 The former Case, tho' hard indeed,
 With crafty RICHARDS may succeed:
 But sure the Latter often falls,
 Within a Mile or two of PAUL'S;
 Where Courtiers keep good-natur'd Proxies,
 Who live contented with their Doxies.



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PHILARETES to EUSEBIA:

An ODE.

I T cannot be that Chance presides,
 And Things below confus'dly blends:
 Wisdom, 'tis plain, our Actions guides;
 Our Bliss on Providence depends.

Successive Bolts, at Random thrown, 5
 Our mortal Frames would soon destroy;
 Our Lives would taste Extremes alone:—
 'Tis One Superior gives us Joy.

'Tis He prevents approaching Fate,
 To help it on when Stars unite: 10
 'Tis He restores our drooping State,
 And calls our darkling Souls to Light.

* The Occasion of this Ode was as follows: The Gentleman
 signify'd by PHILARETES, at whose Request, and in whose
 Person 'tis compos'd, taking Shelter in the Ruins of an old
 House from a hasty Shower of Rain, found the Lady meant by

He, when we sink beneath our Cares,
 Nor see whence Comfort can arise,
 Bids Pleasure spring at unawares,
 And Joys invade us by Surprize.

Life's various Ills, and secret Grief,
 At once oppress'd my anxious Mind :
 With Friends and Wine I sought Relief;
 Intent I sought ; but could not find.

Where Bus'ness call'd, or Fancy led,
 From Place to Place I took my Way :
 All Paths alike I weary tread ;
 The Gloom within admits no Day.

Great Jove, who noted my Concern,
 And all your high Perfections knew,
 For Him 'twas easy to discern
 How much your Charms and Wit could do.

EUSEBIA standing there on the same Occasion. Their Conversation began on the Topic of the Weather, and continued on more refined Speculations, to the Satisfaction of both Parties. PHILARETES went home with EUSEBIA, and their mutual Esteem increased so far, that since the Writing these Verses they are join'd in the nearest Union of Life.

His Pleasure, Madam, pass'd before :

We thought by Accident we met : 30

He bid the Clouds emit their Store ;

Bid us retire—to shun the Wet.

That Flow of Words, that Fund of Sense,

Were destin'd to revive me there :

His Goodness you did but dispense, 35

Who saw, and pity'd, my Despair.

Sudden my Spirits cease their Toil ;

My Griefs, my Fears, no more perplex :

Before you told your native Soil,

I own'd your Charms, and blest'd your Sex. 40

But when I heard LODONA's Name,

My Thoughts in Streams of Transport glide :

At once I feel a Patriot's Flame,

And honour you, my Country's Pride.

Ver. 41. LODONA] The River LODDON in BERKSHIRE,
near which both the Parties were born.

To



TO CLOE

AN EPISTLE.*

CLOE, this comes to let you know!
 With me, your Slave, how Matters go,
 And sure your Mercy it must bribe,
 Could Words my woful Case describe!
 For Bus'ness I am no more fit
 Than powder'd Fop, or pension'd Wit:
 I feed not as I us'd to do;
 And if I sleep, I dream of you.
 In short, I find myself so bad,
 You must be kind, or I run mad;
 Or (what's still worse) my Heart will break,
 Dear cruel CLOE! for thy Sake.
 If this won't move a Heart of Flint,

* Thought to be an Original in the amorous Way, it comes to the Point without the usual Circumlocution

If this be'nt Love, the Devil's in't ;
When you, or BEDLAM, or the Grave, 15
Must soon receive your wretched Slave !

Perhaps you'll say, you wish to know
What sort of Mercy you must show.—
Why Child, no Question, you can guess
Much more, than I may care t'express ; 20
However, since you'd have me free,
Mind what I say, and gen'rous be.

You're not so young, but you have felt
Your Bosom heave, and Spirits melt ;
Thought what your Parents did before ; 25
Been sure of much, and guess'd at more.
You know, when Hands and Hearts combine,
'Tis but that—something else may join ;
That this is what we Suitors want,
With all our whining, formal Cant : 30
And, whatsoever some pretend,
When Women yield, 'tis for this End.

Lovers, and without expatiating on the Charms of CLOE, as
Custom seemed to require.

And must I tell you, after this,
 That I pursue this mutual Bliss?
 The Bliss which you have long'd to try,
 I dare to say,——as much as I?
 If not for mine, for your own Sake,
 Bless me with——what you must partake!

But, lest you should misconstrue here,
 I'll just explain myself, my Dear!
 I would not lead your Mind astray;
 I mean, in Matrimonial Way:
 Let Band and Cassock join us first:
 I'll love you duly,——come the worst.

CLOE, you see I must be plain:
 If then you pity all my Pain,
 And can, and will, redress my Woe,
 Say Yes at once;—if not, say No.
 If you are willing, I'm your Man:

Ver. 42. *I mean in Matrimonial Way.*] This Line and the latter Part of the second Epistle to AMELIA, intitled, *More to the Purpose*, are sufficient to vindicate our Author from the Charge of Libertinism with regard to the Fair Sex in general, notwithstanding his Ballad on Matrimony, and other similar Pieces.

If not, ——do better where you can.——

50

But still I feel Thee at my Heart!

This one Proposal ——ere we part.——

(At least, may this be not in vain!)

If Rival Youths you entertain,

And if, without Remorse of Mind,

55

To more than One you can be kind ;

If Change of Dishes please you best ;

Let me be serv'd among the rest:

But if to neither you'll agree,

This Billet burn, and pardon me.

60





A F R A G M E N T.*

IN CLOE's Chamber, She and I
 Together sat, no Creature nigh:
 The Time and Place conspir'd to move
 A Longing for the Joys of Love.
 I sigh'd, and kiss'd, and press'd her Hand;
 Did all—to make her understand.
 She, pretty, tender-hearted Creature,
 Obey'd the Dictates of Good-Nature,
 As far as Modesty would let her.

A melting Virgin seldom speaks,
 But with her Breasts, and Eyes, and Cheeks:
 Nor was it hard from These to find
 That CLOE had—almost a Mind.

Thus far 'twas well; but to proceed,
 What should I do? — Grow bold.—I did.—

* The whole Tale, of which this is a Relick, consisted of about three Times as many Lines as are now left.

At last she falter'd, What would'st have? —
Your Love, said I, or else my Grave.—

Suppose it were the first, quoth she,
Could you for-ever constant be?

For-ever? CLOE, by those Eyes, 20
Those Bubbies, which so fall and rise,
By all that's soft, and all that's fair,
By your whole sacred Self, I swear,
Your fondest Wishes ne'er shall crave
So constant, so compleat a Slave! 25

DAMON, you know too well the Art,
She sighing said, to reach my Heart!
Yet oh! I can't, I won't comply.—
Why will you press? Dear DAMON why?

* * * * *

Defunt Cætera,

For CLOE coming in one Day, 30
As on my Desk the Copy lay;
What means this ryming Fool? she cries:
Why some Folks may believe these Lies!
So on the Fire she threw the Sheet,
I burn'd my Hand—to save this Bit.



The Serious Enquiry. *

O N Reason we depend in vain!
 'Tis Pride supports her feeble Reign.
 Mark how th' Enquiring Soul is tost,
 'Till in the Maze of Reas'ning lost!

“Where shall an erring Mortal find
 A certain Rule to guide his Mind?
 The False and Real how discern,
 In Matters of the last Concern?

Faith soars aloft on Eagles Wings,
 And sees, and dares the greatest Things;
 Receives an Olive-Branch above,
 And downward bears the Pledge of Love.

* This, and a few other Pieces of the same Kind, that may be found interspersed in these Volumes, were written some Years ago, upon a religious Plan. Notwithstanding that the greatest Part of this Collection has a much gayer Turn, it can hardly be thought amiss that something of this Nature

But mimic Fancy too aspires,
Wing'd with vain Hopes, and wild Desires :
In Tinsel cloth'd, as Faith in Gold,
She takes her Name, and talks as bold.

15

Our eager Souls, transported, meet
The seeming Good, the present Sweet ;
And while we boast triumphant Grace,
A Phantom fills our fond Embrace !

20

Soon as the gilded Cheat appears,
We start, and own our conscious Fears :
Fresh shad'wy Forms the Flight renew !
Again the Shadows we pursue !

How shall we Things distinguish so
As each disguis'd Deceit to know ?
As ev'ry Sally to prevent,
Which cool Reflection must repent ?

25

t may
some
at the
urn, in
Nature
intermix'd with it, to shew that a Writer of merry Tales
not ashamed of being serious between-whiles. Mr. PRIOR'S
example, among many others, may justify this miscella-
neous Method of disposing Verses of a quite different Cha-
racter.

“There is a Rule,” the Church replies ;
And gravely tells us where it lies :
But human Nature swells with Pride ;
And Reason will be satisfy’d.

30

It cannot be, that Heav’n design’d
To take its Image from the Mind !
To thinking Creatures must belong
A Pow’r to judge of Right and Wrong.

35

Yet what this Pow’r, and where conceal’d ?
Suspended here our Souls are held :
If in them dwells a perfect Guide,
Why turn the Best too oft’ aside ?”

40

Thus, wand’ring on from Thought to Thought,
Deep Causes long young CURIO sought :
But Reason try’d her Line in vain ;
Nor could his Wit the Flight sustain.

Convince’d, abash’d, his Hands he spread ;
And, humbly silent, bow’d his Head.
A glorious Guide appear’d at Length !
He bless’d his *Wisdom*, and his *Strength*.

45

THE



THE
EXORCISM:
A T A L E.*



N Days of Yore, when ROMAN Rules
Prevail'd, and made poor Laymen Fools;
When wicked Priests could sell Salvation,

And safely cuckold half the Nation:

There liv'd (as antient Annals teach)

5

A Wight, old, covetous, and rich.

* Intended as a Ridicule of the vulgar Notions of Spirits and
goblins, as well as to inculcate the Maxim introduced at the

There liv'd? where liv'd? you ask.—At TAME.—
Which rymes to—RINALD was his Name.

A Wife he had, with ev'ry Charm
That manly, vigorous Youth might warm:
But to this sapless Trunk confin'd,
By Parents' Choice, against her Mind,
She not the least Delight could move,
Nor taste herself the Sweets of Love.

Three thousand Pounds, at Ten *per Cent*,
Supply'd him with a handsome Rent:
Yet such a Niggard was this Wight,
He'd seldom spend his Pint at Night;
Nor knew he any Joy in Life
Much oft'ner—than he knew his Wife.

For SUSAN'S Part (so hight the Fair)
The Mode was her peculiar Care:
Now Dress, now Furniture she wanted:
Nor Dress, nor Furniture was granted.
House-keeping, Truth! was Charge enough;

End, by way of Caution to Sixty Years, that it do not under-
take more than it is able to perform.

Ver. 7. TAME.] A Market-Town in OXFORDSHIRE.

He could not buy much Household-Stuff.

And whom had she to please but him,

That she, forsooth! must go so trim?

How could the Woman take it well?

Sure, 'twas her Duty to rebel!

30

Whate'er she could, she bought on Trust;

(Let RINALD grumble! pay he must:)

So, when for Int'rest he was gone,

The Neighbours came; the Treat went on.

The rev'rend Rector of the Parish

35

(Some Faults ev'n Clergymen may cherish)

Was, if you took him altogether,

As good as e'er trod Shoe of Leather.

To him the Dame repair'd 'ere EASTER.—

What then? Why then the Priest confess'd her: 40

Then private Penance was enjoin'd;

And acted o'er—to Madam's Mind.

Religion was a Thing that SUSAN

Had ne'er before took Time to muse on;

Ver. 39. 'Ere EASTER.] The Time of LENT, which immediately precedes EASTER, is set apart by the ROMANISTS for confessing or shrieving: Whence the Word SHROVE-TIDE.

But learning now, from Rules of Art,
That Penance was its harshest Part ;
And finding that so great a Pleasure,
She grew religious, out of Measure.

And having gain'd sufficient Strength,
To carry Spite a Woman's Length ;
She counted all her Husband's Crimes,
Of various Sorts, at divers Times ;
And made a solemn Resolution,
To put Revenge in Execution.

Mere Cuckoldom should not suffice her : —
He must be by, yet ne'er the wiser.

When People bear a willing Mind,
OCCASION seldom lags behind.

The Terrors taught us by our Nurse,
As Reason fails, renew their Force :
Hence RINALD oft' conceiv'd a Fright,
From whisp'ring Winds, at Dead of Night.

Ver. 50. *A Woman's Length.*] How far that may be on every such Occasion, is not certainly to be determined : But the Case of Bashful BEN, as well as this, may give some Idea of it in two particular Circumstances.

Ver. 73, 74. *Lay This—Fiend in Burning Sea.*] Among the

48
SHE takes the Hint; improves his Fears;
Nor Mouſe, nor Spider, now ſhe hears,
But, whip! ſhe covers—Neck and Ears. 65

If Door or Window chance to clap,
Or, on th' Offender's Neck, the Trap;
Twas ſome departed Soul returning!
All clad in white! with Taper burning!
Lord! how ſhe ſcream'd, and wiſh'd for Morning! 70

It ſoon produce'd what SUSAN wanted,—
Without Diſpute the Houſe was haunted!
5 ROGER the Prieſt muſt come, and lay
This helliſh Fiend in Burning Sea.

The Night was fix'd; they all prepare.— 75
Some ſay, old SATAN was in Fear;
6 For Prieſts with Bell, and Book, and Candle,
Could then the Dæmon ſtrangely handle.

'Tis very hard, in Proſe or Ryme,
Well to deſcribe the Flux of Time: 80

many Prejudices of the ſuperſtitious Vulgar, this was one, that
the Place of Torment was under the RED-SEA, and both tinc-
tur'd its Waters (which by the way are not red) and gave it its
Name. Here, it was pretended, the Exorcists uſed to confine
the Spirits, whom they laid by their Charms.

For this the Reader must allow,
 And think th' appointed Ev'ning now.
 Th' appointed Ev'ning brings the Rector;
 SUSAN intreats him to protect her;
 RINALDO too, in piteous Fright,
 Desires he'll make the Circle right.

HODGE undertook to do his best:
 Then this Harangue to both address'd.

My Friends, in order to proceed,
 And make this Goblin go indeed,
 'Tis fit we all keep *ad Amuffim*:
 You must lie down, and I must curse him.
 Bind up your Eyes! nor stir! nor speak!
 (One Fault, observe! the Charm will break)
 So Heav'n receive you to Protection,
 As you shall follow this Direction!

RINALDO trembles and agrees;
 Then mutter'd something on his Knees:
 But SUKEY scream'd (a subtle Quean!)

Ver. 91. *Ad Amuffim*.] To Rule and Order.

Ver. 117. *Abi—in Rubrum Mare*] i. e. *Be gone into the Red Sea*. We before took notice, that this Sea is not red. It

As tho' she had the Spirit seen : 100

Ev'n ROGER scarcely could forbear

To drop a sympathyzing Tear.

The chosen Room, one Story high,

Was where our Couple us'd to lie.

A household Ghost, of Tabby Hue, 105

Was here confin'd, by care of SUE ;

Muzzled, her Murmuring to check,

With TOBY's Chain about her Neck.

They all ascend the magic Place ;

The Help-mates bind each other's Face ; 110

Then stretch themselves upon the Floor,

While ROGER fastens up the Door.

The Circle made, the Priest begins ;

And, first absolves 'em from their Sins:

Then stoutly musters all his Forces, 115

Of LATIN, GREEK, hard Names, and Curfes—

Oi, foul Fiend ! *in Rubrum Mare !*

A hollow Voice reply'd, Who are ye ?

It may be proper to add, that it was antiently called the Sea of EDOM, because the Descendants of ESAU, or EDOM, inhabited the Country near it: And as EDOM signifies *red*, that

Then, at a thund'ring Word of GREEK,
 The Closet Door was heard to squeak !
 Enter GRIMALKIN with her Chain,
 And rattle round the Room amain !
 Her late Confinement makes her eager ;
 Her present Load persists to plague her !

Trembling and sweating as he lay,
 RINALDO wish'd (he durst not pray)
 To die ;— but in a nat'ral Way !
 What happen'd more, SUE us'd to tell,
 She could not see, but she could smell.

Here might my Epic Muse rehearse,
 In figur'd Stile, and flowing Verse,
 How, while the real Spirit mov'd,
 The Priest and SUE their Time improv'd !
 (The Beaux would laugh ; the Ladies leer ;
 Nor could the Criticks be severe !)
 But, as the Scene at present lies,
 Nature may dictate to the Wise,

Name, being translated into other Languages, was probably the Occasion of the vulgar Mistake before-mentioned.

Ver. 128. *Epic.*] This Epithet is usually appropriated to

What Love and Spite would prompt them to ;

What Others, in their Case, would do.

The Patient apt, the Doctor strong, 140

Whate'er they did, they were not long.—

Unmouth'd, unchain'd, Puffs play'd her Pranks.

Now rise, quoth ROGER, and give Thanks!

They did ; and RINALD, rais'd to Life,

Bless'd the good Man, and kiss'd his Wife. 145

My Tale, to Popery thus leaning,

Is truly Catholic—in Meaning.

When worn-out Sixty, with Sixteen,

Ventures the Wedding-Sheets between ;

Confessing tho' the Fair explode,

150

Intriguing, then, is all their Mode ;

They hold it lawful, by the Code.

At least, they're minded of a Man ;

And, if one can't,—another can.

A Coach, the Fields, a Friendly Host, 155

A Man's own House, without a Ghost,

me Compositions, whose Subject is the Action of some great
ero: But it is sometimes apply'd to comic Narations, in a
umorous Sense.

T

(When He, poor Man! becomes like no Man) }
 May serve the Purpose of a Woman,
 Be she TURK, PROTESTANT, or ROMAN! }
 For, PAPIST, PROTESTANT, or TURK, 160
 When the right Workman cannot work,
 To Him her Charms are legal Booty,
 (Layman or Priest) who does the Duty : }
 And who can blame that Friend of Beauty? }
 The Husband's self should thank the Neighbour, 165
 Who, Christian-like, bestows his Labour.
 And most ill-natur'd were that Elf,
 Who snubb'd the Wife, that found Herself,
 Without th' Expence of Peace, or Pelf; }
 When He, incapable to find her, 170
 Had broke the matrimonial Binder.
 Besides, 'twere wicked with a Witness,
 To grudge a Bosom-Friend that Sweetness,
 For which you have no nat'ral Fitness! }

Ver. 152. *The Code.*] The Civil Law, so called from the
 JUSTINIAN Codex.



An Extempore Epistle. *

CONFUSION, Rage, and Grief, as
Compleat as mine, admit no Preface!

I've lost (alas! what had I more?)

All my immense poetic Store!

A Pocket-Book, in Vellum bound,

5

Fill'd with good Verse, and Sense profound;

The Labour of full three Years past!

Design'd — eternally to last!

If thou hast found (O how I dread

Thou hast not found!) upon the Bed,

10

Or by its Side, the Thing I seek,

To ease my Soul be brief and quick!

Henceforth in Coffers close I'll lock it;

Nor trust such Treasure to my Pocket!

* To a Friend, at whose House the Author had lain the Night before, upon missing his Pocket-Book.



T H E
W I D O W ' s E X C U S E :
A T A L E .

WH E N Inclination strongly teizes,
 Which End soever first it seizes,
 O'er the whole Mortal 'twill prevail ;
 Tho' ne'er so sure as in the Tail :
 Here it maintains a constant Party ;
 The outward Members all are hearty ;
 Queen Understanding quits her Seat ;
 Reason and Judgment sound Retreat ;
 While Fancy takes FRANK OSBORNE'S Part,
 To daub the Action o'er with Art.

Ver. 9. FRANK OSBORNE.] FRANCIS OSBORNE was the
 Name under which one of our political Writers, on the Side
 of the Ministry, for a long Time appear'd; at first in the
 LONDON-JOURNAL, and afterwards in the DAILY-GAZE-
 TEER. He was famous for drawing up *artful* and methodical

A WIDOW Prude had often swore,
 No Breeches should approach her more ;
 Had often prov'd, that second Marriage
 Was worse than Maidens first Miscarriage ;
 And always told them of their Sin, 15
 When Widows would be Wives agen.
 Women, who thus their Beds abuse,
 Should die (she thought) like Harlot JEWS :
 Let her alone to throw the Stones :
 If 'twere but Law, she'd make no Bones.— 20
 Long had she led a Life demure,
 With Fame and Fortune both secure,
 When calling up her Servant NED,
 She frown'd upon him first, then said :
 Shame of my House ! I understand, 25
 From a good creditable Hand,
 That you and ISABEL my Maid
 Drive an abominable Trade !

Apologies, in Behalf of his Patrons.

Ver. 18. *Harlot JEWS.*] Among the JEWS, a young Woman
 who was convicted of having lost her Virginity before Mar-
 riage, was to be carried back from her Husband's Habitation
 to the Door of her Father's House, and there stoned to Death.

278 *The* WIDOW's EXCUSE:

But t'other Day you both were seen
 A doing—you know what I mean!
 The Story, Knave, begins to ring
 In ev'ry Ear! — A pretty Thing!
 On me the Scandal's like to fix,
 And (God knows) I abhor such Tricks!
 'Twere better, Sirrah, you were dead,
 Than such a Falshood should be spread!

NED star'd with all the Eyes he had,
 And thought his Mistrefs had been mad.
 'Twas known, that ISABEL and He
 (So far from great) could ne'er agree :
 And whence, and how this Charge should rise,
 He could not, for his Soul, devise.
 Yet, recollecting all his Strength,
 He bow'd, and thus reply'd—at length :

Madam, whoe'er this Tale might foster,
 As sure as God resides in GLOU'STER,
 'Tis all maliciously design'd

Ver. 46. *As sure, &c.*] Instead of this, which is a common Proverb in some Places, in a former Edition it

Against poor NED to turn your Mind :

For so may Heav'n my Wants supply,

As ev'ry Tittle proves a Lye!

50

Yet, with Submission, if 'twere true,

'Tis something odd, methinks that you,

Whose Life's a Patern to the Times,

Should fear a Scandal from my Crimes.

Scarce had he spoke, when all in Tears,

55

With blubber'd Cheeks, the Dame appears :

She sighs, she fobs, she wipes her Eyes,

And in pathetic Accents cries :

Alas! dear NED, what Times are these!

I long for Death, if Heav'n would please!

60

This wicked World, how I abhor it!

The Lord grant me a better for it!

My Husband—Ah that dearest Creature!

Of' I reflect on his Good-Nature!

He took such care of my good Name!

65

And put all fland'rous Tongues to Shame!

was printed, by Mistake,

As sure as SATAN dwells in GLOU'STER.

280 *The* WIDOW's EXCUSE:

But ah! he's dead! —Here Grief amain
 Came bubbling up, and stopp'd the Strain,
 NED was no Fool,—he saw his Cue,
 And how to use good Fortune knew :
 He seiz'd OCCASION by the Fore-lock ;
 (A Servant could not wish for more Luck !)
 Urg'd—of what Use a Husband was,
 To vindicate a Woman's Cause ;
 Exclaim'd against the stand'rous Age,
 And swore, with Vehemence and Rage,
 That Madam was so free from Fault,
 She ne'er so much as sinn'd in Thought :
 To make which bold Assertion good,
 He'd lose his last dear Drop of Blood !

This Logick, which well pleas'd the Dame,
 At the same Time eludes her Shame :
 A Husband for a Husband's Sake,
 Was what she'd ne'er consent to take ;
 Yet—as the Age was so cenforious,

Ver. 71. OCCASION.] The same with SATURN, or TIME,
 and usually painted with a Lock of Hair on the Forehead, but

And NED'S Proposals were so glorious,
 She thought 'twas best to take upon her
 A second Guardian of her Honour.

70 WOMAN, exalt her all you can,

Is but the Supplement of Man :

90

He should protect, and She depend :

God made her weaker for that End.

And tho' he mix'd her Mass beside

75 With so much Modesty and Pride,

That, while she pants for close Communion,

95

The Man's Endeavours make the Union ;

Tis yet no Satire, but a Picture,

Of native Weakness to convict her ;

80 And say that Women, Maids or Matrons,

Who lack no Husbands, long for Patrons.

100

held behind, to shew that an Opportunity, once let slip, cannot be laid hold of again.



The

IME,
but



The Praise of BACCHUS

A Dithyrambic Ode. *

I.

LONG were conceal'd the Joys of Wine;
 'Till BACCHUS, Bastard Son of JOVE,
 Explor'd the Virtues of the Vine,
 And added Drunkenness to Love.
 Within his Breast the Secret kept,
 He rose, and drank; and drank, and slept.
 The Boy, exalted into more than God,

* The Dithyrambicks of PINDAR (which are now lost) were Odes in the Praise of BACCHUS, and to encourage Good Fellowship. In these he indulged that Irregularity of Numbers, which hath been since mistaken for an essential Part of his Writings in general, and as such imitated by all our Pindaric Authors before Mr. CONGREVE. The Misconstruction of a Passage in HORACE, which describes the Dithyrambick only, has been the Occasion (as that Gentleman informs us) of this wrong Opinion concerning the other Works of PINDAR which are extremely regular.

Ver. 2. BACCHUS, *Bastard Son of JOVE.*] BACCHUS was the Son of JUPITER by SEMELE, the Daughter of CADMUS.

Laugh'd at the Thunder, and th' imperious Nod ;
 Believ'd a Cask the noblest Throne,
 And reign'd in double Luxury alone! 10

II.

But gen'rous Wine dilates the Soul !
 Who can, when drunk, his Sentiments controul ?
 The warrior Gods had jeer'd the Boy :
 He summon'd these with wanton Joy,
 And said, inspir'd by an immortal Thirst, 15
 I'll fight you all! —but pledge me first.—
 Then, smiling, fill'd the sparkling Goblet high :
 They pledg'd him round, and suck'd it dry ;
 They reel'd, and down they fairly sunk !
 Great BACCHUS triumph'd, and all Heav'n was drunk. 20

JUNO, having some Intimation given her of her Lord's Amour, descended from Heaven in the Shape of a Matron, and prevail'd with SEMELE to make it a Request to JUPITER, and cause him to swear by the River STYX (an Oath sacred with the Gods) to perform it, That he would come to her in all the Majesty that he appeared in to JUNO: Which being granted, SEMELE was consumed to Ashes, leaving in them an Infant Son, conceived but eight Months. This Son was BACCHUS, who being taken up by JUPITER, and sown into his Thigh, remained there his full Time. The Circumstance of his Production by means of JUPITER'S Thunder, is alluded to in Verse 44 of this Ode.

III.

'Twas then he rang'd o'er all the East;
 And, as he pass'd, the Grapes he prest.
 With glowing Cheeks, and Hands for-ever wet,
 He drank to all the Men he met.
 What wanted more to make them yield?
 They lay extended on the Field;
 They snor'd Obedience, and confess'd his Sway,
 Who made fraternal Deities obey;
 BACCHUS, the best Increase of JOVE,
 The mightiest Prince below, the merriest God above.

IV.

Not all the Heroes HOMER sings,
 His Gods, or God-begotten Kings;
 Not all the Names that History contains,

Ver. 21. *He rang'd o'er all the East.*] BACCHUS is represented as one of the greatest Conquerors of Antiquity. It is said particularly, that he subdued all the Regions of the East, till he came to the Ocean near the River GANGES, which esteeming the utmost Limits of the World, he there erected two Pillars, in Memory of his Atchievements.

Ver. 32. *God-begotten Kings.*] Most of the Princes and great Men, whose Actions are described by HOMER, are represented

Their Battles, Sieges, and extended Reigns ;
 Rob'd in the Poet's and Historian's Rays) 35
 Can boast with BACCHUS equal Praise !
 Still Desolation follow'd in Their Train,
 And Blood and Carnage cover'd o'er the Plain!
 But mightier BACCHUS, with a calmer Grace,
 Sooth'd all the Souls he levell'd on the Place ! 40

V.

Thro' the long List why should we rove,
 The Sons of SATURN, and degraded Jove;
 When all their Honours may unite in one,
 Produce'd in Fire, the Thund'rer's genuine Son ?
 Immortal BACCHUS, Patron of the Vine, 45
 Who with no Weapon, but prolific Wine,
 From Mortals and Immortals bore

by him either as the immediate or remote Descendants of some deity or other.

Ver. 42. *Degraded Jove.*] Alluding to his Amours with mortal Women, in which he always appear'd (except in the Case of SEMELE above-mentioned) either in a human, or an inferior Form; for Instance, that of a Bull, a Swan, a Serpent, a Tower of Gold, &c.

Ver. 44. *Produced in Fire, the Thund'rer's genuine Son.*] See the Note on ver. 2. of this Ode.

The well-fought Field, without Expence of Gore!
 In peaceful Jollitry he wag'd the War,
 And jocund Satyrs frolick'd round the Car!

VI.

Both Gods and Mortals, vanquish'd as they lay,
 Imbib'd new Virtue from the Fumes:
 Hence double Deity the Gods display,
 And Man more daringly presumes!
 For Wine invigorates the vital Source,
 And adds to Action Sprightliness and Force!
 It warms within the sacred Seeds
 To sprout, and branch in memorable Deeds!
 Since BACCHUS reign'd, Ambition had a Name,
 And Glory swells out the full Round of Fame.

VII.

'Twas Want of Wine (it since appears)

Ver. 50. *Satyrs.*] The Original of these Deities, and how they came by their Divinity, is not delivered down to us by any antient Writer of Authority. But they are always mentioned as the constant Companions of BACCHUS, and described with crooked Hands, human Countenances, Horns upon their Foreheads, and their lower Parts like Goats.

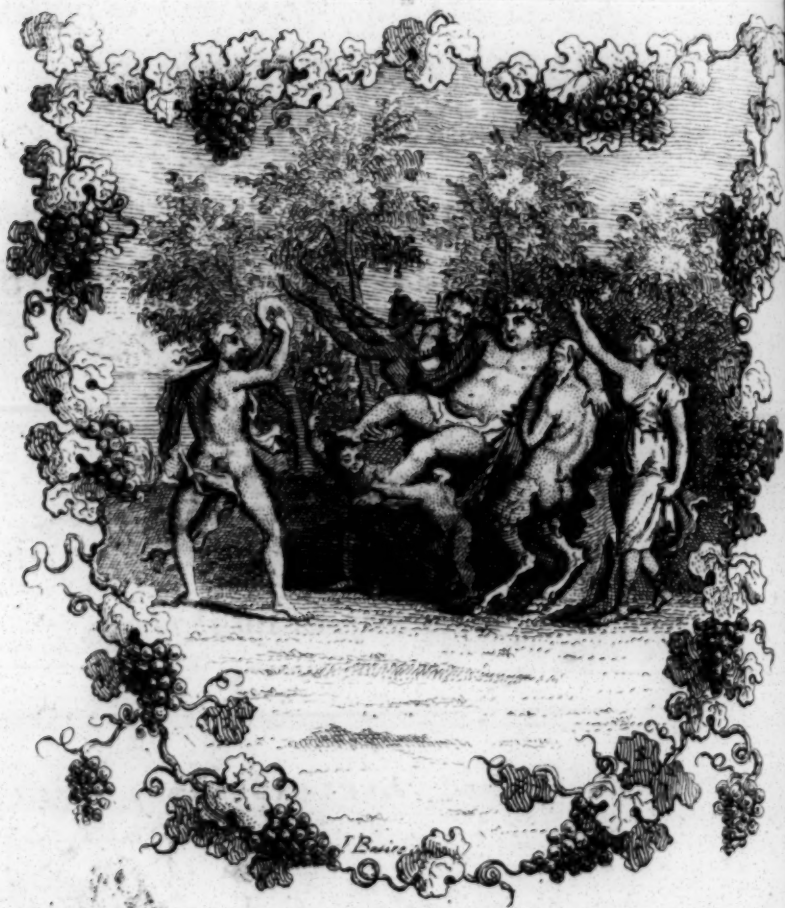
That spun out Threescore to a Thousand Years!
 For of their Deeds what Memory survives,
 Who thro' ten Centuries led their long lazy Lives?
 After their Praises, who contract the Span, 65
 And stamp that Little with the Mark of Man;
 Who catch the Hours, as they succeed;
 Laugh, drink, and love, and live them o'er indeed.
 The Heroe loads, not loiters on, the Stage:
 And AMMON's Son out-liv'd a Patriarch's Age. 70

VIII.

Come then, my Friends, to the nocturnal Rites!
 Immortal Mirth each Votary invites.
 The blooming God shall bless the Board,
 The God Himself, our amicable Lord!
 Warm'd with his Presence, spare not when you fill:
 'Tis due Devotion plenteously to spill! 75

Ver. 70. AMMON's Son.] ALEXANDER THE GREAT,
 who having brib'd the Priest of JUPITER AMMON, got
 to be given out that he was the Son of that Deity.
 This Prince, after conquering almost all ASIA that was then
 known, and Part of AFRICA and EUROPE, drank himself
 to Death at BABYLON, when he was but thirty-two Years
 of Age.

We act like BACCHANALIANS, when we pour
 Our late Libations on the Floor.
 That pious Waste his Influence shall repay,
 And ev'ry Night renew us for the Day.



Falling

* The
 Diversio

Falling in Love :

To *D A M O N*. *

WH O can describe, in Numbers fit,
All the new Pangs by Lovers found,
When, undesigning, first they meet ;
Give, and receive the destin'd Wound ?

Who can ? Yet since this friendly Lay 5
DAMON demands, O Muse rehearse
What govern'd Fancy bids thee say.—
May *PHŒBUS* aid the flowing Verse !

Love wears a thousand diff'rent Forms ;
He wins the Heart a thousand Ways : 10
Now like a Deity he storms ;
Now in Disguise the Soul betrays.

* These Stanzas were the Consequence of an Afternoon's
Diversion, taken by the Author with two or three of his
U

As varied is the Anguish felt,
 When Two begin to grow The Same :
 With stifled Heat some inly melt ;
 While some confess, and urge their Flame.

Yet would the God to Nature bend,
 His boundless Sway could Laws restrain ;
 Thus might I paint him to my Friend,
 Thus state the Measures of his Reign.

Two chosen Names, on Fate's long Roll,
 In the same Character he reads ;
 Remarks the Frame of either Soul ;
 And, unobserv'd, in both proceeds.

OCCASION, conscious of the Fact,
 The Place, the Time, the Cause contrives ;
 Brings them together, to transact
 Some common Bus'ness of their Lives.

Expects my DAMON—I should tell
 Of Love's Activity and Force?

Friends. One of the Company happened to be so smitten with
 a Girl he had never seen before, that it occasioned his being

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The Light'ning I could paint as well,
That pierces all Things in its Course!

It enters ;——in the Breast it stays ;——
(Believe it done as soon as thought!)

About the Heart it kindling plays ;—— . 35
It takes : — By all the Soul 'tis caught.

The gen'rous Youth, the first on Fire,
Looks kinder Things than others speak ;
And Sighs, and broken Words conspire,
In vain, his mighty Thoughts to break. 40

He views the Nymph,—while o'er her Cheeks
The Red and White alternate flow ;
'Till, sympathetic (what he seeks)
Her Soul like his begins to glow.

Disorder'd now, the Boy perceives, 45
And, eager, fans the kindled Fire ;
'Till her Heart pants, her Bosom heaves,
And the whole Maid is one Desire !

the Subject of Ridicule among his intimate Acquaintance for
some Time after. The Author defended him, and for that

Now both submit, LOVE only sways :
They talk, they toy, they burn, they gaze ; 50
Send forth, and mix, incessant Rays ;
'Till all their Souls unite, and blaze.

But oh! the Raptures that succeed,
And bless the Flame divinely pure!
Strong as the Sun, themselves they feed, 55
And, like his Beams, they still endure!

Reason had the Task of writing on the Theme of Falling in
Love, imposed on him by DAMON.



THE

* This
with such
necessary



THE
GAME of PUT:
A TALE.*

DICK serv'd a Widow of no mean Esteem:
He lik'd his Mistress, and his Mistress Him.
By Day, in Trade, they always join'd their

Heads;

At Night, a Wainscot parted their two Beds.

* This, as well as *The Button-Hole*, is an old Story verified, with such Improvements and Alterations only, as were thought necessary to make it agreeable.

Few Cares disturb'd the Current of their Life ;
 Nor liv'd they less in Love than Man and Wife.
 Off in the Ev'ning, when their Shop was shut,
 With joint Consent they sat them down to Put.
 Bager the Youth, experience'd well the Dame,
 They sometimes play'd a Rubbers and a Game. 10
 Ev'n in the Night, when Madam could not sleep,
 She tapp'd the Wainscot. Out would RICHARD creep.
 Madam, d'ye put?—Ay, RICHARD, she'd reply.—
 I'll see't, quoth DICK : And DICK would seldom lye.

Thus ev'ry Night she wak'd him twice or more : 15
 And, when sat in, she car'd not to give o'er.
 DICK found at last, that in long-run, the Dame
 Would get by much th' Advantage of the Game :
 The Night's Expence was always at his Cost ;
 He never went one Deal—but what he lost. 20
 The Play well pleas'd him : But would that suffice ?
 A losing Gamester should retire, if wise!

Ver. 10. *A Rubbers and a Game.*] It has been objected, That if the Author had understood the Rules of Play, he would not have used the Word *Rubbers* to signify any certain Number of Games, as he seems here to have done ; since a Rubbers consists sometimes of two, sometimes of three Games, according to the

This made him coy, and careful of his Stock :
 He slept so sound, Madam might knock, and knock.
 'Twas with Reluctance when he once appear'd ; 25
 But if she knock'd again—he never heard.

Thus went some Weeks at barely once a-Night :
 At last, ev'n that exceeded RICHARD's Might.
 Not that his Duty knew the least Decay ;
 But the Truth was, he had no more to play. 30
 The Wainscot rang. No Answer was receiv'd.
 Much Madam wonder'd, and as much was griev'd.
 Afraid, poor Soul ! that RICHARD had been dead,
 And, in great Anguish, starting from her Bed,
 She strikes a Light ; which in her Hand she brings,
 And views him closely, and pulls off the Things : 35
 Then feels his Pulse, and listens to his Breath :
 Both weak indeed ;—yet without Sign of Death.
 But, ah ! from these what Symptoms could she know ?
 For Death had meanly fix'd himself below ! 40

different Fortunes of the Players. But to this he answers, That
 a Rubbers here can mean only two Games ; which will be ma-
 nifest, if we consider what is said in Ver. 20, viz. that DICK
never went one Deal but what he lost : For as two Games won or
 lost on any one Side make a Rubbers, what can be plainer,

Exploring by Degrees, she finds the Place
 Where the fell Shade triumph'd in DICK's Disgrace.
 There lay the goodly Ruins of his Strength,
 A Lump of Languor, and a lifeless Length.
 Her mighty Grief what Prudence could controul? 45
 Flow'd her full Eyes, and heav'd her inmost Soul!
 With friendly Care she warm'd the morbid Part:
 But Nature seem'd repugnant to her Art.
 Without succeeding, she put on the Clothes,
 And stole, in Silence, to her No-Repole. 50

DICK did not sleep so soundly all this while,
 But much he labour'd to keep in the Smile.
 Had he giv'n way—to SATAN, or to Grace,
 He must have seen the Game, or left the Place.
 Neither could well be done: So Craft prevail'd; 55
 He snor'd the more, the more his Dame assail'd.

Long Madam lay not silent in her Bed;
 Us'd to the Game, that still was in her Head.

than that as DICK lost every Game he play'd with his Mistress,
 a Rubbers and a Game with them could be no more than three
 Games?

Ver. 43, 44, *There lay, &c.*] An Imitation of two celebrated

Time, she conceiv'd, and Nature, would restore
Dick's dire Decay, that mock'd her Art before. 60
Right was her Reasoning, had the Test been such :
But Time she built on little ; Nature, much.

'Twas always said, in Story and in Song,
Women think right, but Passion leads them wrong.
Tir'd with expecting, and resolv'd to storm, 65
She gives the Signal in the usual Form.

Snug lies the Youth, as yet in Sleep profound.
Thrice rings the Wainscot with a louder Sound.
At length, as just now waken'd by the Shock,
Dick utters faintly, Madam, did you knock ?— 70
Knock, did'st thou ask ? why here's a Game to see :
But one may *put*, and *put* again, for Thee. —
Ah Madam ! I know better Things, quoth Dick :
You've *seen my Cards* ; and that's an unfair Trick.

Lines of Sir JOHN DENHAM, which conclude his Essay on the
second Book of VIRGIL's Eneis.

*On the cold Earth lies th' unregarded King,
A headless Carcass, and a nameless Thing.*



M I R A N D A.

SOFTEST *Airs*, O *Muse*, inspire,
 At thy wounded Friend's Desire!
 Reach my *Lute*! strain ev'ry *String*!
 Fair *MIRANDA* I would sing!

How her *Eyes* illustrious shine!
 Armies there of *CUPIDS* join:
 Round about how fierce they dart,
 Read, O read it on my *Heart*!

See *DIANA* in her *Mien*!
 In her *Shape* see *Beauty's Queen*!
Love design'd, and form'd her *Waist*,
 Round her when his *Arms* he cast.

When the little *Rover* press'd,
 Night succeeding Night, her *Breast*,

On each Side those Mountains rose, 15
Which so many Sweets disclose.

'Midst a Thousand, who can trace,
Who can picture, ev'ry Grace?
Shōrt of each, alas! I speak:—
Muse forbear, my Lute I break! 20



E P I G R A M.

I'LL hold a Crown, quoth DICK to NED,
Thou often wrong'st thy Neighbour's Bed!
And I, quoth NED, would lay my Life,
Thou always had'st a Tell-Tale Wife!





The Impenetrable Fair. *

CUPID, a-while suspend thy Bow ;
 Thy Quiver o'er thy Shoulders throw :
 Hear why AMELIA scorns thy Dart,
 And from the Muse defends her Heart.

Her Eyes, the Seats of Heat and Light,
 Her sparkling Eyes, are Saphires bright :
 Rubies, immensely rich, compose
 Her Lips, that shame the blushing Rose.

Those Hands are Alabaster fine,
 Which hold this captive Heart of mine :
 No PARIAN Marble may contest
 With that which forms her lovely Breast.

* Written in Imitation of an ITALIAN Sonata.

Ver. II. PARIAN *Marble.*] So called from PAROS, an Island
 in the EGÆAN SEA, and esteemed the Whitest in the Uni-
 verse.

Her Heart assumes the Diamond's Name :—

Within, without, she's all the same :

As tho', to make a finish'd Piece,

15

Sculpture had rais'd up ROME and GREECE.

Wonder not then—a Nymph of Stone

Withstands Thy Shafts, and flights My Moan :

Still Thou may'st shoot, still I complain ;

Our Darts and Sighs are spent in vain !

20



E P I G R A M.

FRANK hunts his Mistress thro' the Street,
His Vows and Verses to prefer :

But FRANK must die upon his Feet,

If he'll not lie—except with Her.





CÆLIA's TASTE.*

WHEN CÆLIA's Charms I warmly sing,
Such Worth she never can reward:

But could she influence the King,
I should, at least, be made a Lord.

That those who write immortal Rymes,
Should pass depress'd thro' mortal Life;
For this she blames the tasteless Times,
And thinks the World and Wit at Strife!

So much transported with my Muse,
Her Praise is all she lets me have:

For while the deathless Bard she views,
She never heeds her dying Slave.

CÆLIA, forbear this high Esteem;
Or found it on a humbler Plan:

A Demi-god why should he seem,
Who seeks to prove himself a Man?

* Occasioned by her praising some of the Author's Verses.



Machaon to Amanda:

An E P I S T L E.*

READ, beauteous Maid, and as thou read'st approve,
These honest Strains, expressive of my Love!

A Love—no ruder Passion shall controul,

Fair as Thy Fame, and spotless as Thy Soul.

By Fancy guided, to no Nymph confin'd, 5

I form'd my fav'rite Beauty in my Mind;

With all her Sex's Charms conceiv'd her fraught;

Dress'd her in all the Ornaments of Thought:

Then look'd, and saw th' Original in Thee!

I saw; and could I with Indifference see? 10

I lov'd: To Thee my Hope, my Joy aspires,

End of my Life, and Soul of my Desires!

And Thou, young, virtuous, lovely as Thou art,

What canst Thou wish for—but a faithful Heart?

* Desiring Leave to come and pay her a Visit.

304 MACHAON to AMANDA, &c.

Fair Object of my Vows, that Heart is Mine; 15
That Heart I bring, and consecrate it Thine.

Say, in return, wilt Thou vouchsafe to hear?
And let me tell my Story in thy Ear?

And let me breathe my Passion on thy Breast?
(A fonder Passion never was exprest!) 20

Perhaps at the Rehearsal of my Woe,
One Sigh may rise, one precious Tear may flow;
Perhaps my Tale thy gentle Soul may move
To Pity first; then (O that Thought!) to Love.

Thus much, at least, thy Virtue may permit, 25
Nor dread the Force of Artifice and Wit.
Of These if e'er MACHAON were possess'd,
With Love they dwell not in one human Breast.
That potent Pow'r engrosses all the Soul,
Works ev'ry Nerve, and animates the Whole. 30
The passive Organs move but as He guides;
As speaks a Prophet when the God presides.
And wilt Thou fly Simplicity and Truth,
Thou, arm'd with Beauty, and inspir'd by Youth

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EDUCATION:

To Mr. *BELLAMY*. *

THE Mind, a Blank, when Life begins to flow,
 But without Knowledge capable to know,
 The God of Nature to our Care commits ;
 As to the Press we send th' unfully'd Sheets;
 And as with MILTON's Numbers, or with mine, 5
 Those Sheets come forth, as CORBET may enjoin ;
 So Education on the Mind imprints
 Sublime Ideas, or low trivial Hints :
 These, mix'd or sep'rate, form'd into a Plan,
 The Boy proceeds, and thinks himself to Man. 10

* Occasioned by a small Work of his, for the Use of Children, entitled *The Christian School-Master*, composed upon the Plan of the Abbé de FLEURY's *Catechisme Historique*. It contains an Abstract of Scripture History, with an Appendix of the Lives of the Apostles, all in a catechetical Form. This Poem,

Reflection dawning in her earliest Stage,
 The slight Impressions croud upon the Page;
 'Tis then the Parent's, or the Tutor's Care,
 To make those Characters correct and fair;
 To trace judiciously the faint Designs, 15
 Ere Custom graves them in the deepest Lines;
 Ere in full Force the Master-Maxim springs,
 And spreads a lasting Colour on all Things;
 In its own Dress presents them to the Soul,
 And gives a Bent—we wish not to controul! 20

That Master-Maxim, wondrous is the Force
 With which thro' Life it urges on our Course!
 For tho' right Reason should her Beams display,
 And dart new Lustre on our clouded Way;
 Unless Philosophy, with antient Strength, 25
 Support her Empire to Life's utmost Length;
 Unless, in Passion's Spite, we dare be free,

as is was originally written, (consisting only of forty-two Lines) was printed before Mr. BELLAMY's Performance.

Ver. 17. *The Master-Maxim.*] By this Expression is meant the first and leading Principle in every Man, which is the immediate Effect of his ruling Passion, and influences most of the Actions of his Life. How false soever this may be in itself, and

(What Few have been, and Few will ever be)
That pristine Turn, that System, we shall find
The Stamp, the Spring, the Measure of the Mind! 30.

Then 'tis not all---with Notions to be fraught,
By Fancy coin'd, or by the Senses caught.

Reason, like Virtue, comes but with her Shade;
So like in Form, that Thousands are betray'd:

Yet such their Paths,—the Shade if we pursue, 35
We lose the Substance daily from our View:

For once astray, our Journey to prolong,
Is but to wander farther in the Wrong!

Now taught, now teaching, see each fleeting Race
Successive rise, and glitter, and give place! 40

But mark what diff'rent Lustres they unfold,
Just as the Young are fashion'd by the Old!

Minds are the Soil, and Precepts are the Seeds:
The richer That, the ranker are the Weeds,

Now truly soever we may judge of other Things, we seldom
can throw off its Dominion, or even perceive its Tyranny.
The Reason is, that it always prevents a too close Examination
on its own Side, and still carries off the Attention to those
Objects, in the Pursuit of which it has taught us to place our
Felicity.

If Weeds it bear : But well repay'd the Toil, 45
That sows pure Virtue on a fertile Soil.

Like Twigs, entrusted to the Planter's Pains,
Who prunes, engrafts, indulges, or restrains,
Till in the Garden Ornament they yield,
And Fruit, which else had cumber'd up the Field: 50
Or that rich Ore we from the INDIES bring,
Which bears, refin'd, the Image of the King ;
But mix'd for-ever with ignobler Mold,
Would lie conceal'd, had we no Taste for Gold :
Thus human Soul, neglected, will not shine; 55
But, cultur'd well, approaches to divine !

These Truths to weigh, and practise what they tell,
How nice the Task ! how Few perform it well !
Not the fond Mother, with her Ghosts and Sprights,
Nor long *Romaunts* of Ladies and of Knights, 60
Nor the dry Schemes which Int'rest may devise,

Ver. 60. *Romaunts*.] An old Word for Romances.

Ver. 77—94.] What is here advanced, concerning the Custom of making Children read over the Bible promiscuously at their first Initiation to Letters, is not entirely new, tho' the Author had forgot in what Writer he had met with the same Thought. It is not likely, however, that the Practice should ever be generally laid aside, unless some certain Method of

Can make us knowing,—much less good or wise!
 Such dull Delusions Genius may enslave,
 And form the Fool, the Bigot, or the Knave:
 But, not to fear, to wonder, nor trepan, 65
 Shews the free Soul, and constitutes the Man!

Who then shall fix the Bias of our Youth,
 In Act to Virtue, and in Speech to Truth?
 That Truth, that Virtue, taught in sacred Writ,
 The Guide of Action, and the Test of Wit, 70
 Thy short Essay, correct, familiar, clear,
 Shall teach, exemplify, commend, endear!
 Thy short Essay, which sets before the Mind
 The first, the purest Patterns of Mankind;
 Those Patriarch Genii, who, by Nature taught, 75
 Unaw'd were virtuous; friendly, tho' unbought!
 Might I, uncensur'd, break thro' vulgar Rules,
 Here would I blame a Custom of our Schools!

Teaching were established, and Books for that Purpose (containing, among other Things, such Portions of Scripture as were likely to have the best Effect upon young Minds) published by Authority. And whether or no this might not be attended with new Consequences, worse than those it might remedy, is a Point that might still perhaps deserve Consideration.

310 Of EDUCATION:

The sacred Books, whose miscellaneous Code
 Conveys high Myſt'ries in ambiguous Mode ; 80
 Precept with Hiſt'ry, Type with Subſtance blends ;
 (Here ſtands a Ritual, and there God deſcends!)
 Tho' ſent from Heav'n our Canon to live well,
 Loſe half their Grandeur when they teach to ſpell.
 Juſter th' Attempt---young Moments to beguile, 85
 In modern Method, and familiar Stile ;
 With clear Connection to deduce from thence
 The beſt Examples, and the ſtrongeſt Senſe ;
 Paint the firſt Pair rebellious to their Lord ;
 Their genuine Offſpring delug'd and reſtor'd ; 90
 The faithful Family ; their ſacred Things,
 Rites, Revolutions, Prophets, Prelates, Kings ;
 And trace th' Alluſions to the Goſpel Light,
 Till that new Cov'nant opens on the Sight !
 I think, at leaſt, this Obſervation true ; 95
 So ſpeak my Senſe, nor care what may enſue.

Ver. 108. *The FRENCH QUINTILIAN.*] M. ROLLIN, Author of *La maniere d'enſeigner & d'etudier les Belles Lettres, Hiſtoire ancienne, &c.* In the former of theſe Works he recommends the Abbé DE FLEURY's Catechiſm. His many Quora-

But surely Myſt'ries, when weak Heads they warm,
Soon may confound, but never can inform!

Zeal without Knowledge (for it oft' miſtook)
Shall catch no Fire, no Fewel from thy Book! 100

Enough—with plainest Principles of Truth,
It fix the Hearts, and Judgments of our Youth!

To write at random, and in groſs to praise,
Is what I would not, might I win the Bays!
Form'd on the paſt, to mend the future Times, 105
Thy Work demands the Friendſhip of theſe Rymes.

A Work, like that which FLEURY could engage,
Which pleas'd the FRENCH QUINTILIAN of our
In Schools expected, by the Learn'd approv'd, ^{Age.}
Sure thou may'ſt print, and I may praise, unmov'd!

110

tions from QUINTILIAN in the ſame Work, prove that An-
tient to have been one of his favourite Authors; and on this
Account, as well as a Similitude of their Labours, he is here
called the FRENCH QUINTILIAN.





The Round Reckoning. *

FRANK went one Morning to a Capuchin,
 And purg'd his Soul ;—the fashionable Sin!
 How many Times repeated ? — Only four.---
 You pay a Noble, Sir ; I ask no more.—
 FRANK took a full Acquittance for his Crimes ; 5
 But went again.—How often now ?—Eight Times.—
 You know what Tax we levy on the Vice ;
 A Mark absolves you ; 'tis the stated Price.—
 His third Confession mounted higher still ;
 Score after Score, —Eleven on the Bill! 10
 Eleven Times! Ah Mystery to trace!
 My Calculations come not to your Case.
 To save a Fraction you must pay a Pound,
 And do't again, to make the Reck'ning round!

* In Imitation of one of ROUSSEAU's Epigrams.

Ver. 6. *But went again.*] The FRENCH Author introduces three different Persons to the Confessor: But the Imitator thought it would be more proper to introduce the same Person three several Times, and a pecuniary Fine instead of a Repetition of the Rosary.

BALAAM



BAL AAM's PEDIGREE: A T A L E.*

Inscribed to the Reverend Mr. BELBIN.



I F Thou canst laugh when Nature guides,
Keep in thy Breath, and hold thy Sides.
I sing a Creature of thy Order,
Whose Deeds on Thine can no ways border.

* Originally called, *A true Tale of a Country Teacher*. But as several People were so weak as to apply the Satire of it to the Gentleman to whom it is now inscribed, the Author has altered the Title, and inserted the Name of BAL AAM all along in the Room of B——N. Now that he does not mean Mr. BELBIN

314 *BALAM's PEDIGREE:*

Much have I griev'd, that in my Lays 5
 (Till now) I never sung thy Praise:
 When all who know Me, often hear,
 I think Thee perfect, without Peer.
 My Compliments are short and wholsome,
 And more than this to Thee were fullsome; 10
 Though Dedications should be free,
 Whether to BALAM, or to Thee!

To preach in BERKSHIRE BALAM came.
 The Hearers' Hearts were in a Flame.
 Such Talents ought not to be hid! 15
 That we should miss them—God forbid!
 No, we'll engage him here for Life:
 Let WILLIAM's Waggon fetch his Wife.—
 His Goods? Ne'er mind.—What he may want,
 Friends, we can do no less than grant. 20

New Coat, new Band, new flaxen Wig,

by this Name, is a Matter that has been proved in the Notes on a former Piece, viz. *Saying and doing are two Things: A Tale*, p. 227, &c. And the Inscription of the Tale now before us, contained in the first twelve Lines (all which are added in this Edition) is a farther Testimony of the same Truth: For surely the great Zeal and Affection therein expressed, are by no means reconcileable with any satirical Intention against the

Make him next SUNDAY look so big!

Still more the Sisters' Hearts he moves,

Lord, how the Gentleman improves!

Ordain him, Neighbours, out of Hand;

25

Nor dare the Voice of Heaven withstand!

'Tis done: The LONDON Elders meet,

And dub their Brother Priest complete;

Who now omits no Means, to prove

Himself commission'd from above:

30

Learns with an Air a Text to box;

Is deep, pathetick, orthodox:

Fathers and Sons in order teaches;

And says *In Speech*, as well as preaches:

Is follow'd, honour'd, and obey'd;

35

And, what's the Soul of all, well pay'd.

Riches get Pride, and Pride gets Wars.—

(So VINCENT's Almanack declares.)

same Person, in the Body of the Poem: Nor ought these Lines to be understood in an ironical Sense, because the History that follows them is a plain and simple Narrative of what really happened, and consequently required a Dedication of the same Character.

Ver. 38. VINCENT's *Almanack*.] The Almanack of Mr. VINCENT WING, as it is annually printed in one Broad-side, with

316 BALAAM's PEDIGREE:

'Tis too familiar --- to enquire!
 The Station of their Teacher's Sire ;
 Nor will Sir BALAAM condescend
 To tell, downright, the nearest Friend :
 Yet when Discourse may glance that Way,
 He keeps the Subject still in play ;
 And hints obliquely, all he can,
 That *somewhere* he was *some great Man*.

Thus Matters went: When SUNDAY came,
 The Face of Things was still the same.
 The Pastor deals his Food ; the Sheep
 Attend, half weeping, half asleep :
 Blest with Stupidity profound,
 And taught to trudge in one dull Round.

But there's a Youth (what Pity 'tis

Verſes at the four Corners. As we have it not by us, the Reader muſt excuſe our not inserting the whole Piece referred to, which is very curious, and ſtands (as near as we can remember) on the Right Hand of the Title.

Ver. 57. JOHN.] Who this JOHN was, is undoubtedly a Queſtion of ſome Importance, for as much as on him depends the whole Action of the Poem. We wiſh we could give the Reader entire Satisfaction on this Head. Moſt of the Criticks, indeed, who have conſidered the Piece, take him for our Poet himſelf, whoſe Name, they juſtly obſerve, is properly JOHN,

There should be such a Youth as this!)

Who buys old Books, sits up a-Nights, 55

Reads, talks, disputes, and Verses writes.

Sad Case! this JOHN (that was his Name)

Would speak it, without Fear or Shame,

How BALAAM pleas'd him such a Day;

And when he came disturb'd away: 60

Hence many pious Men presage,

This Lad will edify the Age:

They see a Teacher in his Face,

Adorn'd with ev'ry Gift and Grace.

Soon as the Matter reach'd his Ears, 65

(So formidable JOHN appears)

Our doughty Doctor apprehends

Such Words may influence the Friends:

tho' in one or two Places he has called himself JACK. But there are others who contend warmly for JOHN A NOKES, a Person of great Consequence, and the Author of divers Works both in Prose and Verse. For our own Part, we think it manifest that he was the same Youth whom our Poet hath characterized in Page 239, at the End of the Tale before referred to; but whether that were himself, according to the first Opinion, or the learned JOHN A NOKES, according to the latter, is a Matter that we dare not absolutely determine.

318 *BALAAAM's PEDIGREE:*

Already thinks his Int'rest sinking,
 (Things JOHN was far enough from thinking) 70
 Fears 'twill conclude in his Disgrace,
 And JOHN's Promotion to the Place.

The Parson fears! Are Parsons idle,
 When People seem to bite the Bridle?
 Do they with Meekness use to bear 75
 The distant Object of their Fear?
 Far from it: JOHN must be remov'd,
 And all who favour him reprov'd.
 A Show of Friendship and of Truth
 Must first engage th' incautious Youth. 80
 MARY, this Moment go and fetch him;
 I've some important Things to teach him.

Ver. 85, &c. *For the great Work, &c.*] It seems that the Behaviour of BALAAM, described in this and the following Verses, was the Occasion of his being thus distinguished in our Author's Works. There is no one will deny that Double-dealing, where Friendship is pretended, is a just Subject of Contempt: And we have it from good Hands, that the Double-dealing of BALAAM might have been much more strongly represented than it is here, without making use of the least poetic License.

Ver. 95, &c. *What under Twenty, &c.*] There is a Note in the Author's Original Manuscript, which informs us, that all the Expressions in these eight Lines, and many more to the

The Servant goes; the Youth obeys;
 BALAAM grows lavish in his Praise.
 For the great Work design'd by Heav'n; 85
 Else why those fine Endowments giv'n?
 So young, 'twas wond'rous he could speak
 So much good LATIN, so much GREEK!
 None fitter for the Churches' Use,—
 Permit but him to introduce. 90

This Part secure, the other Side
 With equal Art must now be ply'd :
 Here all his Learning he employs
 Against encouraging such Boys.
 What, under Twenty? 'tis too young! 95
 Besides, he wants the LATIN Tongue!

same Effect, were really made use of by BALAAM, either in public or private; in particular, that taking upon him to declaim from the Pulpit, on a SUNDAY, and when JOHN was present, against the bringing in Persons to the Ministry without a liberal Education, he had, among others, these Words; *That such Persons were more likely to build a BABEL of Confusion, than to edify the Church of CHRIST.* The same Note assures us, that the Subject was introduced in so odd a Manner, and with so little Regard to the Text, that JOHN plainly perceived himself to be preach'd at, while others wondered what was come to the Preacher.—How just soever his Reflections might be in themselves, it is certain they could not seem very proper

320 *BALAM's PEDIGREE:*

And he's so stupid, (I discern it)
 He'd not be capable to learn it
 From fifteen Years to five and forty :
 So, good my Friends, let me dehört ye!
 Think such a Fellow can improve ye?
 He'll sooner make a BABEL of ye!

Th' Historian passes on but dully,
 Who paints Particulars too fully.
 The Parson plots ; the Youth perceives it ;
 Dislikes his native Place, and leaves it ;
 Puts on clean Shirt, and SUNDAY's Suit ;
 So tramps it up to Town on Foot :
 Chagrin'd in Mind, and poor in Purse ;
 What Circumstances could be worse ?

Establish'd in so warm a Nest,
 Think how elate the victor Priest!

from one who had as little Pretence to a liberal Education as the Person pointed at. And if we consider further, that BALAM had not the least Ground for the Jealousy which put him on these Measures, it cannot but make him appear sufficiently ridiculous.—We make this Remark to justify JOHN (who, without doubt, furnished the Hints from which our Tale was writ) against those who blame him for being merry with the Son on Account of the Father's Circumstances ; since, tho' it is no Disgrace to be descended from a Cobler, yet it is certainly ridi-

Well educated, highly born,
 He swells, and treats Mankind with Scorn:
 Nor further Trouble fears to know 115
 From an expell'd, degraded Foe.

Our Pilgrim Youth, oppress'd with Care,
 No Means of Life, no Prospect near;
 Upon the Road, it has been said,
 To Goddess NEMESIS he pray'd. 120

But JOHN's a sounder Christian far,
 Than thus to play th' Idolater.
 Things happen that are mighty odd,
 Without th' Assistance of a God!

'Tis no great Miracle, old Shoes 125
 In forty Miles their Heels should lose:
 This was the Case: Thus JOHN arriv'd
 Perceiv'd his *Calceaments* depriv'd.

culous for a Person thus descended to give himself an Air of Superiority, on Account of Advantages he never had. And if such an One, in a Place where he was a Stranger, should attempt to depreciate another, for having lost those Means of Improvement which himself never enjoy'd; has not the Person injured a just Right of Reprisal, when he has an Opportunity of making it on the Aggressor?

Ver. 120. Goddess NEMESIS.] The Goddess of Revenge, Daughter of JUPITER and NECESSITY.

322 *BALAM's PEDIGREE:*

The Loss his weary Feet distrest ;
Yet onward thro' the Crowd he preßt,
'Till near his destin'd Place of Rest.

130 }

Where tatter'd Garments wave on high
He found a Stall, and, sitting by,
Bade CRISPIN the Defect supply.—
For Two-pence, Master, I proceed ;
You'll have them instantly.—Agreed.

135 }

JOHN views the Cobler o'er and o'er.—
Have I not seen this Face before?

Surely, the Features are the same!

Pray, Father, what may be your Name? — 140

BALAM.—Renounce it then for Shame-sake!

I know a canting Knave your Name-sake,
A Fellow without Mark of Grace :

Pray Heav'n you be not of his Race!

For, tho' a Cobler, such Relation 145

Would bring a Scandal on your Station.

Here many a Question CRISPIN ply'd ;

Ver. 132. *Where tatter'd Garments, &c.*] RAG-FAIR. Mr POPE
has placed the Cave of Poverty and Poetry, the imperial Seat

As, Where this Parson might reside?
 His Preaching how the People heeded?
 Which JOHN resolv'd, and then proceeded: 150

Till, op'ning his Complaint at large,
 He laid such Things to BALAAM's Charge,
 (Things most unworthy of a Scholar)
 That thus the Cobler burst with Choler:
 PETER misuse you? don't say so Man!— 155
 I'm sure *my Son* would injure no Man.

JOHN thought this *Nostrum*, well apply'd,
 Might cure the Parson of his Pride:
 So advertis'd it—for his Profit;
 And much the Neighbourhood made of it. 160
 Patron, thy Casuistry can tell
 Whether or not the Youth did well:
 I tell the Tale by his Directions,
 And only make these two Reflections.

BALAAM is not the only As,
 Who, rais'd by Fortune, Friends, or Brags, 165

of Dulness, *Where wave the tatter'd Ensigns of RAG-FAIR.*
 DUN. B. I. v. 27.

Too soon forgetting whence he sprung,
Has liv'd to hear his Folly sung.

Like JOHN, the Injur'd often meet
Revenge ;---and all Revenge is sweet.

170



EPIGRAM.

WITH powder'd Wig, starch'd Band, and
BALAAM for *Souls* pretends a World of Care,
Why should not BALAAM in his Practice shine?
His Father mended well a *Sole* of mine.





A Caution to Criticks. *

WHEN BALAAM heard JOHN writ in Verse,
He comes, and begs him to rehearse.

You make a Poet, JOHN? quoth he,
Why you're unlearn'd,---it cannot be;
'Tis true, your Fancy's good enough;
But then—your Language is such Stuff!

He goes: JOHN writes another Poem;
Copies it fair, and runs to shew him.---
See something new of my inditing! ---
Dear JOHN, thy Talent is not writing: 10
Here's Language,---that's the most I can say;
For, lack a Day! thou hast no Fancy!

Whether he had or Wit or Learning,
That tallied with the Priest's Discerning,

* The Beginning of it written at the same Time as the preceding Tale, of which it was designed as for Part. But there being enough said in the Article of BALAAM;

JOHN piqu'd himself not much on either :

15

But to have both in turns, yet neither,

Appear'd to him a Contradiſtion,

That ſmelt of Folly, or of Fiction.

Surpris'd, he folded up the Paper,

And wrote this Diſtich on the Wrapper ;

20

(A Caution proper to produce,

For Poets' Mirth, or Criticks' Uſe :))

“ Confirm'd, this Thirtieth of NOVEMBER,

“ Lyars and Criticks ſhould remember.”

Hypocriſy to juſtify JOHN'S Reſentment, it was thought proper to turn this Part of their Hiſtory to more general Uſe.





To C L O E, embracing.

OFT' JOVE, of old, descended from above,
 And to his Arms receiv'd a mortal Love:
 His Rule revers'd the Thunderer may see,
 While mortal Arms enclose Divinity!



To the Same, walking in a Garden.

HERE Love, triumphant, sits upon the Trees,
 Breathes in the Flow'rs, and whispers in the Breeae.
 The Place and You too fatally conspire
 To guide his Shafts, and propagate his Fire.





The Middle-aged Man and his Two
Mistresses :

A F A B L E . *

A Batchelor, more gay than sage,
Near five and forty Years of Age,
Finding his Hair just turning gray,
Concluded, 'twas now Time of Day,
If e'er he married in his Life,
To look about him for a Wife.

A Man, like him, possess'd of Plenty,
Need never fear the Choice of Twenty.

Soon as he made the first Advances,
Many, no doubt, let fly their Glances.
But his Affections who could rife ;
Who, knowing Marriage was no Trifle,

* Imitated from LA FONTAINE, Fab. xvii. who took it from PHÆDRUS, Lib. ii. Fab. 2. but with such Improvements as were almost peculiar to his Genius. For the ROMAN Poet's

Not rashly would himself encumber?
 However, two, among the Number,
 Both Widows, rich, and independant, 15
 Had o'er their Rivals gain'd th' Ascendant.
 Alike their Pow'r: Their Age appears
 Unlike,—not less than thirty Years.

Betwixt them both, in am'rous Play,
 Our Suitor fate, from Day to Day: 20
 While they, on either Side the Chair,
 Buss'd themselves about his Hair.
 The antient Matron, ev'ry Minute,
 Pluck'd out the black Remainders in it:
 But the young Gipsy turn'd her Spite 25
 Against th' Encroachments of the White.
 Well-match'd that People might behold her,
 One wish'd him younger, t'other older:
 And thus, in short, went on Affairs,
 Till they, betwixt 'em, shar'd his Hairs. 30

Reflection in his own Person,

*A Fæminis utcunque spoliari viris,
 Ament, amentur, nempe exemplis discimus;*

Grown bald and wise by this Expedient,
 Ladies, quoth he, your most Obedient.—
 Ten thousand Thanks I leave betwixt ye:
 (Share them gay Thirty, and grave Sixty.)
 Well have you taught one useful Truth,
 Which I bequeath to Age and Youth.
 Take which I please, the Case is equal;
 Since each expects me, in the Sequel,
 To live in Her Way, not in Mine.—
 My Locks I chearfully resign;
 And keep Myself. **HYMEN**, adieu!
 Fair Tut'res each, the same to you!

35

40

how just soever it may be thought, will hardly be found so agreeable as what the FRENCHMAN hath put into the Mouth of his Batchelor, on parting with his Mistress.



To



To Mr. THOMAS ARIS, Printer. *

JUST seventy-two short Lines, you say,
(And you insist to have your Way)

Adorn'd with Notes upon the Text,
Should stand, "The Specimen annext."

Without this Taste, by Way of Bribe,
You'll not proceed: For who'll subscribe?

5

Sure, Sir, you read before you print!
See what my Manuscript hath in't.

Tales, Odes, Epistles, Fables, Songs!

Say to what Class my Muse belongs!

10

* Mr. ARIS had desired of the Author some Piece of Poetry, for him to print, by Way of Specimen, with the Proposals for publishing these Volumes. The Author, however, could not please himself with the Choice of any particular Poem, that was of a proper Length (for he was resolved to have an intire Piece, if any Thing) and thereupon thought of the Expedient here made use of, viz. to write an Epistle of the Length required, under the Pretext of an Apology for not giving any Specimen at all.

VER. 1. *Seventy-two—Lines.*] It was intended, when this Epistle was first writ, to print the Volumes in a different Size from what they now appear in. The Number of Lines was

Her various Merit who can reach,
Except she gives a Taste of each, ?

A Tale, or Song, of proper Length,
May shew her Wit, but not her Strength :
For This she soars to JovE's Abodes, 15
In grave Essays, and num'rous Odes:
Nor These, nor Those, can aptly prove
Her past'ral Art, and Warmth in Love.

For BUTLER's Manner when we look,
We dip at random in his Book : 20
Be RALPH or HUDIBRAS haranguing,
We think of Hypocrite and Hanging.
But I should call that Leaf a Liar,
Which held a Specimen of PRIOR !

two or three Times altered, as the Author altered his Project, and at last the whole Epistle was forced to give Way to a short Advertisement in Prose. However, as the Verses had pleased some People, it was not thought proper to reject them intirely in this Edition.

Ver. 19—26.] Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER, the well-known Author of HUDIBRAS, a continued Satire on religious and political Madness, is here properly opposed to Mr. PRIOR; the Variety of whose poetical Character is thus agreeably hinted at by Dr. GARTH:

———*What APOLLO dictates, PRIOR sings.* Dispenf.

Trace him from SOLOMON to CARVEL, 25

His varied Numbers make you marvel!

Your Wife has bought a HOLLAND Smock ;

Knows she by that the Draper's Stock ?

Or WILDEY's China can she rate,

Because she sees a single Plate ? 30

Yet neither Chapman can compare

With me, for Choice of diff'rent Ware !

" Arms and the Man" shall we begin,

And fill your Ears with pompous Din ?

Excite the Muse to shew her best, 35

And leave the World to judge the rest ?

Ere she can reach the Epic Road,

She names her Theme, invokes her God ;

Mr. PRIOR's own Distinction of his Poems into "public Panegyrics, amorous Odes, serious Reflections, and idle Tales," is pretty comprehensive, tho' hardly enough so. The Pieces here named, his SOLOMON and his CARVEL, are the most remarkable in what he calls the *serious* and the *idle* Way, the two Extremes of his Character.

Ver. 33. *Arms and the Man*, &c.] The first Words of Mr. DRYDEN's Translation of the *ÆNEID*, here used to signify an Epic Poem. After having maintain'd, that from one short Poem it is impossible to form any Idea of others of a different Kind, the Author proceeds to shew that it is equally impossible

That is, employs above two Pages ;
 Then, by Degrees, her Work engages !
 And, sure, 'twere but an aukward Way,
 To give the Prologue for the Play !

40

A Lady's Charms no Bard recounts,
 And takes her just as when she mounts :
 But let the GRACES round her meet,
 And then she wounds across the Street.

45

'Tis just the same with Lady Muse !
 Her usual Forms would you refuse ;
 And bring her forth on great Affairs,
 Before she paints, and says her Pray'rs ?

50

Thus you have Reason and Example,
 Why my Proposals shew no Sample.
 Still to neglect them would be rude :
 This we shall prove,---and then conclude.

First : I have toil'd, by Day and Taper ;
 Cast off my Lines ; bespoke the Paper ;
 And pay'd th' Engraver for two Plates,---

55

to judge of the Merit of a large Work by a few Lines taken
 from the Beginning of it.

Ver. 56. *Cast off my Lines.*] A Phrase used by Printers, to

You know, few Bards have large Estates!

My Truth, my Honour, next depends:
For I have promis'd all my Friends.

They cry, where-e'er I walk about,

"Well! when come these Proposals out?"

"Your Word's the Fable of a Tub."---

I dare not speak---in Lodge nor Club.

In short: My Friend may act his Will; 65

But I must yet conceal my Skill;

Lest wilful Wits should think, at once,

The Printer apt, the Bard a Dunce!

You then, whose Method still abides,

The same in Two as Twenty Sides, 70

May print ev'n This, to prove your Art:

Mine, the two Volumes shall impart.

signify their having computed how much any Work will make.





A dreadful Imprecation!

IS there, or should there ever be,
 (What Heav'n permit me not to see!)
 A Bard detested by Mankind,
 Be this the Punishment they find:
 Make him compose an hundred Lines,
 And write them fair—before he dines:
 Then may the courted Cook say Nay,
 And send him forth in quest of Pay:
 There, Patron, there with-hold thy Purse!
 There, all ye Foes, conclude your Curse!
 Nor let the Wretch be more distress'd
 Than *, by Hundreds now caress'd!





A Description of LONDON. *

HOUSES, Churches, mix'd together ;
 Streets, unpleasant in all Weather ;
 Prisons, Palaces, contiguous ;
 Gates ; a Bridge ; the THAMES irriguous.

Gaudy Things enough to tempt ye ;
 Showy Outsides ; Insides empty ;
 Bubbles, Trades, mechanic Arts ;
 Coaches, Wheelbarrows, and Carts.

Warrants, Bailiffs, Bills unpaid ;
 Lords of Laundresses afraid ;
 Rogues that nightly rob and shoot Men ;
 Hangmen, Aldermen, and Footmen.

Lawyers, Poets, Priests, Physicians ;
 Noble, Simple, all Conditions :

In Imitation of SCARON'S Description of PARIS.

Z

338 *A Description of LONDON.*

Worth beneath a threadbare Cover ;

15

Villainy—bedaub'd all over.

Women, black, red, fair, and gray ;

Prudes, and such as never pray ;

Handsome, ugly, noisy, still ;

Some that will not, some that will.

20

Many a Beau without a Shilling ;

Many a Widow not unwilling ;

Many a Bargain, if you strike it :

 This is LONDON! How d'ye like it ?



In



In Answer to the Question,

Who is a happy Man? *

HAPPY the Man, who, of himself possess'd,
 Requires no foreign Aid to make him blest'd;
 But, greatly rais'd on his own proper Store,
 From Art, or Nature, can receive no more:
 Who in his Breast, of all that courts his Eyes, 5
 Feels clear, distinct, and solid Notions rise;
 Who justly knows to value Things below,
 And well discerns Reality from Show:
 From simple Truth who turning not aside,
 In conscious Virtue centers all his Pride: 10
 Who treads so truly Friendship's narrow Path,
 That All's in common, which he is, or hath:
 Whose Heart, unhurt by any mortal Love,
 And free'd from sensual Objects, lives above:

* Written in the Year 1730.

Who sagely knows the Gifts of Heav'n to use ; 15
 And loves his Duty in whate'er he does :
 This is the Man, whom Change shall not surprize,
 Who's happy whilst he lives ; and when he dies,
 Beyond this Life what Happiness remains,
 His Virtue tastes, his Piety obtains. 20



A Thought in the Prospect of Death.

'T WIXT Vice and Virtue here the doubtful
 Concludes : Here ends the Comedy of Life.
 Th' Award uncertain, the Disposer just,
 Presume I dare not ; why should I distrust ?



ETER-



ETERNITY:

An Irregular ODE. *

I.

ETERNITY! thou vast Abyfs!
State of immortal Pain or Blifs!

When I repeat thy awful Name,

I feel a Shock thro' all my Frame;

My Spirits faint, and melt away,

5

As Heav'n and Earth shall on that solemn Day,

When Heav'n, and Earth, and Time shall be

All swallow'd up in Thee:

When none their scatter'd Images shall trace,

Or say what once were Days, where once was Place! 10

II.

Thou *art*! our very Nature tells us so;

Yet what thou art, how shall we know?

* Written in the Year 1730.

Ver. 11. *Thou art, &c.*] Even those who have deny'd the Existence of a God, have ascribed an Eternity to Matter; so

There's something in us conscious it shall last,
 When Sun and Stars are int' Oblivion cast:
 Yet this immortal Something now confin'd
 In a frail Tenement of Clay,
 While it perceives That subject to Decay,
 The Myſtery of Itſelf it ſtrives in vain to find.

III.

Let Reason here take in her Oar,
 Nor tempt a dangerous Ocean more;
 She ſees the Country from afar;
 But what its Laws and Conſtitutions are,
 She never can explore!
 A Soul reflecting and aspiring ſtill,
 A Soul, no finite Happineſs can fill,
 That grasps the Future and retains the Paſt,
 'Tis reaſonable This ſhould ever laſt!
 Yet what it is to be without an End

that the eternal Exiſtence of ſome Being is univerſally allow'd. But it is not ſo with regard to the Soul of Man, which has no neceſſary Exiſtence, and whoſe Immortality is owing to a continued Act of divine Power, equal to that of Creation. Nevertheless, the Eternity of human Soul is demonſtrable to itſelf, at

We cannot comprehend,
Tho' in the Search our Span of Life we spend. 30

IV.

Thou art no Bugbear Tale contriv'd of old,
Grown popular by being often told;
As some presumptuous Men pretend to hold!

The Sentiments we have of Thee,
Immense, unknown Eternity, 35
On cool Reflection ev'ry Man may find
Imprinted deeper on his Mind
Than Education's Stamp, or Prejudice can be.
'Tis Part of us, This lasting, active Care
To do well when we come—we know not where. 40

V.

O could we once be wafted o'er
To view Thee from thy native Shore,
Before we go from hence to be no more!

least by negative Arguments, as the Archbishop of CAMBRAY
has proved in his Letter upon that Subject.

Ver. 34. *The Sentiments, &c.*] It is certain, that among the
most barbarous Nations, there has always been some Sort of
Belief of a future State; which is a Proof, that That Belief is

Before this various State exchange'd shall be

For an eternal State in Thee!

45

Then the great Secret we'd familiarize;

And when the Voice of Fate should call,

We'd yield our Souls at least without Surprise:—

But now—'tis a dark Prospect all.

Now forth we sail, uncertain where we go,

50

Or what it means—to be for-ever so.

VI.

But cease my Soul! thou art possess'd

With lawless Curiosity at best!

Th' Almighty hence would have thee learn

That secret Things are none of thy Concern.

55

Thou know'st not thy own future State,

And would'st thou Heav'n's deep Counsels penetrate?

Or more presumptuously pretend

Th' Eternal Infinite to comprehend?

Enough, thou must, as all before have done,

60

Ere long launch forth into this vast Unknown!

not merely the Effect of Education in any particular System of Religion.

When all the Mysteries that perplex thee here

In open Lustre shall appear.

Endeavour Thou to make thy Peace secure,

That with Eternity thy Pleasure may endure. 65



Hymn to the Christian SABBATH.

HAIL Queen of Days, divinely blest!
Hail chosen Day of sacred Rest!

On Thee creating Work begun,

And Light, the First of Creatures, shone.

On Thee the Great Redeemer's Toils 5

Were finish'd, when with glorious Spoils

He burst the Gates of Death and Hell,

And Sin's, and SATAN's Empire fell.

On Thee, e'er since, his Servants meet,

To worship at EMMANUEL's Feet, 10

T'invoke his Name, and sing his Praise.—

Hail, sacred Sabbath, Queen of Days!

Tran-



TRANQUILITY and HAPPINESS:

An Irregular ODE. *

I.

FAR hence I drive the vulgar Throng!
 URANIA now begins her Song:

She sings in Numbers yet unknown,

To unpolluted Minds alone;

Attend, ye Virgin Souls! and make her Thoughts
 your own. 5

II.

The dreaded Majesty of Kings,

And all their boasted Right of Sway,

From an eternal Source of Power springs,

A Being far more absolute than They:

One who restrains their tow'ring Pride, 10

And does o'er them, as they o'er us, preside.

* In Imitation of the first Ode of HORACE's third Book, *Odi profanum Vulgus*, &c. It was done when the Author was very young.

Obedient Nature at his Nod
Performs his Will, and owns her sov'reign God!
He frowns, and, as his Thunder rolls,
The Center trembles, and he shakes the Poles! 15

III.

In vain we variously pursue
Things, which in various Lights we view:
To the same Mark but diff'rently we tend,
For all Events on Him depend,
From whom our Lives began, at whose Command
must end. 20

IV.

His large Possessions are the Boast of One:
He walks his Terraces, looks around, and sees
Ten thousand Acres, and those Acres his:
His Av'rice plants them all with Trees:
He plants them, Ah!—but for his Son. 25

V.

Ambitious Courtiers, vainly proud
Of Honours given by the servile Croud,

Ver. 16. This Stanza is added entirely, but was thought a proper Introduction to what follows.

Ver. 26, &c.] HORACE here speaks of the Candidates for

A thousand various Arts employ
T'obtain what long they live not to enjoy.
A First, magnificently gen'rous, tries
With Pomp and Shew to dazzle vulgar Eyes :
A Second labours to secure his Fame
Upon his Manners, and his well-known Name :
A Third from Door to Door will go,
And gain the Croud—by bowing popularly low.
But there's a common Law in Fate,
Which makes the Humble equal with the Great.
Nor Wealth, nor Titles can their Master save :
'Tis buried all in the capacious Grave !

VI.

Not Beds of Down, with Coverlets of Gold,
Nor softest Lawn that can the Limbs infold,
Nor all the Charms which Harmony affords,
Nor the wild Melody of Birds,
Can lull their weary'd Lord to rest,

Dignities among the ROMANS, who rather went beyond the Candidates for Seats in Parliament among us, in all the Acts of Popularity. " In their Walks, says Dr KENNET, they took the meanest Persons by the Hand; and not only used the fami-

While Guilt and Horror heave within his Breast; 45

While, conscious of his Crimes, he sees
Vindictive Wrath descend by sure and just Degrees!

But, without Help of Art, refreshing Sleep

Upon the innocent poor Man does creep;

Nor will the lenient Pow'r disdain 50

To hold his Empire on the humble Plain.

The Swain, whose Cov'ring is embracing Trees,

Feels no Disturbance from the whistling Breeze,

But all Night long protracts an undissembled Ease.

VII.

He who enjoys a necessary Store, 55

Without Solitude for more,

Tho' Storms on the tumultuous Main

O'erwhelm his Prospect of returning Gain,

He neither murmurs at the Wind,

Nor calls the Stars or Deity unkind. 60

When Hail destroys his loaded Vines,

liar Terms of Father, Brother, Friend, and the like, but called them too by their own proper Names. In this Service they had usually a Nomenclator, who whisper'd every Body's Name in their Ears." And this, it seems, they continued to

350 TRANQUILITY and HAPPINESS:

He cheers himself with last Year's Wines.
His Fruits and Corn tho' Frosts prevent,
Nor Fields nor Orchards bear him Discontent.
Inclement Winter may o'erflow his Ground ; 65
His solid Peace of Mind is never to be drown'd.

VIII.

When wild Ambition leads him on,
My Lord encroaches on the Sea :
The Dolphin sees a Wall of Stone
Contract the Barrier of his Sway. 70
In vain offended OCEAN swells and raves,
While the bold Master bids his Slaves
Go search another Element, and bring
From thence a more substantial Thing,
And with the bulky Weight divide his yielding Waves. 75
On this the stately Columns slowly rise,
And, like their haughty Lord, affront the Skies.
But ah ! in vain they rise : Corroding Care
The fond Possessor haunts, and finds a Mansion here.

do for about a Year before the Election.

Ver. 68, &c. The ROMANS were peculiarly sumptuous in their Buildings, and even carried the Point so far as to lay some

IX.

Then since the Buildings of the Great, 80
Their wanton Luxury, and purple State,
Can no true Happiness create ;
Since what is sought by Land and Sea in vain,
Appears in each contented Swain ;
Why should we ransack Nature round, 85
For what can only in our Breasts be found ?
Why should we fondly change our Clime,
Why a voluptuous Vanity display,
Or strive to build that Care away,
Which is our own inherent Crime ? 90

X.

Rather our Passions let us bring
To Reason's rightful gentle Sway ;
Let ev'ry Man be to himself a King,
And ev'ry fordid Lust obey !
FELICITY, that virgin Queen, 95
Dwells in no Bosom but the clean :

of their Foundations in the Sea itself.

Ver. 91, &c.] This Stanza, as well as the Third, is entirely added.

352 TRANQUILITY and HAPPINESS, &c.

Yet, not confin'd to Plains alone
(Tho' there more intimately known)
She sometimes can ascend, and dignify a Throne.
He, who by Nature's Standard lives, 100
And uses moderately what Fortune gives,
In highest Life that Happiness may taste,
Of which contented Meanness takes a full Repast.

The End of the First Volume.



2

